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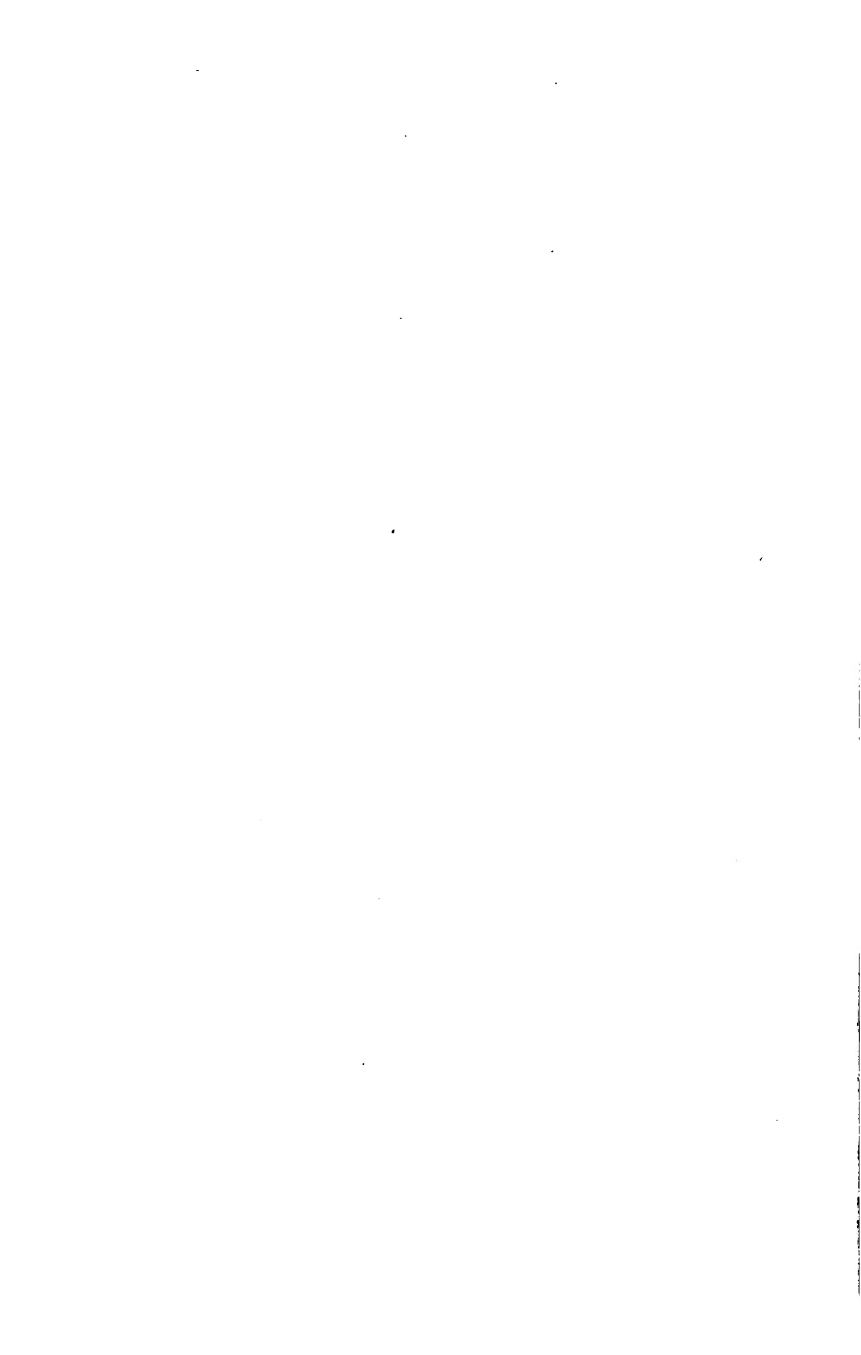
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GIFT OF  
A. F. Morrison

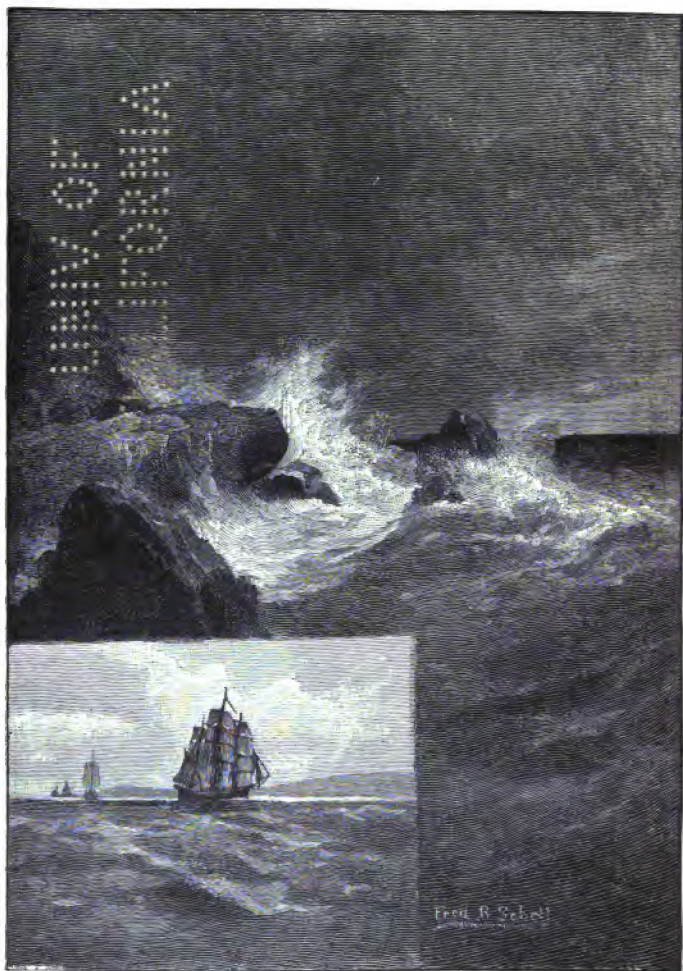












“ Break, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!”  
*Page 539.*







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# RED-LETTER POEMS

BY

*ENGLISH*

MEN AND WOMEN.



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GIFT OF

*A. F. Morrison*

## PREFACE.

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IN preparing this collection of English verse, it has been the aim of the compiler to include such poems as are acknowledged to be among the best works of the authors here represented; and also to present, *in one compact, inexpensive volume, a popular handbook of English Poetry, from the time of Chaucer to the present day.*

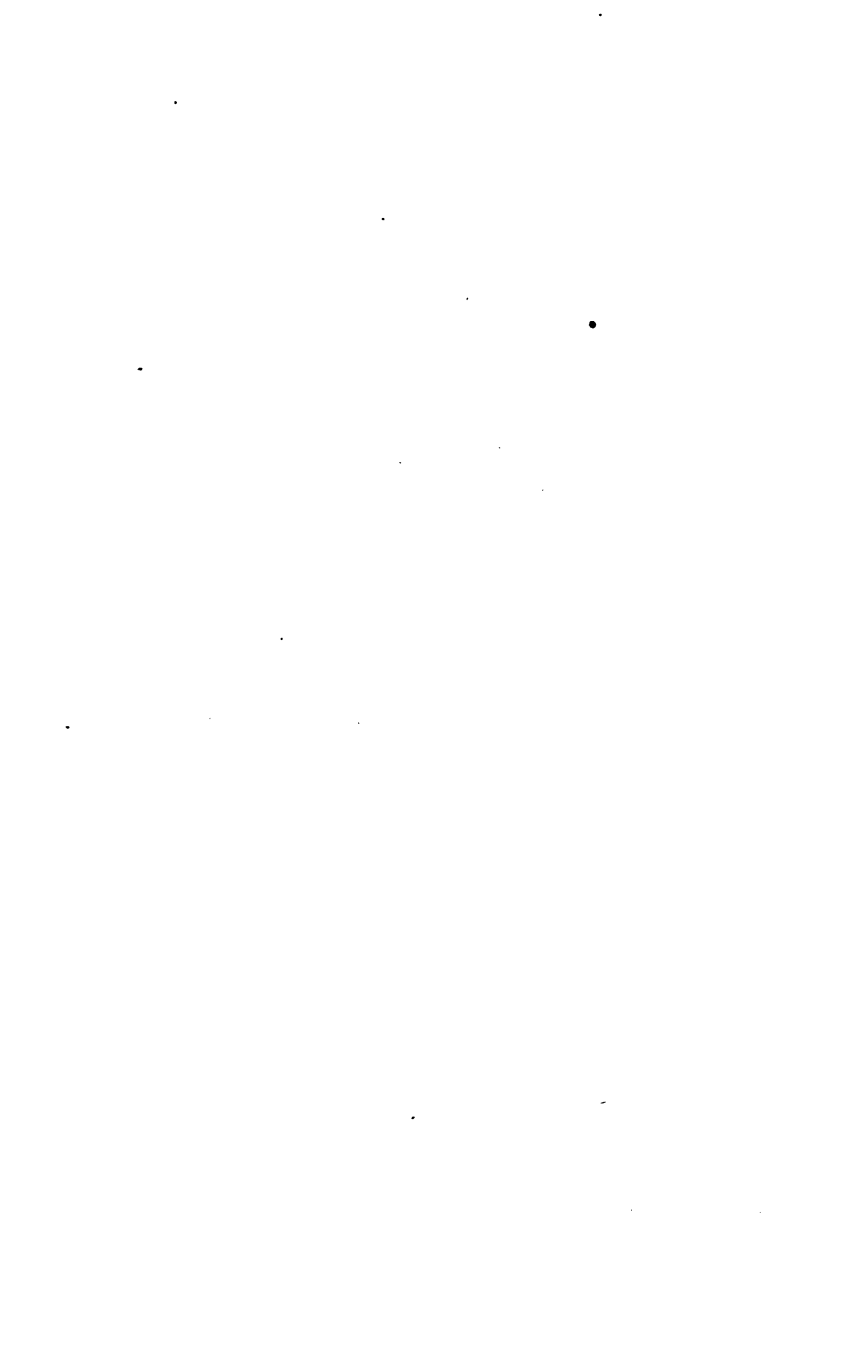
In the pursuance of this plan he has availed himself largely of the labor and judgment of others, in deciding what authors or selections should be included.

Among the works more frequently consulted, and from which numerous extracts have been made, are the following: viz., Ward's "English Poets," Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," Mackay's "Thousand and One Gems," Beeton's "Book of Poetry," "Living English Poets," and "English Poetesses."

A number of poems by authors now living brings the volume down to the latest period, and will doubtless prove of interest to many readers who have not access to the works of these writers.

The biographical data are from Johnson's "Cyclopedia," Ward's "English Poets," Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors," "Men of the Time," and other reliable sources.

An Index of Authors, Contents, and First Lines has been placed at the end of the volume.



# CHAUCER.

1328-1400.

[GEOFFREY CHAUCER, born in London probably about 1328, died at Westminster in 1400. He was the son of a vintner; was page in Prince Lionel's household, served in the army, was taken prisoner in France. He was afterwards valet and squire to Edward III., and went as king's commissioner to Italy in 1372, and later. He was Controller of the Customs in the port of London from 1381 to 1386, was M. P. for Kent in 1386, Clerk of the King's Works at Windsor in 1389, and died poor. Mr. Furnivall divides his poetical history into four periods: (1) up to 1371, including the early poems: viz., the A. B. C., the *Compleynte to Pitee*, the *Boke of the Duchesse*, and the *Compleynte of Mars*; (2) from 1372 to 1381, including the *Troilus and Criseyde*, *Anelida*, and the *Former Age*; (3) the best period, from 1381 to 1389, including the *Parlement of Foules*, the *House of Fame*, the *Legende of Goode Women*, and the chief of the *Canterbury Tales*; (4) from 1390 to 1400, including the latest *Canterbury Tales*, and the Ballades and Poems of Reflection and later age, of which the last few, like the *Steadfastness*, show failing power.]

## PRAISE OF WOMEN.

FOR, this ye know well, tho' I wouldin  
lie,

In women is all truth and steadfastness;  
For, in good faith, I never of them sie  
But much worship, bounty, and gentle-  
ness,

Right coming, fair, and full of meeké-  
ness;

Good, and glad, and lowly, I you en-  
sure,

Is this goodly and angelic creatûre.

And if it hap a man be in disease,  
she doth her business and her full pain  
With all her might him to comfort and  
please,

If fro his disease him she might restrain:  
In word ne deed, I wis, she wold not  
faine;

With all her might she doth her busi-  
ness

To bringen him out of his heaviness.

Lo, here what gentleness these women  
have,

If we could know it for our rudéness!  
How busy they be us to keep and save

Both in hele and also in sicknèss,  
And alway right sorry for our distress!  
In every manèr thus shew they ruth,  
That in them is all goodness and all  
truth.

## THE YOUNG SQUIRE.

WITH him there was his son, a youngé  
Squire,

A lover and a lusty bachelor,  
With lockés crull, as they were laid in  
press.

Of twenty year of age he was I guess.  
Of his stature he was of even length,  
And wonderly deliver and great of  
strength;

And he had been some time in cheva-  
chie

In Flandres, in Artois, and in Picardy,  
And borne him well, as of so little space,  
In hope to standen in his lady's grace.

Embroidered was he, as it were a  
mead

All full of freshé flowers white and red.  
Singing he was or fluting all the day:

He was as fresh as is the month of  
May.

Short was his gown, with sleevés long  
and wide;  
Well could he sit on horse, and fairé  
ride.  
He couldé songés well make, and indite,  
Joust, and ~~like~~ dance, and well pourtray  
and write.  
So hot he lovéd, that by nightertale  
He slept no more than doth the nightin-  
gale.  
Courteous he was, lowly and serviteable,  
And carved before his father at the table.

#### ARCITA'S DYING ADDRESS.

"ALAS, the wo! alas, the painés strong  
That I for you have suffered, and so long!  
Alas, the death! — alas, mine Emelie!  
Alas, departing of our company!  
Alas, mine herté's queen! — alas, my  
wife,  
Mine herté's lady — ender of my life!  
What is this world? What axen men to  
have?  
Now with his love, now in his coldé  
grave  
Alone! withouten any company,  
Farewell, my sweet! — farewell, mine  
Emelie?"

#### GOOD COUNSEL OF CHAUCER.

FLY from the press,<sup>1</sup> and dwell with  
soothfastness;  
Suffice unto thy good, though it be  
small,  
For hoard<sup>2</sup> hath hate, and climbing  
tickleness;<sup>3</sup>  
Preise<sup>4</sup> hath envie, and weal is blent  
o'er all.  
Savor<sup>5</sup> no more than thee behoven shall,  
Rede<sup>6</sup> well thy self that other fold can'st  
rede,  
And Truth thee shalt deliver — 'tis no  
drede.<sup>7</sup>

That thee is sent receive in buxomness :  
The wrestling of this world, asketh a  
fall.  
Here is no home, here is but wilderness.  
Forth, pilgrim, forth — on, best out of  
thy stall,  
Look up on high, and thank the God  
of all!  
Weivith<sup>8</sup> thy lust, and let thy ghost<sup>9</sup>  
thee lead,  
And Truth thee shalt deliver — 'tis no  
drede.

- |                           |                            |                      |
|---------------------------|----------------------------|----------------------|
| <sup>1</sup> The crowd.   | <sup>4</sup> Commendation. | <sup>7</sup> Fear.   |
| <sup>2</sup> Treasure.    | <sup>5</sup> Desire.       | <sup>8</sup> Subdue. |
| <sup>3</sup> Uncertainty. | <sup>6</sup> Counsel.      | <sup>9</sup> Spirit. |

## THE EARL OF SURREY.

1517-1547.

[HENRY HOWARD was the eldest son of Thomas Earl of Surrey, by his second wife, the Lady Elizabeth Stafford, daughter of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham. The date and place of his birth are alike unknown. It probably occurred in 1517. He became Earl of Surrey on the accession of his father to the dukedom of Norfolk in 1524. The incidents of his early life are buried in obscurity; the incidents of his later life rest on evidence rarely trustworthy and frequently apocryphal. He was beheaded on Tower Hill January 21, 1547, nominally on a charge of high treason, really in consequence of having fallen a victim to a Court intrigue, the particulars of which it is now impossible to unravel. With regard to the chronology of his various poems we have nothing to guide us. Though they were extensively circulated in manuscript during his lifetime, they were not printed till June, 1557, when they made their appearance, together with Wyatt's poems and several fugitive pieces by other authors, in *Tottel's Miscellany*.]

#### THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE.

[Translated from Martial.]

MARTIAL, the things that do attain  
The happy life be these, I find;  
The riches left, not got with pain,  
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind.

The equal friend, no grudge, no strife,  
No charge of rule nor governance;  
Without disease, the healthful life;  
The household of continuance.

The mean diet, no delicate fare;  
True wisdom joined with simpleness;



The night discharged of all care,  
Where wine the wit may not oppress.

The faithful wife, without debate;  
Such sleeps as may beguile the night;  
Contented with thine own estate,  
Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.

#### GIVE PLACE, YE LOVERS.

GIVE place, ye lovers, here before  
That spent your boasts and brags in  
vain;

My lady's beauty passeth more  
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,  
Than doth the sun the candlelight,  
Or brightest day the darkest night;

And thereto hath a troth as just  
As had Penelope the fair;  
For what she saith ye may it trust,  
As it by writing sealed were; —  
And virtues hath she many mo'  
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,  
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,  
When she had lost the perfect mould,  
The like to whom she could not paint.  
With wringing hands, how did she cry!  
And what she said, I know it aye.

I know she swore, with raging mind,  
Her kingdom only set apart,  
There was no loss by law of kind  
That could have gone so near her  
heart;  
And this was chiefly all her pain, —  
"She could not make the like again."

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise  
To be the chiefest work she wrought,  
In faith, methink, some better ways  
On your behalf might well be sought,  
Than to compare, as ye have done,  
To match the candle with the sun.

#### HOW NO AGE IS CONTENT WITH ITS OWN ESTATE.

LAYD in my quiet bed in study as I were,  
I saw within my troubled head, a heap  
of thoughts appear,

And every thought did shew so lyvely in  
myne eyes,  
That now I sight, and then I smilde, as  
cause of thoughts did ryse.

I saw the little boy, in thought how oft  
that he

Did wishe of God, to scape the rod, a tall  
young man to be,

The young man eake that feles his bones  
with paines opprest

How he would be a riche old man, to  
live and lye at rest;

The riche olde man that sees his end  
draw on so sore,

How he would be a boy againe to live so  
much the more.

Whereat full oft I smylde, to see how all  
those three

From boy to man, from man to boy,  
would chop and change degree.

And musing thus, I think, the case is  
very strange,

That man from wealth, to live in wo,  
doth ever seke to change.

Thus thoughtfull as I lay, I sawe my  
withered skyn,

How it doth shew my dented chewes,  
the flesh was worn so thin,

And eke my tootheless chaps, the gates  
of my right way,

That opes and shuttes, as I do speak,  
do thus unto me say:

The white and horish heres, the messen-  
gers of age,

That shew like lines of true belief, that  
this life doth assuage,

Biddes thee lay hand, and feele them  
hanging on thy chin.

The whiche doth write to ages past, the  
third now coming in;

Hang up therefore the bitte, of thy yong  
wanton tyme,

And thou that therein beaten art, the  
happiest life defyne.

Whereat I sighed, and sayde, farewell  
my wonted toye,

Trusse up thy packe, and trudge from  
me, to every little boy,

And tell them thus from me, their time  
most happy is,

If to theyr time they reason had, to  
know the truth of this.

## SIR THOMAS WYATT.

1503-1542.

[THOMAS WYATT, the eldest son of Sir Henry Wyatt, a baronet of ancient family, was born at Allington Castle, in Kent, in 1503. In the Court of Henry VIII. he soon became a conspicuous figure, famous for his wit, his learning, his poetical talents, his linguistic attainments, his skill in athletic exercises, his fascinating manners and his handsome person. From a courtier he developed into a statesman and a diplomatist, and in the duties incident to statesmanship and diplomacy most of his life was passed. He died at Sherborne, while on his road to Falmouth, and was buried there October 11, 1542. His poems were first printed in *Tottel's Miscellany* in 1557.]

*A DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A ONE  
AS HE COULD LOVE.*

A FACE that should content me wonderous well,  
Should not be fatt, but lovely to behold,  
Of lively look all grieve for to repell  
With right good grace so would I that it should.  
Speak without word, such words as none can tell;  
Her tress also should be of crisped gold.  
With wit and these, perchaunce I might be tryde  
And knit againe with knot that should not slide.

*COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE  
OF HIS LOVE.*

SOE feeble is the thred that doth the burden stay,  
Of my poor life in heavy plight that falleth in decay,  
That but it have elsewhere some ayde or some succours,  
The running spindle of my fate anon shall end his course.  
For since the unhappy houre that dyd me to depart,  
From my sweet weale one only hoape hath stayed my life apart,  
Which doth perswade such words unto my sored mynde,  
Maintaine thy selfe, O wofull wight, some better luck to find.  
For though thou be deprived from thy desired sight  
Who can thee tell, if thy returne before thy more delight;  
Or who can tell thy loss if thou mayst once recover,

Some pleasant houres thy wo may wrap,  
and thee defend and cover.  
Thus in this trust, as yet it hath my life sustained,  
But now (alas) I see it faint, and I by trust am trayned.  
The tyme doth flete, and I see how the hours do bende,  
So fast that I have scant the space to marke my coming end.  
Westward the sunn from out the east scant shewd his lite,  
When in the west he hies him strait within the dark of night  
And comes as fast, where he began his path awry,  
From east to west, from west to east, so doth his journey lye.  
Thy lyfe so short, so frayle, that mortall men lyve here,  
Soe great a weight, so heavy charge the bodyes that we bere,  
That when I think upon the distance and the space,  
That doth so farre divide me from thy dere desired face,  
I know not how t'attaine the winges that I require,  
To lyft me up that I might fly to follow my desyre.  
Thus of that hope that doth my lyfe somethyng susteyne,  
Alas I fear, and partly feel full little doth remaine.  
Eche place doth bring me grieve where I doe not behold,  
Those lively eyes which of my thoughts, were wont the keys to hold.  
Those thoughts were pleasant sweet whilst I enjoy'd that grace,  
My pleasure past, my present pain, when I might well embrace.

And for because my want should more  
 my woe increase,  
 In watch and sleep both day and night  
 my will doth never cease.  
 That thing to wishe whereof synce I did  
 lose the sight,  
 Was never thing that mought in ought  
 my wofull hart delight.  
 Th' uneasy life I lead doth teach me for  
 to mete,  
 The floods, the seas, the land, the hills,  
 that doth them intermete,  
 Twene me and those shene lights that  
 wonted for to clere,  
 My darked pangs of cloudy thoughts as  
 bright as Phebus sphere;  
 It teacheth me also, what was my pleas-  
 ant state,  
 The more to feele by such record how  
 that my welth doth bate.  
 If such record (alas) provoke the in-  
 flamed mynde,  
 Which sprung that day that I dyd leave  
 the best of me behynde,  
 If love forgeat himselfe by length of  
 absence let,  
 Who doth me guid (O wofull wretch)  
 unto this baited net:  
 Where doth encrease my care, much  
 better were for me,  
 As dumm as stone all things forgott, still  
 absent for to be.  
 Alas the clear christall, the bright tran-  
 splendant glasse,  
 Doth not bewray the colours hid which  
 underneath it hase.  
 As doth the accumbred sprite the  
 thoughtfull throwes discover,  
 Of teares delyte of fervent love that in  
 our hartes we cover,  
 Out by these eyes, it sheweth that ever-  
 more delight;  
 In plaint and teares to seek redress, and  
 eke both day and night.  
 Those kindes of pleasures most wherein  
 men soe rejoyce,  
 To me they do redouble still of stormy  
 sighes the voice.  
 For, I am one of them, whom plaint  
 doth well content,  
 It fits me well my absent wealth me  
 semes for to lament,

And with my teares t' assy to charge  
 myne eyes twayne,  
 Like as my hart above the brink is  
 fraughted full of payne.  
 And for because thereto, that these fair  
 eyes do treatē,  
 Do me provoke, I will returne, my plaint  
 thus to repeate;  
 For there is nothing els, so toucheth me  
 within,  
 Where they rule all, and I alone, nought  
 but the case or skin.  
 Wherefore I shall returne to them as  
 well or spring,  
 From whom descends my mortall wo,  
 above all other thing.  
 So shall myne eyes in paine accompany  
 my heart,  
 That were the guides, that did it lead of  
 love to feel the smart.  
 The crisped gold that doth surmount  
 Appolloe's pride,  
 The lively streames of pleasant starrs that  
 under it doth glyde,  
 Wherein the beames of love doe still  
 increase theire heate,  
 Which yet so far touch me to near in cold  
 to make me sweat,  
 The wise and pleasant take, so rare or  
 else alone,  
 That gave to me the curties gyft, that  
 earst had never none.  
 Be far from me alas, and every other  
 thing,  
 I might forbear with better will, then  
 this that did me bring.  
 With pleasand woord and cheer, redress  
 of lingred payne,  
 And wonted oft in kindled will, to vertue  
 me to trayne.  
 Thus am I forc'd to hear and hearken  
 after news,  
 My comfort scant, my large desire in  
 doubtful trust renews.  
 And yet with more delight to move my  
 wofull case,  
 I must complaine these hands, those  
 armes, that firmly do embrace,  
 Me from myself, and rule the sterne of  
 my poor life,  
 The sweet disdaynes, the pleasant  
 wrathes, and eke the holy strife,

That wonted well to tune in temper just  
and mete,  
The rage, that oft did make me err by  
furour undiscrete.  
All this is hid from me with sharp and  
ragged hills,  
At others will my long abode, my depe  
dyspayr fulfills.  
And of my hope sometime ryse up by  
some redresse,  
It stumbleth straite for feable faint my  
fear hath such excesse.  
Such is the sort of hoape, the less for  
more desyre,  
And yet I trust e're that I dye, to see  
that I require.  
The resting-place of love, where virtue  
dwells and growes,  
There I desire my weary life sometime  
may take repose,  
My song thou shalt attaine, to find the  
pleasant place,  
Where she doth live by whom I live, may  
chance to have this grace.  
When she hath read and seen, the grieve  
wherein I serve,  
Between her breasts she shall thee put,  
there shall she thee reserve.  
Then tell her, that I come, she shall me  
shortly see,  
And if for waight the body fayl, the soul  
shall to her flee.

---

*THE AGED LOVER RENOUNCETH  
LOVE.*

I LOTHE that I dyd love,  
In youth that I thought swete,  
As time requires for my behove,  
Methinks they are not mete.  
My lustes they do me leave,  
My fancies all are fled,  
And tract of time begynnes to weave  
Gray heares upon my hed.  
For age with stealing stepes  
Hath clawde me with his crouche,  
And lusty lyfe away she leapes  
As there had been none such.  
My muse doth not delight  
Me as she dyd before,  
My hand and pen are not in plight,

As they have been of yore.  
For reason me denyes  
This youthly ydle ryme,  
And day by day to me cries,  
Leave of these toyes in tyme.  
The wrinkles in my browe,  
The furrows in my face,  
Say lymping age will lodge hym now,  
Where youth must geve him place.  
The harbinger of death,  
To me I see him ride,  
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath  
Doth byd me to provyde  
A pickax and a spade  
And eke a shrowding shete,  
A house of clay for to be made,  
For such a geaste most mete.  
Methinkes I hear the clarke  
That knoles the carefull knell,  
And byddes me leave my woful warke,  
Ere nature me compell.  
My kepers knit the knot,  
That youth did laugh to skorne,  
Of me that cleane shall be forgot,  
As I had not been borne.  
Thus must I youth geve up,  
Whose badge I long dyd weare,  
To them I yelde the wanton cup,  
That better may it beare.  
Lo, here the bare hed skull,  
By whose balde signe I know,  
That stouping age away shall pull  
Which youthful yeres did sowe.  
For beauty with her band  
These croked cares hath wrought,  
And shipped me into the land,  
From whence I fyrst was brought.  
And ye that byde behinde,  
Have ye none other trust  
As ye of clay were cast by kynd,  
So shall ye waste to dust.

---

*THE LONGER LIFE THE MORE  
OFFENCE.*

THE longer life the more offence,  
The more offence the greater paine,  
The greater paine the lesse defence,  
The lesse defence the lesser gaine;  
The loss of gaine long yll doth trye,  
Wherefore come death and let me dye

The shorter life, less count I finde,  
The less account the sooner made,  
The account soon made, the merier mind,  
The merier mynd doth thought evade;  
Short life in truth this thing doth trye,  
Wherefore come death and let me dye.

Come gentle death, the ebbe of care,  
The ebbe of care, the flood of life,  
The flood of life, the joyful fare,  
The joyful fare, the end of strife,  
The end of strife, that thing wish I,  
Wherefore come death and let me die.

## BEN JONSON.

1573-1637.

[Born 1573; educated at Westminster School and (according to Fuller) at St. John's College, Cambridge. After a brief connection with the trade of his step-father, a master brick-layer, he served as a volunteer in the Low Countries, and settled in London as a playwright not later than 1597. His first important comedy, *Every Man in his Humour*, was acted 1598; his first tragedy, *Sejanus*, 1603. His masques chiefly belong to the reign of James I., more especially to its earlier part. He wrote nothing for the stage from 1616 to 1625. After this he produced a few more plays, without permanently securing the favor of the public. Of these plays the last but two was *The New Inn*, the complete failure of which on the stage provoked Jonson's longer *Ode to Himself*. He enjoyed, however, in his later years, besides a fluctuating court patronage, the general homage of the English world of letters as its veteran chief. He died in London, August 6, 1637. The First Folio edition of his Works, published in 1616, included the Book of *Epigrams*, and the lyrics and epistles gathered under the heading *The Forest* in the same Folio; the Second Folio, published posthumously in 1641, contained the larger and (as its name implies) supplementary collection, called *Underwoods* by its author.]

## THE SWEET NEGLECT.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,  
As you were going to a feast:  
Still to be poud'red, still perfum'd:  
Lady, it is to be presum'd,  
Though art's hid causes are not found,  
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a looke, give me a face,  
That makes simplicitie a grace;  
Robes loosely flowing, haire as free:  
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,  
Than all th' adulteries of art,  
That strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

## THE NOBLE NATURE.

It is not growing like a tree  
In bulk, doth make Man better be  
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,  
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:  
A lily of a day  
Is fairer far in May,  
Although it fall and die that night —  
It was the plant and flower of Light.  
In small proportions we just beauties see;  
And in short measures life may perfect be.

## TRUTH.

[From *Hymenai*; or, the Solemnities of *Masque and Barriers* at the marriage of the Earl of Essex, 1606.]

UPON her head she wears a crown of  
stars,  
Through which her orient hair waves to  
her waist,  
By which believing mortals hold her  
fast,  
And in those golden cords are carried  
even,  
Till with her breath she blows them up  
to heaven.  
She wears a robe enchased with eagles'  
eyes,  
To signify her sight in mysteries:  
Upon each shoulder sits a milk-white  
dove,  
And at her feet do witty serpents move:  
Her spacious arms do reach from east  
to west,  
And you may see her heart shine through  
her breast.  
Her right hand holds a sun with burn-  
ing rays,  
Her left a curious bunch of golden keys,

With which heaven's gates she locketh  
and displays.

A crystal mirror hangeth at her breast,  
By which men's consciences are searched  
and drest;

On her coach-wheels Hypocrisy lies  
racked;

And squint-eyed Slander with Vainglory  
backed

Her bright eyes burn to dust, in which  
shines Fate:

An angel ushers her triumphant gait,  
Whilst with her fingers fans of stars she  
twists,

And with them beats back Error, clad  
in mists.

Eternal Unity behind her shines,  
That fire and water, earth and air com-  
bines.

Her voice is like a trumpet loud and  
shrill,

Which bids all sounds in earth and  
heaven be still.

#### EPODE.<sup>1</sup>

[From *The Forest*.]

NOT to know vice at all, and keep true  
state,

Is virtue and not Fate;

Next to that virtue, is to know vice well,  
And her black spite expel.

Which to effect (since no breast is so  
sure

Or safe, but she'll procure  
Some way of entrance) we must plant a  
guard

Of thoughts to watch and ward  
At the eye and ear, the ports unto the  
mind,

That no strange or unkind  
Object arrive there, but the heart, our  
spy

Give knowledge instantly  
To wakeful reason, our affections' king:  
Who, in th' examining,

Will quickly taste the treason, and com-  
mit

Close the close cause of it.

<sup>1</sup> The following is only the earlier (general)  
part of this Epode, "sung to deep ears."

'Tis the securest policy we have

To make our sense our slave.

But this true course is not embraced by  
many—

By many? scarce by any.

For either our affections do rebel,

Or else the sentinel,

That should ring alarm to the heart,  
doth sleep;

Or some great thought doth keep  
Back the intelligence, and falsely swears

They are base and idle fears

Whereof the loyal conscience so com-  
plains.

Thus, by these subtle trains

Do several passions invade the mind,

And strike our reason blind.

#### TO CELIA.

##### I.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,

And I will pledge with mine;

Or leave a kiss within the cup,

And I'll not look for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise,

Doth ask a drink divine:

But might I of Jove's nectar sup,

I would not change for thine.

##### II.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,

Not so much honoring thee,

As giving it a hope, that there

It could not withered be;

But thou thereon didst only breathe,

And sent'st it back to me,

Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,

Not of itself but thee.

#### JEALOUSY.

WRETCHED and foolish Jealousy,

How cam'st thou thus to enter me?

I ne'er was of thy kind:

Nor have I yet the narrow mind

To vent that poor desire,

That others should not warm them at  
my fire:

I wish the sun should shine

On all men's fruits and flowers, as  
well as mine.



But under the disguise of love,  
 Thou say'st thou only cam'st to prove  
 What my affections were.  
 Think'st thou that love is helped by fear?  
 Go, get thee quickly forth,  
 Love's sickness, and his noted want of  
 worth,  
 Seek doubting men to please,  
 I ne'er will owe my health to a disease.

## SONG OF HESPERUS.

[From "Cynthia's Revels."]

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,  
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,  
 Seated in thy silver chair,

State in wonted manner keep.  
 Hesperus entreats thy light,  
 Goddess excellently bright!

Earth, let not thy envious shade  
 Dare itself to interpose;  
 Cynthia's shining orb was made  
 Heaven to clear, when day did close.  
 Bless us then with wished sight,  
 Goddess excellently bright!

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,  
 And thy crystal-shining quiver:  
 Give unto the flying hart  
 Space to breathe how short soever;  
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,  
 Goddess excellently bright!



## MICHAEL DRAYTON.

1563-1631.

[MICHAEL DRAYTON was born at Hartshull in Warwickshire about the year 1563. He died on the 23d of December, 1631, and lies buried in Westminster Abbey. In 1591 he published *The Harmony of the Church*, which was for some unknown reason refused a license, and has never been reprinted till recently. It was followed by *Idea* and *The Pastorals*, 1593; *Mortimeriados* (the Barons' Wars), 1596; *The Heroical Epistles* (one had been separately printed, 1598); *The Owl*, 1604; *Legends of Cromwell and others*, 1607-1613; *Polyolbion* (first eighteen books, 1612, whole, 1622); *The Battle of Agincourt*, 1626; besides minor works at intervals.]

## THE QUEST OF CYNTHIA.

WHAT time the groves were clad in  
 green,  
 The fields drest all in flowers,  
 And that the sleek-hair'd nymphs were  
 seen  
 To seek them summer bowers.

Forth rov'd I by the sliding rills,  
 To find where Cynthia sat,  
 Whose name so often from the hills  
 The echoes wonder'd at.

When me upon my quest to bring,  
 That pleasure might excel,  
 The birds strove which should sweetliest  
 sing,  
 The flow'rs which should sweetest  
 smell.

Long wand'ring in the wood, said I,  
 "O whither's Cynthia gone?"  
 When soon the echo doth reply  
 To my last word — "Go on."

At length upon a lofty fir  
 It was my chance to find,  
 Where that dear name most due to her  
 Was carved upon the rind.

Which whilst with wonder I beheld,  
 The bees their honey brought,  
 And up the carved letters fill'd,  
 As they with gold were wrought.

And near that tree's more spacious root,  
 Then looking on the ground,  
 The shape of her most dainty foot  
 Imprinted there I found.

Which stuck there like a curious seal,  
As though it should forbid  
Us, wretched mortals, to reveal  
What under it was hid.

Besides, the flowers which it had press'd,  
Appeared to my view  
More fresh and lovely than the rest,  
That in the meadows grew.

The clear drops, in the steps that stood  
Of that delicious girl,  
The nymphs, amongst their dainty food,  
Drunk for dissolved pearl.

The yielding sand, where she had trod,  
Untouch'd yet with the wind,  
By the fair posture plainly shew'd  
Where I might Cynthia find.

When on upon my wayless walk  
As my desires me draw,  
I like a madman fell to talk  
With everything I saw.

I ask'd some lilies, "Why so white  
They from their fellows were?"  
Who answer'd me, "That Cynthia's sight  
Had made them look so clear."

I ask'd a nodding violet, "Why  
It sadly hung the head?"  
It told me, "Cynthia late past by,"  
Too soon from it that fled.

A bed of roses saw I there,  
Bewitching with their grace,  
Besides so wond'rous sweet they were,  
That they perfum'd the place.

I of a shrub of those inquir'd,  
From others of that kind,  
Who with such virtue them inspir'd?  
It answer'd (to my mind):

"As the base hemlock were we such,  
The poisoned'st weed that grows,  
Till Cynthia, by her godlike touch,  
Transform'd us to the rose.

"Since when those frosts that winter  
brings  
Which candy every green,

Renew us like the teeming springs,  
And we thus fresh are seen."

At length I on a fountain light,  
Whose brim with pinks was platted,  
The bank with daffodillies dight  
With grass like sleeve was matted:

When I demanded of that well  
What pow'r frequented there;  
Desiring it would please to tell  
What name it us'd to bear:

It told me, "It was Cynthia's own,  
Within whose cheerful brims,  
That curious nymph had oft been known  
To bathe her snowy limbs;

"Since when that water had the pow'r  
Lost maidenhoods to restore  
And make one twenty in an hour,  
Of Æson's age before,"

And told me, "That the bottom clear,  
Now lay'd with many a fett  
Of seed pearl, e'er she bath'd her there  
Was known as black as jet:

"As when she from the water came  
Where first she touch'd the mould,  
In balls the people made the same  
For pomander, and sold."

When chance me to an arbour led,  
Whereas I might behold;  
Two blest elysiums in one sted,  
The less the great infold;

The place which she had chosen out,  
Herself in to repose:  
Had they come down the gods no doubt  
The very same had chose.

The wealthy Spring yet never bore  
That sweet, nor dainty flower,  
That damask'd not the chequer'd floor  
Of Cynthia's summer bower.

The birch, the myrtle, and the bay,  
Like friends did all embrace;  
And their large branches did display,  
To canopy the place.

Where she like Venus doth appear  
Upon a rosy bed;  
As lilies the soft pillows were,\*  
Whereon she lay'd her head.

Heav'n on her shape such cost bestow'd,  
And with such bounties blest,  
No limb of hers but might have made  
A goddess at the least.

The flies by chance mesh'd in her hair,  
By the bright radiance thrown  
From her clear eyes, rich jewels were,  
They so like diamonds shone.

The meanest weed the soil there bare,  
Her breath did so refine,  
That it with woodbine durst compare,  
And eke the eglantine.

The dew which on the tender grass  
The evening had distill'd,  
To pure rose-water turned was,  
The shades with sweets that fill'd.

The winds were hush'd, no leaf so small  
At all was seen to stir:  
Whilst tuning to the waters' fall  
The small birds sing to her.

Where she too quickly me espies,  
When I too plainly see  
A thousand cupids from her eyes  
Shoot all at once at me.

"Into these secret shades (quoth she)  
How dar'st thou be so bold  
To enter, consecrate to me,  
Or touch this hallowed mould?"

"Those words (quoth she) I can pronounce,  
Which to that shape can bring  
Thee, which that hunter had, who once  
Saw Dian in the spring."

Bright nymph (again I thus reply),  
This cannot me afright:  
had rather in thy presence die,  
Than live out of thy sight.

"I first upon the mountains high  
Built altars to thy name,

And grav'd it on the rocks thereby,  
To propagate thy fame.

"I taught the shepherds on the downs  
Of thee to form their lays:  
'Twas I that fill'd the neighboring towns  
With ditties of thy praise.

"Thy colors I devis'd with care,  
Which were unknown before:  
Which since that in their braided hair  
The nymphs and sylvans wore.

"Transform me to what shape you can,  
I pass not what it be:  
Yea, what most hateful is to man,  
So I may follow thee."

Which when she heard, full pearly floods  
I in her eyes might view.  
(Quoth she), "Most welcome to these  
woods  
Too mean for one so true.

"Here from the hateful world we'll live,  
A den of mere despight:  
To idiots only that doth give,  
Which be for sole delight.

"To people the infernal pit,  
That more and more doth strive;  
Where only villany is wit,  
And devils only thrive.

"Whose vileness us shall never awe:  
But here our sports shall be  
Such as the golden world first saw,  
Most innocent and free.

"Of simples in these groves that grow,  
We'll learn the perfect skill:  
The nature of each herb to know,  
Which cures and which can kill.

"The waxen palace of the bee,  
We seeking will surprise,  
The curious workmanship to see  
Of her full-laden thighs.

"We'll suck the sweets out of the comb,  
And make the gods repine,  
As they do feast in Jove's great room,  
To see with what we dine.

"Yet when there haps a honey fall,  
We'll lick the syrup'd leaves,  
And tell the bees that theirs is gall  
To this upon the greaves.

"The nimble squirrel noting here,  
Her mossy dray that makes,  
And laugh to see the dusty deer  
Come bounding o'er the brakes.

"The spider's web to watch we'll stand,  
And when it takes the bee,  
We'll help out of the tyrant's hand  
The innocent to free.

"Sometime we'll angle at the brook,  
The freckled trout to take,  
With silken worms and bait the hooks  
Which him our prey shall make.

"Of meddling with such subtle tools,  
Such dangers that enclose,  
The moral is, that painted fools  
Are caught with silken shews.

"And when the moon doth once appear,  
We'll trace the lower grounds,  
When fairies in their ringlets there  
Do dance their nightly rounds.

"And have a flock of turtle doves,  
A guard on us to keep,  
As witness of our honest loves,  
To watch us till we sleep."

Which spoke, I felt such holy fires  
To overspread my breast,  
As lent life to my chaste desires,  
And gave me endless rest.

By Cynthia thus do I subsist,  
On earth heaven's only pride;  
Let her be mine, and let who list  
Take all the world beside.

---

TO HIS COY LOVE.

I PRAY thee love, love me no more,  
Call home the heart you gave me,  
I but in vain that saint adore,  
That can, but will not save me :

These poor half kisses kill me quite ;  
Was ever man thus served?  
Amidst an ocean of delight,  
For pleasure to be starved.

Show me no more those snowy breasts,  
With azure rivers branched,  
Where whilst my eye with plenty feasts,  
Yet is my thirst not stanch'd.  
O Tantalus, thy pains ne'er tell,  
By me thou art prevented;  
'Tis nothing to be plagu'd in hell,  
But thus in heaven tormented.

Clip me no more in those dear arms,  
Nor thy life's comfort call me;  
O, these are but too powerful charms,  
And do but more enthrall me.  
But see how patient I am grown,  
In all this coyle about thee;  
Come, nice thing, let thy heart alone,  
I cannot live without thee.

---

LOVE'S FAREWELL.

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss  
and part,—  
Nay I have done, you get no more of  
me;  
And I am glad, yea glad with all my  
heart,  
That thus so cleanly I myself can  
free;

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,  
And when we meet at any time again,  
Be it not seen in either of our brows  
That we one jot of former love retain.

Now at the last gasp of love's latest  
breath,  
When his pulse failing, passion speech-  
less lies,  
When faith is kneeling by his bed of  
death,  
And innocence is closing up his eyes,

—Now if thou would'st, when all have  
given him over,  
From death to life thou might'st him  
yet recover!

## THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

FAIR stood the wind for France  
 When we our sails advance,  
 Nor now to prove our chance  
     Longer will tarry;  
 But putting to the main,  
 At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,  
 With all his martial train,  
     Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,  
 Furnish'd in warlike sort  
 March'd toward Agincourt  
     In happy hour;  
 Skirmishing day by day  
 With those that stop'd his way,  
 Where the French gen'ral lay  
     With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,  
 King Henry to deride,  
 His ransom to provide  
     To the King sending;  
 Which he neglects the while,  
 As from a nation vile  
 Yet with an angry smile,  
     Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,  
 Quoth our brave Henry then,  
 Though they to one be ten,  
     Be not amazed.  
 Yet, have we well begun,  
 Battles so bravely won  
 Have ever to the sun  
     By fame been raised.

And for myself, quoth he,  
 This my full rest shall be,  
 England ne'er mourn for me,  
     Nor more esteem me.  
 Victor I will remain,  
 Or on this earth lie slain,  
 Never shall she sustain  
     Loss to redeem me.

Poitiers and Cressy tell,  
 When most their pride did swell,  
 Under our swords they fell,  
     No less our skill is,

Than when our grandsire great,  
 Claiming the regal seat,  
 By many a warlike feat,  
     Lop'd the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread,  
 The eager vanward led;  
 With the main Henry sped,  
     Amongst his henchman.  
 Excester had the rear,  
 A braver man not there,  
 O Lord how hot they were  
     On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,  
 Armor on armor shone,  
 Drum now to drum did groan  
     To hear, was wonder;  
 That with cries they make,  
 The very earth did shake,  
 Trumpet to trumpet spake,  
     Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,  
 O noble Erpingham,  
 Which did the signal aim  
     To our hid forces;  
 When from a meadow by,  
 Like a storm suddenly,  
 The English archery  
     Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,  
 Arrows a cloth-yard long,  
 That like to serpents stung  
     Piercing the weather;  
 None from his fellow starts,  
 But playing manly parts,  
 And like true English hearts,  
     Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw  
 And forth their bilbows drew,  
 And on the French they flew;  
     Not one was tardy;  
 Arms were from shoulders sent,  
 Scalps to the teeth were rent,  
 Down the French peasants went,  
     Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,  
 His broad sword brandishing,

Down the French host did ding,  
 As to o'erwhelm it;  
 And many a deep wound lent,  
 His arms with blood besprent  
 And many a cruel dent  
 Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,  
 Next of the royal blood,  
 For famous England stood,  
 With his brave brother,  
 Clarence, in steel so bright,  
 Though but a maiden knight,  
 Yet in that furious fight  
 Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,  
 Oxford the foe invade,  
 And cruel slaughter made,  
 Still as they ran up;  
 Suffolk his axe did ply,  
 Beaumont and Willoughby  
 Bear them right doughtily,  
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's day  
 Fought was this noble fray,  
 Which fame did not delay,  
 To England to carry;  
 O when shall Englishmen  
 With such acts fill a pen,  
 Or England breed again  
 Such a King Harry?

---

SONNET.

LOVE in a humor play'd the prodigal,  
 And bade my senses to a solemn feast;  
 Yet more to grace the company withal,  
 Invites my heart to be the chiefest guest:  
 No other drink would serve this glut-  
 ton's turn  
 But precious tears distilling from mine  
 eyne,  
 Which with my sighs this epicure doth  
 burn,  
 Quaffing carouses in this costly wine;  
 Where, in his cups o'ercome with foul  
 excess,  
 Straightways he plays a swaggering ruf-  
 fian's part,

And at the banquet in his drunkenness,  
 Slew his dear friend, my kind and truest  
 heart:  
 A gentle warning (friends) thus may  
 you see,  
 What 'tis to keep a drunkard company.

---

LOVE BANISHED HEAVEN.

SONNET.

LOVE banish'd heaven, in earth was held  
 in scorn,  
 Wand'ring abroad in need and beggary;  
 And wanting friends, though of a god-  
 dess born,  
 Yet crav'd the alms of such as passed  
 by:  
 I, like a man devout and charitable,  
 Clothed the naked, lodg'd this wand'ring  
 guest,  
 With sighs and tears still furnishing his  
 table,  
 With what might make the miserable  
 blest;  
 But this ungrateful, for my good desert,  
 Entic'd my thoughts against me to con-  
 spire,  
 Who gave consent to steal away my  
 heart,  
 And set my breast his lodging on a fire.  
 Well, well, my friends, when beggars  
 grow thus bold,  
 No marvel then though charity grow  
 cold.

---

SONNET.

If he, from heaven that filch'd that liv-  
 ing fire,  
 Condemn'd by Jove to endless torment be,  
 I greatly marvel how you still go free,  
 That far beyond Prometheus did aspire:  
 The fire he stole, although of heavenly  
 kind,  
 Which from above he craftily did take,  
 Of lifeless clods, us living men to make,  
 He did bestow in temper of the mind:  
 But you broke into heav'n's immortal  
 store,



Where virtue, honor, wit, and beauty lay;  
Which taking thence you have escap'd  
away,  
Yet stand as free as e'er you did before:  
Yet old Prometheus punish'd for his  
rape:  
Thus poor thieves suffer, when the  
greater 'scape.

KING HENRY TO FAIR  
ROSAMOND.

THE little flow'rs dropping their honey'd  
dew,  
Which (as thou writ'st) do weep upon  
thy shoe,  
Not for thy fault (sweet Rosamond) do  
moan,  
Only lament that thou so soon art gone:  
For if thy foot touch hemlock as it goes,  
That hemlock's made far sweeter than  
the rose.

My camp resounds with fearful shocks  
of war,  
Yet in my breast more dang'rous con-  
flicts are;  
Yet is my signal to the battle's sound  
The blessed name of beauteous Rosa-  
mond.  
Accused be that heart, that tongue, that  
breath,  
Should think, should speak, or whisper  
of thy death:  
For in one smile or lower from thy sweet  
eye  
Consists my life, my hope, my victory.  
Sweet Woodstock, where my Rosamond  
doth rest,  
Be blest in her, in whom thy king is  
blest:  
For though in France awhile my body  
be,  
My heart remains (dear paradise) in  
thee.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND  
OF HAWTHORNDEN.

1585-1649.

[WILLIAM DRUMMOND was born at the manor-house of Hawthornden, near Edinburgh, on December 13, 1585, and died there December 4, 1649. His chief poetical works are: *Tears on the Death of Moliades* (Prince Henry), 1613; *Poems*, 1616; *Forth Feasting, a panegyricke to the King's most excellent Majestie*, 1617; *Flowers of Sion*, 1623; *The Entertainment of the high and mighty monarch Charles*, 1633; *The Exequies of the Honourable Sir Anthony Alexander, Knight*, 1638. Besides these he wrote innumerable political pamphlets, etc., and a considerable historical work. More important are his well-known *Conversations with Ben Jonson*, of which an authentic copy was discovered by Mr. David Laing and printed by him in 1832. A unique copy of the *Poems*, printed on one side of the paper only, and containing Drummond's autograph corrections, is in the Bodleian Library. It varies most curiously from the later editions.]

SUMMONS TO LOVE.

PHOEBUS, arise!  
And paint the sable skies  
With azure, white, and red:  
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Ti-  
thon's bed  
That she may thy career with roses  
spread:

The nightingales thy coming each where  
sing:  
Make an eternal spring!  
Give life to this dark world which lieth  
dead;  
Spread forth thy golden hair  
In larger locks than thou wast wont  
before,  
And emperor-like decore

With diadem of pearl thy temples fair :  
Chase hence the ugly night  
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.

— This is that happy morn,  
That day, long-wish'd day  
Of all my life so dark,  
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn  
And fates my hopes betray),  
Which, purely white, deserves  
An everlasting diamond should it mark.  
This is the morn should bring unto this grove  
My Love, to hear and recompense my love.

Fair King, who all preserves,  
But show thy blushing beams,  
And thou two sweeter eyes  
Shalt see than those which by Penéus' streams  
Did once thy heart surprise.  
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise :

If that ye winds would hear  
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,  
Your furious chiding stay;  
Let Zephyr only breathe,  
And with her tresses play.  
— The winds all silent are,  
And Phoebus in his chair  
Ensafroning sea and air  
Makes vanish every star :  
Night like a drunkard reels  
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels :  
The fields with flowers are deck'd in every hue,  
The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue;  
Here is the pleasant place —  
And nothing wanting is, save She, alas !

#### TO A NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early hours  
Of winters past, or coming, void of care,  
Well pleas'd with delights which present are,

Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers :  
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers  
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,  
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare, —  
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.  
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs  
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven  
Quite to forget Earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,  
And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven?  
Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise  
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

#### THE LESSONS OF NATURE.

Of this fair volume which we World do name,  
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,  
Of him who it corrects, and did it frame,  
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare :

Find out his power which wildest powers doth tame,  
His providence extending everywhere,  
His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,  
In every page, no period of the same.

But silly we, like foolish children, rest  
Well pleas'd with color'd vellum, leaves of gold,  
Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is best,  
On the great writer's sense ne'er taking hold;

Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,  
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

A GOOD THAT NEVER SATIS-  
FIES THE MIND.

A GOOD that never satisfies the mind,  
A beauty fading like the April flow'rs,  
A sweet with floods of gall, that runs  
combin'd  
A pleasure passing ere in thought made  
ours,  
An honor that more fickle is than wind,  
A glory at opinion's frown that low'rs,  
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,

A knowledge than grave ignorance  
more blind,  
A vain delight our equals to command,  
A style of greatness, in effect a dream,  
A swelling thought of holding sea and  
land,  
A servile lot, deck'd with a pompous  
name,  
Are the strange ends we toil for here  
below,  
Till wisest death make us our errors  
know.

JOHN DONNE.

1573-1631.

[BORN 1573, in London; his mother being a descendant of Sir Thomas More. He studied both at Oxford and Cambridge, and also at Lincoln's Inn; travelled in Italy and Spain, "and returned perfect in their languages." He was afterwards in the service of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere and others, and in 1610 was persuaded by James I. "to enter into sacred orders." In 1621 the king made him Dean of St. Paul's, and he held other benefices. He died in 1631. Izaak Walton's celebrated *Life* was prefixed to his *Eighty Sermons*, fol., 1640; and this *Life* asserts that "most of his poems were written before the twentieth year of his age." The *Poems* were collected and first published posthumously in 1633; but Harl. MS. 5110 (British Museum), is entitled, "Jhon Dunne, his Satyres anno domini 1593."] ]

SONG.

SWEETEST love, I do not go  
For weariness of thee,  
Nor in hope the world can show  
A fitter love for me;  
But since that I  
Must die at last, 'tis best  
Thus to use myself in jest  
By feigned deaths to die.

Yesternight the Sun went hence,  
And yet is here to-day,  
He hath no desire nor sense,  
Nor half so short a way;  
Then fear not me,  
But believe that I shall make  
Hastier journeys, since I take  
More wings and spurs than he.

O, how feeble is man's power,  
That if good fortune fall,  
Cannot add another hour,  
Nor a lost hour recall.]

But come bad chance,  
And we join to't our strength,  
And we teach it art and length,  
Itself o'er us t' advance.

When thou sigh'st thou sigh'st not  
wind,  
But sigh'st my soul away;  
When thou weep'st unkindly kind,  
My life's blood doth decay.  
It cannot be  
That thou lov'st me, as thou say'st;  
If in thine my life thou waste,  
Thou art the life of me.

Let not thy divining heart  
Forethink me any ill,  
Destiny may take my part  
And may thy fears fulfil;  
But think that we  
Are but laid aside to sleep:  
They who one another keep  
Alive, ne'er parted be.

FROM "VERSES TO SIR HENRY  
WOTTON."

BE then thine own home, and in thyself  
dwell;  
Inn anywhere; continuance maketh  
Hell.  
And seeing the snail, which everywhere  
doth roam,  
Carrying his own house still, is still at  
home:  
Follow (for he's easy pac'd) this snail,  
Be thine own palace, or the world's thy  
jail.  
But in the world's sea do not like cork  
sleep  
Upon the water's face, nor in the deep  
Sink like a lead without a line: but as  
Fishes glide, leaving no print where  
they pass,  
Nor making sound, so closely thy course  
go;  
Let men dispute whether thou breathe  
or no:  
Only in this be no Galenist. To make  
Court's hot ambitions wholesome, do not  
take  
A dram of country's dulness; do not add  
Correctives, but as chymics purge the  
bad.  
But, sir, I advise not you, I rather do  
Say o'er those lessons which I learn'd  
of you:  
Whom, free from Germany's schisms,  
and lightness  
Of France, and fair Italie's faithlessness,

Having from these suck'd all they had  
of worth  
And brought home that faith which you  
carry'd forth,  
I thoroughly love: but if myself I've won  
To know my rules, I have, and you have,  
*Donne.*

THE MESSAGE.

SEND home my long stray'd eyes to me,  
Which, oh! too long have dwelt on thee;  
But if they there have learned such ill,  
Such forc'd fashions  
And false passions,  
That they be  
Made by thee  
Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,  
Which no unworthy thought could stain;  
But if it be taught by thine  
To make jestings  
Of protestings,  
And break both  
Word and oath,  
Keep it still, 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,  
That I may know and see thy lies,  
And may laugh and joy when thou  
Art in anguish,  
And dost languish  
For some one  
That will none,  
Or prove as false as thou dost now.



SIR EDWARD DYER.

1550-1607.

[BORN about 1550, at Sharpham, near Glastonbury; educated at Balliol College, Oxford; ambassador to Denmark, 1589; knighted, 1596; died, 1607.]

TO PHILLIS THE FAIR SHEP-  
HERDESS.

My Phillis hath the morning Sun,  
At first to look upon her:  
And Phillis hath morn-waking birds,  
Her rising still to honor.

My Phillis hath prime feathered flow-  
ers,  
That smile when she treads on them:  
And Phillis hath a gallant flock  
That leaps since she doth own them,  
But Phillis hath too hard a heart,  
Alas, that she should have it!

It yields no mercy to desert  
Nor grace to those that crave it.

Sweet Sun, when thou look'st on,  
Pray her regard my moan!  
Sweet birds when you sing to her  
To yield some pity woo her!  
Sweet flowers that she treads on,  
Tell her, her beauty dreads one.  
And if in life her love she nill agree me,  
Pray her before I die, she will come see  
me.

---

*MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.*

My mind to me a kingdom is,  
Such present joys therein I find,  
That it excels all other bliss  
That earth affords or grows by kind:  
Though much I want which most would  
have,  
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,  
No force to win the victory,  
No wily wit to salve a sore,  
No shape to feed a loving eye;  
To none of these I yield as thrall:  
For why? My mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty [surfeits] oft,  
And hasty climbers soon do fall;  
I see that those which are aloft  
Mishap doth threaten most of all;  
They get with toil, they keep with fear;  
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content to live, this is my stay;  
I seek no more than may suffice;  
I press to bear no haughty sway;  
Look, what I lack my mind supplies:  
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,  
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;  
I little have, and seek no more.  
They are but poor, though much they  
have,  
And I am rich with little store;  
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;  
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss;  
I grudge not at another's pain;  
No worldly waves my mind can toss;  
My state at one doth still remain:  
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;  
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,  
Their wisdom by their rage of will;  
Their treasure is their only trust;  
A cloaked craft their store of skill:  
But all the pleasure that I find  
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease:  
My conscience clear my chief de-  
fence;  
I neither seek by bribes to please,  
Nor by deceit to breed offence:  
Thus do I live; thus will I die;  
Would all did so as well as I!

---

EDMUND SPENSER.

1552-1598-9.

[EDMUND SPENSER was born in London about 1552. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School: his first poetical performances, translations from Petrarch and Du Bellay, published without his name in a miscellaneous collection, belong to the time of his leaving school in 1569. From that year to 1576 he was at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. In 1579 he was in London, acquainted with Philip Sidney, and in Lord Leicester's household. In 1580 was published, but without his name, *The Shepheards Calender*; and in the autumn of that year he went to Ireland with Lord Grey of Wilton, as his private secretary. The remainder of his life, with the exception of short visits to England, was spent in Ireland, where he held various subordinate offices, and where he settled on a grant of forfeited land at Kilcolman, in the county of Cork. In 1589 he accompanied Sir Walter Raleigh to London, and in 1590 published the first three books of *The*

*Faerie Queene.* In 1591 he returned to Ireland, and a miscellaneous collection of compositions of earlier and later dates (*Complaints*) was published in London. In June, 1594, he married, and the next year, 1595, he again visited London, and in Jan., 1595-6, published the second instalment of *The Faerie Queene* (iv-vi). With the same date, 1595, were published his *Colin Clouts Come Home again*, an account of his visit to the Court in 1589-90, and his *Amoretti Sonnets*, and an *Epithalamion*, relating to his courtship and marriage. At the end of 1598 his house was sacked and burnt by the Munster rebels, and he returned in great distress to London. He died at Westminster, Jan. 16, 1598-9, and was buried in the Abbey.]

### THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

AND is there care in Heaven? And is  
there love  
In heavenly spirits to these creatures  
base,  
That may compassion of their evils  
move?

There is:—else much more wretched  
were the case  
Of men than beasts: but O! th' exceeding  
grace  
Of highest God, that loves his creatures  
so,  
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,  
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,  
To serve to wicked man, to serve his foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave  
To come to succor us that succor want!  
How oft do they with golden pinions  
cleave

The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,  
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!  
They for us fight, they watch and duly  
ward,  
And their bright squadrons round about  
us plant;

And all for love, and nothing for reward:  
O, why should heavenly God to men have  
such regard?

### UNA AND THE LION.

ONE day, nigh weary of the irksome way,  
From her unhasty beast she did alight;  
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay  
In secret shadow, far from all men's  
sight;  
From her fair head her fillet she undight,  
And laid her stole aside: her angel's  
face,

As the great eye of Heaven, shined  
bright,  
And made a sunshine in the shady place;  
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly  
grace.

It fortunéd, out of the thickest wood  
A ramping lion rushéd suddenly,  
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood:  
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,  
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,

To have at once devoured her tender  
corse:

But to the prey when as he drew more  
nigh,

His bloody rage assuagéd with remorse,  
And, with the sight amazed, forgot his  
furious force.

Instead thereof he kissed her weary feet,  
And licked her lily hands with fawning  
tongue;

As he her wrongéd innocence did weet.  
O how can beauty master the most  
strong,

And simple truth subdue avenging  
wrong!

Whose yielded pride and proud submission,

Still dreading death, when she had  
marked long,

Her heart 'gan melt in great compassion;

And drizzling tears did shed for pure  
affection.

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,"  
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth  
abate,

And mighty proud to humble weak does  
yield,

Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late  
Him pricked, in pity of my sad estate:—

But he, my lion, and my noble lord,  
How does he find in cruel heart to hate  
Her, that him lov'd, and ever most  
adored  
As the god of my life? why hath he me  
abhorred?"

Redounding tears did choke th' end of  
her plaint,  
Which softly echoed from the neighbor  
wood;  
And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,  
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;  
With pity calmed, down fell his angry  
mood.  
At last, in close heart shutting up her  
pain,  
Arose the virgin born of heavenly brood,  
And to her snowy palfrey got again,  
To seek her stray'd champion if she  
might attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,  
But with her went along, as a strong  
guard  
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate  
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes  
hard:  
Still, when she slept, he kept both  
watch and ward;  
And, when she waked, he waited dili-  
gent,  
With humble service to her will pre-  
pared:  
From her fair eyes he took commandé-  
ment,  
And ever by her looks conceiv'd her  
intent.

### *SWEET IS THE ROSE.*

SWEET is the rose, but grows upon a  
brere;  
Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his  
bough;  
Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh  
near;  
Sweet is the furbloom, but his branches  
rough;  
Sweet is the cyprus, but his rind is  
tough;

Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;  
Sweet is the broom flower, but yet sour  
enough;  
And sweet is moly, but his root is ill;  
So, every sweet, with sour is tempered  
still,  
That maketh it be coveted the more:  
For easy things that may be got at will  
Most sorts of men do set but little store.  
Why then should I account of little pain,  
That endless pleasure shall unto me gain.

### *THE HERMITAGE.*

A LITTLE lowly hermitage it was,  
Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,  
Far from resort of people that did pass  
In travel to and fro: a little wide  
There was an holy chapel edifyde,  
Wherein the hermit duly wont to say  
His holy things each morn and eventide;  
Thereby a crystal stream did gently play,  
Which from a sacred fountain welled  
forth alway.

### *THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.*

A GENTLE knight was pricking on the  
plain,  
Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,  
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did  
remain,  
The cruel marks of many a bloody field;  
Yet arms till that time did he never  
wield:  
His angry steed did chide his foaming  
bit,  
As much disdainig to the curb to yield:  
Full jolly knight he seem'd, and fair did  
sit,  
As one for knightly guists and fierce  
encounters fit.  
And on his breast a bloody cross he  
bore,  
The dear remembrance of his dying  
Lord,  
For whose sweet sake that glorious  
badge he wore,

And dead, as living, ever him ador'd:  
 Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,  
 For sovereign hope, which in his help  
     he had.  
 Right, faithful, true he was in deed and  
     word:  
 But of his cheer did seem too solemn  
     sad:  
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was  
     ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,  
 That greatest Gloriana to him gave,  
 (That greatest glorious Queen of Faery  
     Lond)  
 To win him worship, and her grace to  
     have,  
 Which of all earthly things he most did  
     crave.  
 And ever, as he rode, his heart did  
     yearn  
 To prove his puissance in battle brave;  
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learn;  
 Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and  
     stern.

#### THE TRUE WOMAN.

THRICE happy she that is so well assur'd  
 Unto herself, and settled so in heart,  
 That neither will for better be allur'd,  
 Ne fears to worse with any chance to  
     start,  
 But like a steady ship doth strongly part  
 The raging waves, and keeps her course  
     aright;  
 Ne ought for tempest doth from it de-  
     part,  
 Ne ought for fairer weather's false de-  
     light.  
 Such self-assurance need not fear the  
     spight  
 Of grudging foes, ne favor seek of  
     friends;  
 But in the stay of her own stedfast  
     might,  
 Neither to one herself or other bends.  
 Most happy she that most assur'd doth  
     rest,  
 But he most happy who such one loves  
     best.

#### THE SEASONS.

So forth issued the Seasons of the year;  
 First lusty Spring, all dight in leaves and  
     flowers  
 That freshly budded, and new blossoms  
     did bear,  
 In which a thousand birds had built  
     their bowers,  
 That sweetly sung to call forth para-  
     mours;  
 And in his hand a javelin he did bear,  
 And on his head (as fit for warlike  
     stours)  
 A gilt engraven morion he did wear,  
 That as some did him love, so others did  
     him fear.

Then came the jolly Summer, being dight  
 In a thin silken cassock colored green  
 That was unlined all, to be more light,  
 And on his head a garland well beseen  
 He wore, from which, as he had chafed  
     been,  
 The sweat did drop, and in his hand he  
     bore  
 A bow and shaft, as he in forest green  
 Had hunted late the libbard or the boar,  
 And now would bathe his limbs, with  
     labor heated sore.

Then came the Autumn, all in yellow  
     clad,  
 As though he joyed in his plenteous  
     store,  
 Laden with fruits that made him laugh,  
     full glad  
 That he had banished Hunger, which  
     to fore  
 Had by the belly oft him pinched sore;  
 Upon his head a wreath, that was en-  
     roled  
 With ears of corn of every sort, he bore,  
 And in his hand a sickle he did hold,  
 To reap the ripened fruits the which the  
     earth had yold.

Lastly came Winter, clothed all in frize,  
 Chattering his teeth for cold that did  
     him chill,  
 Whilst on his hoary beard his breath  
     did freeze,



And the dull drops that from his pur-  
pled bill  
As from a limbeck did adown distil;  
In his right hand a tipped staff he held,  
With which his feeble steps he stayed  
still,  
For he was faint with cold and weak  
with eld  
That scarce his loosed limbs he able was  
to weld.

---

*LOVE IN ABSENCE.*

LIKE as the culver on the bared bough  
Sits mourning for the absence of her  
mate,  
And in her songs sends many a wishful  
vow  
For his return, that seems to linger late;  
So I alone, now left disconsolate,  
Mourn to myself the absence of my love,  
And wandering here and there all deso-  
late,  
Seek with my plaints to match that  
mournful dove.  
Ne joy of ought that under heaven doth  
hove  
Can comfort me, but her own joyous  
sight,  
Whose sweet aspect both god and man  
can move,  
In her unspotted pleasance to delight:  
Dark is my day whiles her fair light I  
miss,  
And dead my life, that wants such lively  
bliss.

---

*ASTROPHEL (SIR PHILIP SID-  
NEY).*

"WOODS, hills, and rivers, now are  
desolate,  
Sith he is gone, the which them all did  
grace;  
And all the fields do wail their widow  
state,  
Sith death their fairest flower did late  
deface:  
The fairest flower in field that ever grew  
Was Astrophel; that was we all may rue.

"What cruel hand of cursed foe un-  
known  
Hath cropt the stalk which bore so fair  
a flower?  
Untimely cropt, before it well were  
grown,  
And clean defaced in untimely hour;  
Great loss to all that ever him did see,  
Great loss to all, but greatest loss to me.

"Break now your girlonds, O ye shep-  
herds' lasses!  
Sith the fair flower which them adorn'd  
is gone;  
The flower which them adorn'd is gone  
to ashes,  
Never again let lass put girlond on:  
Instead of girlond wear sad cypress now,  
And bitter elder broken from the bough.

"Ne ever sing the love-lays which he  
made;  
Who ever made such lays of love as he?  
Ne ever read the riddles which he said  
Unto yourselves to make you merry  
glee:  
Your merry glee is now laid all abed,  
Your merry maker now, alas! is dead.

"Death, the devourer of all world's de-  
light,  
Hath robbed you, and reft fro me my  
joy;  
Both you and me, and all the world, he  
quite  
Hath robb'd of joyance, and left sad  
annoy.  
Joy of the world, and shepherds' pride  
was he;  
Shepherds, hope never like again to see.

"O Death! that hast us of such riches  
reft,  
Tell us, at least, what hast thou with it  
done?  
What is become of him whose flower  
here left  
Is but the shadow of his likeness gone?  
Scarce like the shadow of that which  
he was,  
Nought like, but that he like a shade  
did pass,

"But that immortal spirit, which was  
deck'd  
With all the dowries of celestial grace,  
By sovereign choice from th' heavenly  
quires select,  
And lineally deriv'd from angels' race,  
O what is now of it become? aread:  
Aye me! can so divine a thing be dead:

"Ah! no: it is not dead, ne can it die,  
But lives for aye in blissful paradise,  
Where like a new-born babe it soft  
doth lie  
In bed of lilies, wrapt in tender wise,  
And compass'd all about with roses  
sweet,  
And dainty violets from head to feet.

"There thousand birds, all of celestial  
brood,  
To him do sweetly carol day and night,  
And with strange notes, of him well  
understood,  
Lull him to sleep in angel-like delight;  
Whilst in sweet dream to him pre-  
sented be  
Immortal beauties, which no eye may see.

"But he them sees, and takes exceeding  
pleasure  
Of their divine aspects, appearing plain,  
And kindling love in him beyond all  
measure;  
Sweet love, still joyous, never feeling  
pain;  
For what so goodly form he there doth  
see  
He may enjoy, from jealous rancor free.

"There liveth he in everlasting bliss,  
Sweet Spirit! never fearing more to die,  
Ne dreading harm from any foes of his,  
Ne fearing savage beasts' more cruelty,  
Whilst we here wretches wail his private  
lack,  
And with vain vows do often call him  
back.

"But live thou there still, happy, happy  
Spirit!  
And give us leave thee here thus to  
lament;

Not thee that dost thy heaven's joy in-  
herit,  
But our own selves, that here in dole  
are drent.  
Thus do we weep and wail, and wear  
our eyes,  
Mourning in others our own miseries."

### THE GARDEN OF BEAUTY.

COMING to kiss her lips (such grace I  
found),  
Me seem'd I smelt a garden of sweet  
flow'rs,  
That dainty odors from them threw  
around,  
For damsels fit to deck their lovers'  
bow'rs.  
Her lips did smell like unto gilliflowers,  
Her ruddy cheeks like unto roses red,  
Her snowy brows like budded bella-  
moures,  
Her lovely eyes like pinks but newly  
spred,  
Her goodly bosom like a strawberry bed,  
Her neck like to a bunch of cullam-  
bines,  
Her breast like lilies ere their leaves be  
shed,  
Her nipples like young blossom'd jessa-  
mines:  
Such fragrant flow'rs do give most odor-  
ous smell,  
But her sweet odor did them all excel.

### THE BRIDAL DAY.

"OPEN the temple-gates unto my love,  
Open them wide that she may enter in,  
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,  
And all the pillars deck with garlands  
trim,  
For to receive this saint with honor  
due,  
That cometh in to you.  
With trembling steps and humble reve-  
rence  
She cometh in before th' Almighty's  
view;

Of her, ye virgins! learn obedience,  
When so ye come into these holy places,  
To humble your proud faces.  
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she  
may

The sacred ceremonies there partake,  
The which do endless matrimony make;  
And let the roaring organs loudly play  
The praises of the Lord, in lively notes,  
The whiles with hollow throats  
The choristers the joyous anthems sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and  
their echo ring.

"Behold whilom she before the altar  
stands,  
Hearing the holy priest that to her  
speaks,  
And blesses her with his two happy  
hands,  
How red the roses flush up in her  
cheeks!

And the pure snow, with goodly vermil  
stain,  
Like crimson dy'd in grain,  
That even the angels, which continually  
About the sacred altar do remain,  
Forget their service, and about her fly,  
Out peeping in her face, that seems  
more fair

The more they on it stare;  
But her sad eyes, still fast'ned on the  
ground,  
Are governed with goodly modesty,  
That suffers not one look to glance  
awry,  
Which may let in a little thought un-  
sound.

Why blush ye, Love! to give to me  
your hand,  
The pledge of all your band?  
Sing, ye sweet angels! Alleluia sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and  
your echo ring.

"Now all is done: bring home the bride  
again,  
Bring home the triumph of our victory:  
Bring home with you the glory of her  
gain,  
With joyance bring her, and with jollity.  
Never had man more joyful day than this,

Whom Heaven would heap with bliss.  
Make feast, therefore, now all this live-  
long day,

This day for ever to me holy is;  
Pour out the wine without restraint or  
stay,  
Pour not by cups, but by the belly-full:  
Pour out to all that wull,  
And sprinkle all the posts and walls  
with wine,  
That they may sweat, and drunken be  
withal:

Crown ye god Bacchus with a coronal,  
And Hymen also crown with wreaths of  
vine,  
And let the Graces dance unto the rest,  
For they can do it best,  
The whiles the maidens do their carol  
sing,  
To which the woods shall answer, and  
their echo ring.

"Ring ye the bells, ye young men of  
the town,  
And leave your wonted labors for this  
day;  
This day is holy; do you write it down,  
That ye for ever it remember may.

"Now cease, ye damsels! your delights  
forepast,  
Enough it is that all the day was yours;  
Now day is done, and night is nighing  
fast,  
Now bring the bride into the bridal  
bowers;  
Now night is come, now soon her dis-  
array,  
And in her bed her lay;  
Lay her in lilies and in violets,  
And silken curtains over her display,  
And odor'd sheets, and arras coverlets.  
Behold how goodly my fair love does  
lie,

In proud humility;  
Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took  
In Tempe, lying on the flow'ry grass,  
'Twixt sleep and wake, after she weary  
was  
With bathing in the Acidalian brook:  
Now it is night, ye damsels may be gone,  
And leave my love alone,

And leave likewise your former lays to  
sing;  
The woods no more shall answer, nor  
your echo ring.

THE POWER OF POETRY TO  
CONFER FAME.

ONE day I wrote her name upon the  
strand,  
But came the waves and washed it  
away;  
Again I wrote it with a second hand,  
But came the tide, and made my pains  
his prey.

Vain man! said she, that doth in vain  
assay

A mortal thing so to immortalize,  
For I myself shall like to this decay,  
And eke my name be wiped out like  
wise.

Not so, quoth I, let baser things devise  
To die in dust, but you shall live by  
fame:

My verse your virtues rare shall eter-  
nize,

And in the heavens write your glorious  
name,

Where, when as Death shall all the  
world subdue,

Our love shall live, and later life renew.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

1554-1586.

[PHILIP SIDNEY was the eldest son of the well-known Sir Henry Sidney, President of Wales and Lord Deputy of Ireland under Elizabeth, and through his mother, Lady Mary Dudley, grandson of the Duke of Northumberland executed in 1553, and nephew of Lord Leicester. He was born at Penshurst, Nov. 29, 1554: he entered Shrewsbury School, Oct. 17, 1564, on the same day as his friend and biographer, Fulke Greville, afterwards Lord Brooke; and in 1568 he was sent to Christ Church, Oxford. From May 1572 to May 1575 Sidney was abroad, in France, Germany, and Italy; sheltered in Sir Francis Walsingham's house in Paris on the night of St. Bartholomew, and spending a considerable time at Frankfort with Hubert Languet, the reformer, afterwards his constant correspondent. In 1575 he appeared at Elizabeth's Court, and took part in the Kenilworth progress. In 1577 he was sent as English ambassador to Rodolph II., at Prague, returning the same year. He seems to have made acquaintance with Harvey and Spenser in 1578, and in 1580, while he was in retirement at Penshurst, after his letter of remonstrance to the Queen on the Anjou match, he and his sister, the well-known Countess of Pembroke, produced a joint poetical version of the Psalms, and the *Arcadia* was begun (published 1590). He returned to Court in the autumn of 1580, and the *Astrophel and Stella* sonnets (published 1591) probably date from the following year. *The Apologie for Poetrie* was written in or about 1581 (the first known edition is that of London, 1595). Sidney was knighted in the same year. In 1583 he married Frances, daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, and was for the second time a member of Parliament. In Nov., 1584, he was appointed governor of Flushing, and nearly two years later, on Sept. 22, 1586, received his fatal wound at the battle of Zutphen. A complete edition of Sidney's poems was published by the Rev. A. B. Grosart, London, 1877.

SONNETS FROM ASTROPHEL  
AND STELLA.

I.

LOVING in truth, and fain in verse my  
love to show.  
That she, dear she, might take some  
pleasure of my pain, —  
Pleasure might cause her read, reading  
might make her know,  
Knowledge might pity win, and pity  
grace obtain, —

I sought fit words to paint the blackest  
face of woe;

Studying inventions fine, her wits to  
entertain,

Oft turning others' leaves, to see if  
thence would flow

Some fresh and fruitful showers upon  
my sun-burn'd brain.

But words came halting forth, wanting  
Invention's stay;

Invention, Nature's child, fled step-  
dame Study's blows;

And others' feet still seem'd but strangers in my way.  
 Thus, great with child to speak, and helpless in my throes,  
 Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite;  
 Fool, said my Muse to me, look in thy heart and write.

## 5.

It is most true that eyes are form'd to serve  
 The inward light, and that the heavenly part  
 Ought to be King, from whose rules who do swerve,  
 Rebels to nature, strive for their own smart.  
 It is most true, what we call Cupid's dart  
 An image is, which for ourselves we carve,  
 And, fools, adore in temple of our heart,  
 Till that good god make church and churchmen starve:  
 True, that true beauty virtue is indeed,  
 Whereof this beauty can be but a shade,  
 Which, elements with mortal mixture breed:  
 True, that on earth we are but pilgrims made,  
 And should in soul up to our country move:  
 True, and yet true — that I must Stella love.

## 31.

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!  
 How silently, and with how wan a face!  
 What, may it be that even in heavenly place  
 That busy archer his sharp arrows tries!  
 Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes  
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case,  
 I read it in thy looks; thy languisht grace,  
 To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.

Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,  
 Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?  
 Are beauties there as proud as here they be?  
 Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet  
 Those lovers scorn whom that love did possess?  
 Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

## 32.

Morpheus, the lively son of deadly Sleep,  
 Witness of life to them that living die,  
 A prophet oft, and oft an history,  
 A poet eke, as humors fly or creep;  
 Since thou in me so sure a power dost keep,  
 That never I with clos'd-up sense do lie,  
 But by thy work my Stella I descry,  
 Teaching blind eyes both how to smile and weep;  
 Vouchsafe, of all acquaintance, this to tell,  
 Whence hast thou ivory, rubies, pearl, and gold,  
 To show her skin, lips, teeth, and head so well?  
 Fool! answers he; no Indies such treasures hold;  
 But from thy heart, while my sire charmeth thee,  
 Sweet Stella's image I do steal to me.

## 87.

When I was forced from Stella ever dear —  
 Stella, food of my thoughts, heart of my heart —  
 Stella, whose eyes make all my tempests clear —  
 By Stella's laws of duty to depart;  
 Alas, I found that she with me did smart;  
 I saw that tears did in her eyes appear;  
 I saw that sighs her sweetest lips did part,  
 And her sad words my sadden'd sense did hear.  
 For me, I wept to see pearls scattered so;

I sighed hersighs, and wailed for herwoe;  
Yet swam in joy, such love in her was  
seen.

Thus, while th' effect most bitter was to  
me,

And nothing then the cause more sweet  
could be,

I had been vexed, if vexed I had not  
been.

90.

Stella, think not that I by verse seek  
fame,

Who seek, who hope, who love, who  
live but thee;

Thine eyes my pride, thy lips mine his-  
tory:

If thou praise not, all other praise is  
shame.

Nor so ambitious am I, as to frame

A nest for my young praise in laurel  
tree:

In truth, I swear I wish not there should  
be

Graved in my epitaph a poet's name.

Nor, if I would, could I just title make,  
That any laud thereof to me should  
grow,

Without my plumes from others' wings  
I take:

For nothing from my wit or will doth flow,

Since all my words thy beauty doth en-  
dite,

And love doth hold my hand, and makes  
me write.

107.

Stella, since thou so right a princess art  
Of all the powers which life bestows on  
me,

That ere by them ought undertaken be,  
They first resort unto that sovereign  
part;

Sweet, for a while give respite to my  
heart,

Which pants as though it still should  
leap to thee:

And on my thoughts give thy lieuten-  
ancy

To this great cause, which needs both  
use and art.

And as a queen, who from her presence  
sends

Whom she employs, dismiss from thee  
my wit,

Till it have wrought what thy own will  
attends,

On servants' shame oft masters' blame  
doth sit:

O let not fools in me thy works reprove,  
And scorning say, "See what it is to  
love!"



## JOHN LYLÿ.

1554-1606.

[LITTLE is known of Lyly's life. He was born in Kent, in 1554, studied at Magdalen College, Oxford, was patronized by Lord Burghley, and wrote plays for the Child players at the Chapel Royal,—the "aery of children," alluded to in Hamlet, "little eyases, that cry out on the top of the question and are most tyrannically clapped for't." He died in 1606. His *Euphues* was published, first part in 1579, second part in 1580.]

## CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

[From *Alexander and Campaspe*.]

CUPID and my Campaspe play'd  
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid:  
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,  
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;  
Loses them too; then down he throws  
The coral of his lip, the rose

Growing on's cheek (but none knows  
how),

With these, the crystal of his brow,

And then the dimple of his chin;

All these did my Campaspe win.

At last he set her both his eyes,  
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.

O Love! has she done this to thee?

What shall, alas! become of me?

## THOMAS LODGE.

1556-1625.

[THOMAS LODGE was born in Lincolnshire about 1556, entered Trinity College, Oxford, in 1573, and died of the plague at Low Leyton, in Essex, in 1625. The most important of his numerous works are, *Scilla's Metamorphosis*, 1589; *Rosalynde Euphues' Golden Legacy*, 1590; *Phyllis*, 1593; *A Fig for Momus*, 1595; *A Margarite of America*, 1596.]

## ROSALIND'S COMPLAINT.

LOVE in my bosom, like a bee,  
Doth suck his sweet;  
Now with his wings he plays with me,  
Now with his feet.  
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,  
His bed amidst my tender breast;  
My kisses are his daily feast,  
And yet he robs me of my rest:  
Ah, wanton, will you ?

And if I sleep, then pierceth he  
With pretty slight,  
And makes his pillow of my knee  
The livelong night.  
Strike I the lute, he tunes the string;  
He music plays if I but sing;  
He lends my every lovely thing,  
Yet, cruel, he my heart doth sting:  
Ah, wanton, will you ?

Else I with roses every day  
Will whip you hence,  
And bind you when you long to play,  
For your offence.  
I'll shut my eyes to keep you in,  
I'll make you fast it for your sin,  
I'll count your power not worth a  
pin:  
Alas ! what hereby shall I win,  
If he gainsay me ?

What if I beat the wanton boy  
With many a rod ?  
He will repay me with annoy,  
Because a god.  
Then sit thou softly on my knee,  
And let thy bower my bosom be;  
Lurk in my eyes, I like of thee,  
O Cupid ! so thou pity me;  
Spare not, but play thee.

## ROBERT GREENE.

1560-1592.

[ROBERT GREENE was born at Norwich, probably in 1560. He was a graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1578, but took his degree of M.A. five years later at Clare Hall. After this he travelled in Italy and Spain, and, returning to London, gained his living as a playwright and pamphleteer. He died in Dowgate, Sept. 3, 1592. His first work was the novel of *Mamilia*, 1580, which was followed by a rapid succession of tales, poems, plays, and pamphlets. His most remarkable lyrics appeared in *Menaphon*, 1587; *Never Too Late*, 1590; and *The Mourning Garment*, 1590.]

## A DEATH-BED LAMENT.

DECEIVING world, that with alluring toys  
Hast made my life the subject of thyscorn,  
And scornest now to lend thy fading joys,  
T' out-length my life, whom friends  
have left forlorn;  
How well are they that die ere they be  
born,  
And never see thy slights, which few  
men shun,  
Till unawares they helpless are undone !

O that a year were granted me to live,  
And for that year my former wits re-  
stored !  
What rules of life, what counsel I would  
give,  
How should my sin with sorrow be de-  
plored !  
But I must die of every man abhorred :  
Time loosely spent will not again be  
won ;  
My time is loosely spent, and I undone.

## ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

1562-1595.

[BORN at Horsham St. Faith's, Norfolk, about 1562; entered the Society of Jesus, 1578, at Rome; accompanied Father Garnet to England, was captured; and was executed at Tyburn, 1594-5. *St. Peter's Complaint, with other Poems*, was first published in 1595; *Maeoniae* in the same year; *Marie Magdalen's Funerall Teares*, 1609.]

## TIMES GO BY TURNS.

THE lopped tree in time may grow again;  
Most naked plants renew both fruit  
and flower;  
The sorest wight may find release of pain,  
The driest soil suck in some moist'-  
ning shower;  
Times go by turns and chances change  
by course,  
From foul to fair, from better hap to  
worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,  
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;  
Her tide hath equal times to come  
and go,  
Her loom doth weave the fine and  
coarsest web;  
No joy so great but runneth to an end,  
No hap so hard but may in time amend.

Not always fall of leaf nor ever spring,  
No endless night, yet not eternal day;  
The saddest birds a season find to sing,  
The roughest storm a calm may soon  
allay;  
Thus with succeeding turns God tem-  
pereth all,  
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to  
fall.

A chance may win that by mischance  
was lost;  
The well that holds no great, takes  
little fish;  
In some things all, in all things none  
are cross'd,  
Few all they need, but none have all  
they wish;  
Unmeddled joys here to no man befall,  
Who least hath some, who most hath  
never all.

## THOMAS DEKKER.

[In a tract dated 1637, Dekker speaks of himself as a man of threescore years. This is the only clue to his age that has been discovered. He was born in London, and apparently lived all his life there, as playwright, pamphleteer, and miscellaneous literary hack. His plays were published separately at various dates from 1600 to 1636. He frequently worked with other dramatists, Webster, Middleton, Massinger, Ford, etc.]

## SWEET CONTENT.

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden  
slumbers?

Oh, sweet content!

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind per-  
plexed?

Oh, punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are  
vexed

To add to golden numbers, golden  
numbers?

O, sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;  
Honest labor bears a lovely face;

Then hey noney, noney, hey noney,  
noney.

Canst drink the waters of the crisped  
spring?

O, sweet content!

Swimmest thou in wealth, yet sink'st  
in thine own tears?

O, punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden  
bears,

No burden bears, but is a king, a king!  
O, sweet content!

Work apace, apace, &c.



## CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

1564-1593.

[CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE was born at Canterbury, in February, 1564, and educated at the King's School, in his birth-place, and at Benet (Corpus Christi) College, Cambridge. He was killed in a tavern brawl, and was buried at Deptford, June 1, 1593. The dates and order of his works are somewhat uncertain. Of his plays, the first, *Tamburlaine the Great*, a tragedy in two parts, must have been acted in public by 1587. It was followed by *The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*, *The Jew of Malta* (probably in 1589 or 1590), *The Massacre at Paris* (not earlier than the end of 1589), *Edward II.*, and *The Tragedy of Queen Dido*, which was probably left unfinished at Marlowe's death, and completed by Nash. Another play, *Lust's Dominion*, was for some time wrongly attributed to Marlowe; but, in return for this injustice, the probability that he may have had at least a share in Shakespeare's 2 and 3 *Henry VI.*, or in the plays on which those dramas were based, is now rather widely admitted. Of his poems, the translations of Ovid's *Amores* and the first book of Lucan's *Pharsalia* are of uncertain date. *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love* was first printed complete in *England's Helicon*, 1600, but is quoted in *The Jew of Malta*. *Hero and Leander* was left unfinished at Marlowe's death; Chapman completed it, dividing Marlowe's fragment into two parts, which now form the first two Sestiads of the poem.]

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD  
TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove,  
That valleys, groves, or hill, or field,  
Or woods and steepy mountains yield;

Where we will sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,  
And then a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,  
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;  
Slippers, lined choicely for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs:  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me and be my love.

Thy silver dishes, for thy meat,  
As precious as the gods do eat,  
Shall, on an ivory table, be  
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May morning.  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Come live with me and be my love.

ANSWER BY SIR WALTER  
RALEIGH.

IF all the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,  
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,  
Then Philomel becometh dumb,  
And age complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward winter reckoning yields;  
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten;  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,  
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,  
All these in me no means can move,  
To come to thee and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties, then,  
Of better meat than's fit for men?  
These are but vain: that's only good  
Which God hath bless'd and sent for food.

But could youth last, and love still breed,  
Had joys no date, nor age no need;  
Then those delights my mind might move,  
To live with thee and be thy love.

## WILLIAM BROWNE.

1588-1643.

[WILLIAM BROWNE was born at Tavistock in 1588, and died, probably, in the year 1643. He went to Oxford as a member of Exeter College; entered the Inner Temple in 1612; published his elegy on Prince Henry in a volume along with another by his friend Christopher Brooke in 1613; the first book of his *Britannia's Pastorals* in the same year; his *Shepherd's Pipe* in 1614; and the second book of his *Pastorals* in 1616, the year of the death of Shakespeare. The third book of his *Britannia's Pastorals* was unknown till 1851, when it was published for the Percy Society from a manuscript in the Cathedral Library at Salisbury. The most complete edition of Browne is that published in the Roxburghe Library by Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt in 1868.]

WILLY, OR GLIDE SOFT YE  
SILVER FLOODS.

GLIDE soft ye silver floods,  
And every spring;  
Within the shady woods,  
Let no bird sing!  
Nor from the grove a turtle dove  
Be seen to couple with her love,  
But silence on each dale and mountain  
dwell,  
Whilst Willy bids his friend and joy  
farewell.

But (of great Thetis' train)  
Ye mermaids fair,  
That on the shores do plain  
Your sea-green hair,  
As ye in trammels knit your locks  
Weep ye; and so enforce the rocks  
In heavy murmurs through the broad  
shores tell  
How Willy bade his friend and joy  
farewell.

Cease, cease, ye murmuring winds  
To move a wave;  
But if with troubled minds  
You seek his grave;  
Know 'tis as various as yourselves,  
Now in the deep, then on the shelves,  
His coffin toss'd by fish and surges fell,  
Whilst Willy weeps and bids all joy  
farewell.

Had he, Arion like,  
Been judg'd to drown,  
He on his lute could strike  
So rare a swon;  
A thousand dolphins would have  
come,  
And jointly strive to bring him  
home.

But he on shipboard dy'd, by sickness  
fell,  
Since when his Willy bade all joy fare-  
well.

Great Neptune hear a swain!  
His coffin take,  
And with a golden chain  
(For pity) make  
It fast unto a rock near land!  
Where ev'ry calmy morn I'll stand,  
And ere one sheep out of my fold I  
tell,  
Sad Willy's pipe shall bid his friend  
farewell.

## THE PRAISE OF SPENSER.

ALL their pipes were still,  
And Colin Clout began to tune his quill  
With such deep art that every one was  
given  
To think Apollo, newly slid from  
Heaven,  
Had ta'en a human shape to win his  
love,  
Or with the western swains for glory  
strove.  
He sung th' heroic knights of Faïery-  
land  
In lines so elegant, of such command,  
That had the Thracian played but half  
so well,  
He had not left Eurydice in Hell.  
But ere he ended his melodious song  
An host of angels flew the clouds among,  
And rapt this swan from his attentive  
mates,  
To make him one of their associates

In Heaven's fair quire: where now he  
sings the praise  
Of Him that is the first and last of days  
Divinest Spenser, heaven-bred, happy  
muse!

Would any power into my brain infuse  
Thy worth, or all that poets had be-  
fore,  
I could not praise till thou deserv'st no  
more.



## JAMES SHIRLEY.

1596-1667.

[SHIRLEY was born in London about the year 1596, and lived through the Civil War and Commonwealth into the Restoration, dying in 1667. His copious dramatic activity began in 1625, in which year he produced the comedy entitled *Love's Tricks*. Before this, in 1618, he had published an imitation of *Venus and Adonis* under the title of *Echo*. His plays were produced in rapid succession up to 1641. In 1646 he published a volume of poems, chiefly erotic, and two small volumes of Masques, etc., in 1653 and 1659.]

### DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

THE glories of our birth and state,  
Are shadows, not substantial things;  
There is no armor against fate:  
Death lays his icy hand on kings.  
Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and  
spade.

Some men with swords may reap the  
field,  
And plant with laurels where they kill;  
But their strong nerves at last must yield.  
They tame but one another still;  
Early or late,  
They stoop to fate,  
And must give up their murmuring  
breath,  
When they, pale captives! creep to  
death.

The garlands wither on your brow;  
Then boast no more your mighty  
deeds;  
Upon death's purple altar, now,  
See where the victor victim bleeds!

All heads must come  
To the cold tomb,  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

### VICTORIOUS MEN OF EARTH.

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more  
Proclaim how wide your empires are;  
Though you bind in every shore,  
And your triumphs reach as far  
As night or day;  
Yet you proud monarchs must obey,  
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when  
Death calls ye to the crowd of common  
men.

Devouring famine, plague, and war,  
Each able to undo mankind,  
Death's servile emissaries are:  
Nor to these alone confin'd:  
He hath at will  
More quaint and subtle ways to kill;  
A smile or kiss, as he will use the  
art,  
Shall have the cunning skill to break a  
heart.

## BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

1579-1625.

[JOHN FLETCHER was born in December, 1579, at Rye in Sussex, where his father, who ultimately became Bishop of London, was minister. He was admitted pensioner at Benet College, Cambridge, in 1591; and little is known of his life between this date and the period of his connection with Beaumont.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT was the son of Sir F. Beaumont, of Grace-Dieu in Leicestershire, and was born at that place, probably in 1585. He resided for a short time at Broadgates Hall (now Pembroke College), Oxford, and was entered of the Inner Temple in 1600.

Not many years after this we may suppose the friendship between the two poets to have begun. "They lived together on the Bank side," in Southwark, "not far from the Play-house" (the Globe), and wrote for the theatre. The most celebrated of their joint productions were produced probably between 1608 and 1611. But the common life which has been described by Aubrey, and is itself almost a poem (if partly a comic one), must have been disturbed in 1513, when Beaumont married. In the spring of 1616 he died. So far as is known, Fletcher remained single till his death, which took place in August, 1625.]

*FROM "THE MAID'S TRAGEDY."*

[By Beaumont and Fletcher.]

LAY a garland on my hearse  
Of the dismal yew;  
Maidens, willow branches bear;  
Say, I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm  
From my hour of birth.  
Upon my buried body lie  
Lightly, gentle earth!

*LINES ON THE TOMBS IN  
WESTMINSTER.*

[By Beaumont.]

MORTALITY, behold and fear!  
What a change of flesh is here!  
Think how many royal bones  
Sleep within this heap of stones;  
Here they lie had realms and lands,  
Who now want strength to stir their  
hands;  
Where from their pulpits seal'd with  
dust  
They preach, "In greatness is no trust."  
Here's an acre sown indeed  
With the richest royall'st seed  
That the earth did e'er suck in,  
Since the first man died for sin:  
Here the bones of birth have cried,  
"Though gods they were, as men they  
died":

Here are sands, ignoble things,  
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings:  
Here's a world of pomp and state,  
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

*FROM "THE FAITHFUL  
SHEPHERDESS."*

[By Fletcher.]

I.

## THE SATYR.

HERE be grapes whose lusty blood  
Is the learned poet's good;  
Sweeter yet did never crown  
The head of Bacchus; nuts more brown  
Than the squirrel's teeth that crack  
them;  
Deign, O fairest fair, to take them!  
For these black-eyed Dryope  
Hath oftentimes commanded me  
With my clasped knee to climb:  
See how well the lusty time  
Hath deck'd their rising cheeks in red,  
Such as on your lips is spread.  
Here be berries for a queen,  
Some be red, some be green;  
These are of that luscious meat  
The great god Pan himself doth eat:  
All these, and what the woods can yield,  
The hanging mountain or the field,  
I freely offer, and ere long  
Will bring you more, more sweet and  
strong;

Till when, humbly leave I take,  
Lest the great Pan do awake,  
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,  
Under a broad beech's shade.  
I must go, I must run  
Swifter than the fiery sun.

## II.

## THE RIVER GOD TO AMORET.

I AM this fountain's god. Below  
My waters to a river grow,  
And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,  
That only prosper in the wet,  
Through the meadows do they glide,  
Wheeling still on every side,  
Sometime winding round about  
To find the evenest channel out.  
And if thou wilt go with me,  
Leaving mortal company,  
In the cool streams shalt thou lie,  
Free from harm as well as I;  
I will give thee for thy food  
No fish that useth in the mud,  
But trout and pike, that love to swim  
Where the gravel from the brim  
Through the pure streams may be seen;  
Orient pearl fit for a queen  
Will I give, thy love to win,  
And a shell to keep them in;  
Not a fish in all my brook  
That shall disobey thy look,  
But, when thou wilt, come gliding by  
And from thy white hand take a fly:  
And to make thee understand  
How I can my waves command,  
They shall bubble whilst I sing,  
Sweeter than the silver string.

*The Song.*

Do not fear to put thy feet  
Naked in the river sweet;  
Think not leach or newt or toad  
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast  
trod;  
Nor let the water rising high,  
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry  
And sob; but ever live with me,  
And not a wave shall trouble thee!

## III.

## THE SATYR.

THOU divinest, fairest, brightest,  
Thou most powerful maid and whitest,  
Thou most virtuous and most blessed,  
Eyes of stars, and golden tressed  
Like Apollo! tell me, sweetest,  
What new service now is meetest  
For the Satyr? Shall I stray  
In the middle air, and stay  
The sailing rack, or nimbly take  
Hold by the moon, and gently make  
Suit to the pale queen of night  
For a beam to give thee light?  
Shall I dive into the sea  
And bring thee coral, making way  
Through the rising waves that fall  
Like snowy fleeces? Dearest, shall  
I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies  
Whose woven wings the summer dyes  
Of many colors? get thee fruit,  
Or steal from heaven old Orpheus' lute?  
All these I'll venture for, and more,  
To do her service all these woods adore.

*FROM "THE NICE VALOUR."*

[By Fletcher.]

HENCE, all you vain delights,  
As short as are the nights  
Wherein you spend your folly!  
There's nought in this life sweet,  
If man were wise to see't,  
But only melancholy;  
O sweetest melancholy!  
Welcome, folded arms and fixed eyes,  
A sigh that piercing mortifies,  
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,  
A tongue chain'd up without a sound!  
Fountain heads and pathless groves,  
Places which pale passion loves!  
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls  
Are warmly hous'd save bats and owls!  
A midnight bell, a parting groan,  
These are the sounds we feed upon;  
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy  
valley;  
Nothing's so dainty sweet, as lovely  
melancholy.

FROM "THE QUEEN OF COR-  
INTH."

[By Fletcher.]

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan;  
Sorrow calls no time that's gone;  
Violets plucked the sweetest rain

Makes not fresh nor grow again;  
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully;  
Fate's hid ends eyes cannot see;  
Joys as winged dreams fly fast,  
Why should sadness longer last?  
Grief is but a wound to woe;  
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no mo.



## WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

1564-1616.

[WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born at Stratford on Avon, in April, 1564; there also he died, April 23d (old style), 1616. The following are the titles of his poems, with the dates of publication: *Venus and Adonis*, 1593; *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1594; *The Passionate Pilgrim* (a miscellany which includes only a few pieces by Shakespeare), 1599; *The Phoenix and the Turtle* (printed with pieces on the same subject by other poets of the time, at the end of Robert Chester's *Love's Martyr, or Rosalin's Complaint*), 1601; *Sonnets*, 1609; *A Lover's Complaint* (in the same volume with the *Sonnets*), 1609.]

ADVICE OF POLONIUS TO HIS  
SON, ON SETTING FORTH ON  
HIS TRAVELS.[From *Hamlet*.]

GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportioned thought his act,  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
The friends thou hast, and their adop-  
tion tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of  
steel;  
But do not dull thy palm with enter-  
tainment  
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd con-  
rade. Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,  
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of  
thee.  
Give every man thine ear, but few thy  
voice:  
Take each man's censure, but reserve  
thy judgment.  
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy; rich not  
gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;  
And they in France, of the best rank  
and station,  
Are most select and generous, chief in  
that.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be:  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;  
And borrowing dulls the edge of hus-  
bandry.  
This above all—to thine own self be  
true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou can'st not then be false to any  
man.  
Farewell; my blessing season this in  
thee.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON LIFE  
AND DEATH.

To be, or not to be,—that is the ques-  
tion:—  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous  
fortune;  
Or to take arms against a sea of  
troubles,  
And, by opposing, end them?—To  
die,—to sleep,—  
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we  
end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natu-  
ral shocks  
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consum-  
mation

Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—

To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub!

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,

Must give us pause; there's the respect That makes calamity of so long life:

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,

The insolence of office, and the spurns That patient merit of the unworthy takes,

When he himself might his quietus make With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,

To grunt and sweat under a weary life; But that the dread of something after death,—

The undiscovered country, from whose bourn

No traveller returns,—puzzles the will; And makes us rather bear those ills we have,

Than fly to others that we know not of? Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;

And thus the native hue of resolution Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;

And enterprises of great pith and moment,

With this regard, their currents turn a-wry, And lose the name of action.

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,

That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee Hamlet,

King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me:

Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,

Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd, Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,

To cast thee up again! What may this mean,

That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,

Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon, Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,

So horribly to shake our disposition, With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

---

*HAMLET'S ESTEEM FOR HORATIO.*

NAY, do not think I flatter:

For what advancement may I hope from thee,

That no revenue hast but thy good spirits

To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flattered?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,

Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,

And could of men distinguish her election,

She hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been

As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards

---

*HAMLET'S ADDRESS TO HIS FATHER'S GHOST.*

ANGELS and ministers of grace defend us!—

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,

Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,

Hath ta'en with equal thanks: and  
 bless'd are those  
 Whose blood and judgment are so well  
 co-mingled,  
 That they are not a pipe for Fortune's  
 finger  
 To sound what stop she please: Give  
 me that man  
 That is not passion's slave, and I will  
 wear him  
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of  
 hearts,  
 As I do thee.

### A LOVER'S LAMENT.

[From *Twelfth Night*.]

COME away, come away, death,  
 And in sad cypress let me be laid;  
 Fly away, fly away, breath;  
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
 O, prepare it;  
 My part of death no one so true  
 Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
 On my black coffin let there be strown;  
 Not a friend, not a friend greet  
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall  
 be thrown.  
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
 Lay me, O, where  
 Sad true lover ne'er find my grave  
 To weep there.

### HUMAN NATURE.

[From *The Tempest*.]

THESE our actors,  
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
 Are melted into air, into thin air:  
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
 The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous  
 palaces,  
 The solemn temples, the great globe  
 itself;  
 Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve;  
 And, like this insubstantial pageant  
 faded,

Leave not a rack behind. We are such  
 stuff  
 As dreams are made on, and our little life  
 Is rounded with a sleep.

### LIFE.

[From *Macbeth*.]

TO-MORROW, and to-morrow, and to-  
 morrow,  
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
 To the last syllable of recorded time;  
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief  
 candle!  
 Life's but a walking shadow; a poor  
 player,  
 That struts and frets his hour upon the  
 stage,  
 And then is heard no more; it is a tale  
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
 Signifying nothing.

### THE VISIONARY DAGGER.

[From *Macbeth*.]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
 The handle toward my hand? Come,  
 let me clutch thee.  
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
 To feeling as to sight? or art thou but  
 A dagger of the mind; a false creation,  
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed  
 brain?  
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
 As this which now I draw.  
 Thou marshall'st me the way that I was  
 going;  
 And such an instrument I was to use.  
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the  
 other senses,  
 Or else worth all the rest; I see thee  
 still,  
 And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of  
 blood,  
 Which was not so before. — There's no  
 such thing:  
 It is the bloody business, which informs  
 Thus to mine eyes.



## REMORSE.

[From *Macbeth*.]

WHENCE is that knocking?

How is't with me, when every noise  
appals me?What hands are here? Ha! they pluck  
out mine eyes!Will all great Neptune's ocean wash  
this bloodClean from my hand? No; this my hand  
will ratherThe multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green one red.

## EDGAR'S DEFIANCE OF EDMUND.

[From *King Lear*.]

DRAW thy sword;

That if my speech offend a noble heart,  
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is  
mine.Behold, it is the privilege of mine honors,  
My oath, and my profession: I protest,—  
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and  
eminence,Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new  
fortune,Thy valor, and thy heart,—thou art a  
traitor:False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy  
father;Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious  
prince;And from the extremest upward of thy  
head,To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,  
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou,  
"No,"This sword, this arm, and my best spirits,  
are bentTo prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,  
Thou liest.

## THE STORM.

[From *King Lear*.]POOR naked wretches, wheresoe'er you  
are,That bide the pelting of this pitiless  
storm,How shall your houseless heads, and  
unfed sides,Your looped and windowed raggedness,  
defend youFrom seasons such as these? O! I have  
ta'enToo little care of this. Take physic,  
pomp;Expose thyself to feel what wretches  
feel;That thou mayest shake the superflux to  
them,

And show the heavens more just.

## CLEOPATRA ON THE CYDNUS.

[From *Antony and Cleopatra*.]THE barge she sat in, like a burnish'd  
throne,Burn'd on the water: the poop was  
beaten gold;Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that  
The winds were love-sick with them:  
the oars were silver;Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke,  
and madeThe water which they beat to follow  
faster,As amorous of their strokes. For her  
own person,It beggar'd all description; she did lie  
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue),  
O'er picturing that Venus, where we see,  
The fancy outwork nature: on each  
side her,Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling  
Cupids,With divers-color'd fans, whose wind  
did seemTo glow the delicate cheeks which they  
did cool,

And what they undid, did.

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
So many mermaids, tended her i' the  
eyes,And made their bends adornings; at  
the helmA seeming mermaid steers: the silken  
tackle

Swell with the touches of those flower-  
soft hands,  
That yarely frame the office. From the  
barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the  
sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
Her people out upon her; and Antony,  
Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit  
alone,  
Whistling to the air; which, but for  
vacancy,  
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,  
And make a gap in nature.

---

*THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.*

[From *As You Like It*.]

ALL the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely  
players:  
They have their exits and their en-  
trances;  
And one man in his time plays many  
parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first,  
the Infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's  
arms.  
And then, the whining School-boy, with  
his satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping  
like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then, the  
 Lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woful  
ballad  
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then  
a Soldier;  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like  
the pard,  
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in  
quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And  
then, the Justice,  
In fair round belly, with good capon  
lined,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal  
cut,

Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth  
age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on  
side;  
His youthful hose well saved, a world  
too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big  
manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble,  
pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene  
of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere obli-  
vion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans  
everything.

---

*THE USES OF ADVERSITY.*

[From *As You Like It*.]

Now my co-mates, and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more  
sweet  
Than that of painted pomp? are not  
these woods  
More free from peril than the envious  
court?  
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,  
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang,  
And churlish chiding of the winter's  
wind,  
Which, when it bites and blows upon  
my body,  
Even 'till I shrink with cold, I smile,  
and say,  
This is no flattery; these are counsellors  
That feelingly persuade me what I am.  
Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and veno-  
mous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.  
And this our life, exempt from public  
haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the  
running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every-  
thing.

## INGRATITUDE.

[From *As You Like It*.]

BLOW, blow thou winter wind,  
 Thou art not so unkind  
 As man's ingratitude;  
 Thy tooth is not so keen,  
 Because thou art not seen,  
 Although thy breath be rude.  
 Heigh, ho! sing heigh ho! unto the  
 green holly:  
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving  
 mere folly:  
 Then heigh, ho, the holly!  
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
 That dost not bite so nigh  
 As benefits forgot:  
 Though thou the waters warp,  
 Thy sting is not so sharp  
 As friend remember'd not.  
 Heigh, ho! sing heigh ho! etc.

---

 UNDER THE GREENWOOD  
 TREE.
[From *As You Like It*.]

UNDER the greenwood tree  
 Who loves to lie with me,  
 And tune his merry note  
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;  
 Here shall he see  
 No enemy,  
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,  
 And loves to lie i' the sun,  
 Seeking the food he eats,  
 And pleas'd with what he gets,  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;  
 Here shall he see  
 No enemy,  
 But winter and rough weather.

SHYLOCK'S REMONSTRANCE  
WITH ANTONIO.[From *Merchant of Venice*.]

SIGNIOR Antonio, many a time and oft,  
 In the Rialto you have rated me  
 About my monies and my usances:  
 Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;  
 For sufferance is the badge of all our  
 tribe;  
 You call me — misbeliever, cut-throat  
 dog,  
 And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,  
 And all for use of that which is mine own.  
 Well then, it now appears you need my  
 help:  
 Go to then; you come to me, and you  
 say,  
 "Shylock, we would have monies":  
 you say so;  
 You that did void your rheum upon my  
 beard,  
 And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur  
 Over your threshold; monies is your suit:  
 What should I say to you? should I  
 not say  
 "Hath a dog money? is it possible  
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats?"  
 or  
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman's  
 key,  
 With 'bated breath, and whispering  
 humbleness,  
 Say this, —  
 "Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday  
 last:  
 You spurn'd me such a day; another  
 time  
 You called me — dog; and for these  
 courtesies  
 I'll lend you thus much monies?"

---

 THE DECEIT OF APPEARANCES.
[From *Merchant of Venice*.]

THE world is still deceiv'd with orna-  
 ment.  
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice,  
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,

What damned error, but some sober brow  
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,  
Hiding the grossness with fair orna-  
ment?

There is no vice so simple, but assumes  
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.  
How many cowards, whose hearts are  
all as false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their  
chins

The beards of Hercules and frowning  
Mars;

Who, inward search'd, have livers white  
as milk?

And these assume but valor's excrement,  
To render them redoubted. Look on  
beauty,

And you shall see 'tis purchased by the  
weight;

Which therein works a miracle in nature,  
Making them lightest that wear most of  
it:

So are those crisped snaky golden locks,  
Which make such wanton gambols with  
the wind,

Upon supposed fairness, often known  
To be the dowry of a second head,  
The skull that bred them in the sepul-  
chre.

Thus ornament is but the guiled shore  
To a most dangerous sea; the beaute-  
ous scarf

Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,  
The seeming truth which cunning times  
put on

To entrap the wisest.

#### MERCY.

[From *Merchant of Venice*.]

THE quality of Mercy is not strain'd;  
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from  
heaven,

Upon the place beneath. It is twice  
bless'd;

It blesseth him that gives and him that  
takes.

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it be-  
comes

The thronèd monarch better than his  
crown.

His sceptre shows the force of temporal  
power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of  
kings;

But mercy is above this sceptred sway, —  
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself;

And earthly power doth then show  
likest God's,

When mercy seasons justice. There-  
fore, Jew,

Though justice be thy plea, consider  
this, —

That, in the course of justice, none of  
us

Should see salvation. We do pray for  
mercy;

And that same prayer doth teach us all  
to render

The deeds of mercy.

#### CELESTIAL MUSIC.

[From *Merchant of Venice*.]

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon  
this bank!

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of  
music

Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the  
night

Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of

heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright

gold:

There's not the smallest orb, which thou  
behold'st,

But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cheru-  
bims, —

Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear  
it.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a  
hymn!

With sweetest touches pierce your mis-  
tress' ear,

And draw her home with music.

## QUEEN ELIZABETH.

[From *Midsummer Night's Dream*.]

I SAW, but thou could'st not,  
 Flying between the cold moon and the  
 earth,  
 Cupid all-armed: a certain aim he took  
 At a fair vestal throned by the west,  
 And loosed his love-shaft smartly from  
 his bow,  
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand  
 hearts;  
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the  
 watery moon,  
 And the imperial votaress pass'd on,  
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

## THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

[From *Midsummer Night's Dream*.]

THE poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from  
 earth to heaven;  
 And, as imagination bodies forth  
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's  
 pen  
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy  
 nothing  
 A local habitation and a name.

## FEMININE FRIENDSHIP.

[From *Midsummer Night's Dream*.]

O, AND is all forgot?  
 All school-days' friendship, childhood  
 innocence?  
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,  
 Have with our needles created both one  
 flower,  
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one  
 cushion,  
 Both warbling of one song, both in one  
 key;  
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and  
 minds,  
 Had been incorporate. So we grew  
 together,

Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
 But yet a union in partition,  
 Two lovely berries moulded on one  
 stem:  
 So, with two seeming bodies, but one  
 heart;  
 Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,  
 Due but to one, and crowned with one  
 crest.  
 And will you rent our ancient love  
 asunder,  
 To join with men in scorning your poor  
 friend?  
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:  
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for  
 it,  
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

## BEATRICE.

[From *Much Ado about Nothing*.]

DISDAIN and scorn ride sparkling in her  
 eyes,  
 Misprising what they look on; and her  
 wit  
 Values itself so highly, that to her  
 All matter else seems weak; she cannot  
 love,  
 Nor take no shape nor project of affec-  
 tion,  
 She is so self-endear'd,  
 I never yet saw man,  
 How wise, how noble, young, how  
 rarely featured,  
 But she would spell him backward; if  
 fair-faced,  
 She'd swear the gentleman should be  
 her sister;  
 If black, why, nature, drawing of an  
 antic,  
 Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-  
 headed;  
 If low, an agate very vilely cut:  
 If speaking, why, a vane blown with all  
 winds:  
 If silent, why, a block moved with none.  
 So turns she every man the wrong side  
 out;  
 And never gives to truth and virtue, that  
 Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

*SIGH NO MORE, LADIES.*[From *Much Ado about Nothing*.]

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more;  
 Men were deceivers ever;  
 One foot in sea, and one on shore;  
 To one thing constant never:  
     Then sigh not so,  
     But let them go,  
 And be you blithe and bonny;  
 Converting all your sounds of woe  
 Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo  
 Of dumps so dull and heavy;  
 The fraud of men was ever so,  
 Since summer first was leavy,  
     Then sigh not so,  
     But let them go,  
 And be you blithe and bonny;  
 Converting all your sounds of woe  
 Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

*A WOMAN'S TONGUE.*[From *Taming of the Shrew*.]

THINK you, a little din can daunt my  
 ears?  
 Have I not in my time heard lions  
 roar?  
 Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up  
 with winds,  
 Rage like an angry boar, chafed with  
 sweat?  
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the  
 field,  
 And heaven's artillery thunder in the  
 skies?  
 Have I not in a pitched battle heard  
 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and  
 trumpets' clang?  
 And do you tell me of a woman's  
 tongue;  
 That gives not half so great a blow to  
 the ear,  
 As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire.

*THE MIND ALONE VALUABLE.*[From *Taming of the Shrew*.]

FOR 'tis the mind that makes the body  
 rich:  
 And as the sun breaks through the  
 darkest clouds,  
 So honor peereth in the meanest habit.  
 What! is the jay more precious than  
 the lark,  
 Because his feathers are more beautiful?  
 Or is the adder better than the eel,  
 Because his painted skin contents the  
 eyes?  
 O, no, good Kate: neither art thou the  
 worse  
 For this poor furniture and mean array.

*A WIFE'S DUTY.*[From *Taming of the Shrew*.]

FIE, fie! unknit that threatening unkind  
 brow;  
 And dart not scornful glances from  
 those eyes,  
 To wound thy lord, thy king, thy gov-  
 ernor:  
 It blots thy beauty, as frost bites the  
 meads:  
 Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake  
 fair buds;  
 And in no sense is meet, or amiable.  
 A woman moved is like a fountain  
 troubled,  
 Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of  
 beauty;  
 And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
 Will deign to sip or touch one drop of  
 it.  
 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy  
 keeper,  
 Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares  
 for thee,  
 And for thy maintenance; commits his  
 body  
 To painful labor, both by sea and land;  
 To watch the night in storms, the day  
 in cold,  
 While thou liest warm at home, secure  
 and safe;  
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands,

But love, fair looks, and true obedience : —

Too little payment for so great a debt.  
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
Even such a woman oweth to her husband :

And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,

And not obedient to his honest will,  
What is she but a foul contending rebel,  
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ! —

I am ashamed that women are so simple  
To offer war where they should kneel  
for peace ;

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,

Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,  
But that our soft conditions and our hearts

Should well agree with our external parts ?

### MIRTHFULNESS.

[From *Love's Labour's Lost*.]

A MERRIER man,

Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
I never spent an hour's talk withal :  
His eye begets occasion for his wit ;  
For every object that the one doth catch,  
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest ;  
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)

Delivers in such apt and gracious words,  
That aged ears play truant at his tales,  
And younger hearings are quite ravished  
So sweet and voluble in his discourse.

### THE POWER OF LOVE.

[From *Love's Labour's Lost*.]

BUT love, first learned in a lady's eyes,  
Lives not alone immured in the brain ;  
But, with the motion of all elements,  
Courses as swift as thought in every power ;

And gives to every power a double power,

Above their functions and their offices.

It adds a precious seeing to the eye :  
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;  
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,  
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd ;

Love's feeling is more soft and sensible  
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails ;

Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste ;

For valor, is not love a Hercules,  
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?  
Subtle as sphinx ; as sweet and musical  
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;

And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods

Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony,  
Never durst poet touch a pen to write  
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs :

O, then his lines would ravage savage ears,

And plant in tyrants mild humility.

### WINTER.

[From *Love's Labour's Lost*.]

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home i' the pail ;

When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
Tu-whoo !

Tu-whit ; tu-whoo ! a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marion's nose looks red and raw ;  
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
Tu-whoo !

Tu-whit ! tu-whoo ! a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

*SERENADE TO SYLVIA.*[From *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*.]

WHO is Sylvia? what is she,  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, fair, and wise is she;  
The heavens such grace did lend her,  
That she might admir'd be.

Is she kind, as she is fair?  
For beauty lives with kindness;  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness;  
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,  
That Sylvia is excelling;  
She excels each mortal thing  
Upon the dull earth dwelling:  
To her let us garlands bring.

*THE ABUSE OF AUTHORITY.*[From *Measure for Measure*.]

COULD great men thunder  
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er  
be quiet,  
For every pelting, petty officer,  
Would use his heaven for thunder,  
nothing but thunder —  
Merciful heaven!  
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,  
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled  
oak,  
Than the soft myrtle: O, but man, proud  
man!  
Drest in a little brief authority  
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,  
His glassy essence, — like an angry ape,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high  
heaven,  
As make the angels weep.

*THE FEAR OF DEATH.*[From *Measure for Measure*.]

AY, but to die, and go we know not  
where;  
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;

This sensible warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling regions of thick-ribb'd ice;  
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence about  
The pendent world; or to be worse than  
worst  
Of those, that lawless and incertain  
thoughts  
Imagine howling! — 'tis too horrible!  
The weariest and most loathed worldly  
life  
That age, ache, penury, and imprison-  
ment  
Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
To what we fear of death.

*SLANDER.*[From *Cymbeline*.]

No, 'tis slander;  
Whose edge is sharper than the sword:  
whose tongue  
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose  
breath  
Rides on the posting winds, and doth  
believe  
All corners of the world: kings, queens,  
and states,  
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the  
grave  
This viperous slander enters.

*HARK! HARK! THE LARK!*[Cloten's Song, from *Cymbeline*.]

HARK! hark! the lark at heaven's gate  
sings,  
And Phœbus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chalic'd flowers that lies;  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes;  
With every thing that pretty is  
My lady sweet, arise.



OTHELLO'S ACCOUNT OF HIS  
COURTSHIP OF DESDEMONA.

[From *Othello*.]

MOST potent, grave, and reverend signiors,

My very noble and approved good masters,—

That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,

It is most true; true, I have married her;  
The very head and front of my offending  
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I  
in my speech,

And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;

For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,

Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used

Their dearest action in the tented field;  
And little of this great world can I speak,  
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;

And therefore little shall I grace my cause,

In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver  
Of my whole course of love; what drugs,  
what charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic

(For such proceeding I am charged withal),

I won his daughter with.

Her father loved me; oft invited me;  
Still questioned me the story of my life,  
From year to year; the battles, sieges,  
fortunes,

That I have pass'd.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days,

To the very moment that he bade me tell it.

Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,

Of moving accidents by flood, and field;  
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent  
deadly breach;

Of being taken by the insolent foe,

And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,

And portance in my travel's history:  
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose  
heads touch heaven,

It was my hint to speak;—such was the process;—

And of the cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose  
heads

Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear,

Would Desdemona seriously incline:

But still the house affairs would draw her thence;

Which ever as she could with haste despatch,

She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,

Took once a pliant hour, and found good means

To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,

That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,

But not intently. I did consent;  
And often did beguile her of her tears,  
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,

That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,

She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:  
She swore—In faith, 'twas strange,

'twas passing strange;  
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:

She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd

That Heaven had made her such a man:  
she thank'd me;

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,

I should but teach him how to tell my story,

And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:

She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd;

And I loved her, that she did pity them.  
This only is the witchcraft I have used.

## OTHELLO'S DESPAIR.

O NOW, for ever  
 Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell  
 content!  
 Farewell the plumed troop, and the big  
 wars  
 That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!  
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the  
 shrill trump,  
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing  
 fife,  
 The royal banner; and all quality,  
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glo-  
 rious war!  
 And O you mortal engines, whose rude  
 throats  
 The immortal Jove's dread clamors coun-  
 terfeit,  
 Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

## OTHELLO'S DYING SPEECH.

SOFT you; a word or two before you go.  
 I have done the state some service, and  
 they know it;  
 No more of that. I pray you, in your  
 letters,  
 When you shall these unlucky deeds  
 relate,  
 Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,  
 Nor set down aught in malice: then  
 must you speak  
 Of one that loved not wisely, but too well.  
 Of one not easily jealous, but, being  
 wrought,  
 Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose  
 hand,  
 Like the base Judean, threw a pearl  
 away,  
 Richer than all his tribe; of one whose  
 subdu'd eyes,  
 Albeit unus'd to the melting mood,  
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
 Their medicinal gum. Set you down  
 this:  
 And say besides, — that in Aleppo once,  
 Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk  
 Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,  
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog,  
 And smote him — thus. [*Stabs himself.*]

## THE GARDEN SCENE.

[From *Romeo and Juliet.*]

Romeo. HE jests at scars that never  
 felt a wound. —  
 But, soft! what light through yonder  
 window breaks!  
 It is the east, and Juliet is the sun! —  
 Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,  
 That thou her maid art far more fair  
 than she:  
 Be not her maid, since she is envious:  
 Her vestal livery is but sick and green,  
 And none but fools do wear it; cast it  
 off. —  
 It is my lady; O, it is my love:  
 O, that she knew she were! —  
 She speaks, yet she says nothing; what  
 of that?  
 Her eye discourses, I will answer it. —  
 I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:  
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
 Having some business, do entreat her  
 eyes  
 To twinkle in their spheres till they re-  
 turn.  
 What if her eyes were there, they in her  
 head:  
 The brightness of her cheek would  
 shame those stars,  
 As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in  
 heaven  
 Would through the airy region stream  
 so bright,  
 That birds would sing, and think it were  
 not night.  
 See, how she leans her cheek upon her  
 hand!  
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
 That I might touch that cheek!

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

[From *Romeo and Juliet.*]

'Tis but thy name that is mine enemy;  
 Thou art thyself, though not a Monta-  
 gue.  
 What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor  
 foot,  
 Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part

Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!  
 What's in a name? that which we call a rose  
 By any other name would smell as sweet:  
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,  
 Without that title: — Romeo, doff thy name:  
 And for that name, which is no part of thee,  
 Take all myself.

### RELUCTANCE TO PART.

[From *Romeo and Juliet*.]

*Juliet*. WILT thou be gone? It is not yet near day.  
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
 That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;  
 Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:  
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.  
*Romeo*. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
 No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks  
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east;  
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops:  
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.  
*Juliet*. Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:  
 It is some meteor that the sun exhales,  
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,  
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua;  
 Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.  
*Romeo*. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death:  
 I am content, so thou wilt have it so.  
 I'll say, yon gray is not the morning's eye,

'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow,  
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat  
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:  
 I have more care to stay than will to go; —  
 Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so, —  
 How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.  
*Juliet*. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;  
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
 Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.  
 Some say, the lark makes sweet division;  
 This doth not so, for she divideth us:  
 Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;  
 O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!  
 Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,  
 Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.  
 O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

### PERFECTION NEEDS NO ADDITION.

[From *King John*.]

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
 To throw a perfume on the violet,  
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light  
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,  
 Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

### THE CURSES OF ROYALTY.

[From *King John*.]

It is the curse of kings to be attended  
 By slaves that take their humors for a warrant  
 To break within the bloody house of life;

And, on the winking of authority,  
To understand a law; to know the  
meaning  
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance,  
it frowns  
More upon humor than advised respect.

How oft the sight of means to do ill  
deeds,  
Makes deeds ill done! Hadst not thou  
been by,  
A fellow by the hand of nature marked,  
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of  
shame,  
This murder had not come into my  
mind.  
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd as-  
pect,—  
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,  
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,  
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's  
death;  
And thou, to be endeared to a king,  
Made it no conscience to destroy a  
prince.

Hadst thou but shook thy head, or  
made a pause,  
When I spake darkly what I purposed;  
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my  
face,  
As bid me tell my tale in express  
words;  
Deep shame had struck me dumb,  
made me break off,  
And those thy fears might have wrought  
fears in me.

### THE TRAGICAL FATE OF KINGS.

[From *King Richard II.*]

OF comfort no man speak:  
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epi-  
taphs;  
Make dust our paper, and with rainy  
eyes  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.  
Let's choose executors, and talk of  
wills;

And yet not so,—for what can we be-  
queath,  
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?  
Our lands, our lives, and all are Boling-  
broke's,  
And nothing can we call our own but  
death,  
And that small model of the barren  
earth  
Which serves as paste and cover to our  
bones.  
For heaven's sake let us sit upon the  
ground,  
And tell sad stories of the death of  
kings:—  
How some have been deposed, some  
slain in war:  
Some haunted by the ghosts they have  
deposed:  
Some poison'd by their wives; some  
sleeping kill'd;  
All murder'd:—for within the hollow  
crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of a  
king  
Keeps Death his court: and there the  
antic sits,  
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his  
pomp;  
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,  
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with  
looks;  
Infusing him with self and vain con-  
ceit,—  
As if this flesh, which walls about our  
life,  
Were brass impregnable; and humor'd  
thus,  
Comes at the last, and with a little pin  
Bores through his castle wall, and—  
farewell king!  
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh  
and blood  
With solemn reverence; throw away  
respect,  
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,  
For you have but mistook me all this  
while:  
I live with bread like you, feel want,  
taste grief,  
Need friends: subjected thus,  
How can you say to me I am a king?

PRINCE HENRY'S DEFENCE OF  
HIMSELF.[From *King Henry IV.*]

God forgive them, that have so much  
sway'd

Your majesty's good thoughts away from  
me!

I will redeem all this on Percy's head,  
And, in the closing of some glorious day,  
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;  
When I will wear a garment all of blood,  
And stain my favors in a bloody mask,  
Watch, wash'd away, shall scour my  
shame with it.

And that shall be the day, whene'er it  
lights,

That this same child of honor and re-  
nown,

This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised  
knight,

And your unthought-of Harry chance  
to meet:

For every honor sitting on his helm,  
Would they were multitudes; and on  
my head

My shames redoubled! for the time will  
come

That I shall make this northern youth  
exchange

His glorious deeds for my indignities.

Percy is but my factor, good my lord,  
To engross up glorious deeds on my be-  
half;

And I will call him to so strict account,  
That he shall render every glory up,  
Yea, even the slightest worship of his  
time,

Or I will tear the reckoning from his  
heart.

This, in the name of God, I promise  
here:

The which, if He be pleas'd I shall per-  
form,

I do beseech your majesty may salve  
The long-grown wounds of my intem-  
perance:

If not, the end of life cancels all bands;  
And I will die a hundred thousand  
deaths,

Ere break the smallest parcel of this  
vow.

PRINCE HENRY'S SPEECH ON  
THE DEATH OF HOTSPUR.[From *King Henry IV.*]

FARE thee well, great heart!

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou  
shrunk!

When that this body did contain a spirit,  
A kingdom for it was too small a bound:  
But now, two paces of the vilest earth  
Is room enough: — this earth, that bears  
thee dead,

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

I should not make so dear a show of  
zeal: —

But let my favors hide thy mangled face;  
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself  
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.  
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to  
heaven:

Thy ignomy sleep with thee in thy  
grave,

But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

## HENRY'S SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

[From *King Henry IV.*]

How many thousand of my poorest sub-  
jects

Are at this hour asleep! — O sleep, O  
gentle sleep,

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted  
thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-  
lids down,

And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky  
cribs,

Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,

And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to  
thy slumber;

Than in the perfumed chambers of the  
great,

Under the canopies of costly state,

And lull'd with sounds of sweetest mel-  
ody?

O thou dull god! why liest thou with  
the vile,

In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly  
couch,

A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?  
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast,  
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his  
brains

In cradle of the rude imperious surge.  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hang-  
ing them

With deaf'ning clamors in the slippery  
clouds,

That, with the hurly, death itself  
awakes?—

Canst thou, O partial Sleep, give thy re-  
pose

To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;  
And, in the calmest and most stillest  
night,

With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king?— Then, happy low,  
lie down!

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

---

*KING HENRY'S SPEECH BEFORE  
THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.*

[From *King Henry V.*]

HE that outlives this day, and comes  
safe home,

Will stand a tip-toe when this day is  
nam'd,

And rouse him at the name of Crispian.  
He that shall live this day, and see old  
age,

Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,  
And say—To-morrow is Saint Crispian :  
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show  
his scars,

And say, These wounds I had on Cris-  
pin's day.

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,  
But he'll remember, with advantages,  
What feats he did that day; then shall  
our names,

Familiar in their mouths as household  
words,—

Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and  
Gloster,—

Be in their flowing cups freshly remem-  
ber'd.

This story shall the good man teach his  
son;

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the  
world,

But we in it shall be remembered,—  
We few, we happy few, we band of  
brothers;

For he to-day that sheds his blood with  
me,

Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so  
vile,

This day shall gentle his condition :  
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,  
Shall think themselves accurs'd, they  
were not here;

And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles  
any speaks

That fought with us upon Saint Cris-  
pin's day.

---

*A GOOD CONSCIENCE.*

[From *King Henry VI.*]

WHAT stronger breast-plate than a heart  
untainted?

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel  
just;

And he but naked though lock'd up in  
steel

Whose conscience with injustice is cor-  
rupted.

---

*THE KING'S ENVY OF A SHEP-  
HERD'S LIFE.*

[From *King Henry VI.*]

O GOD! methinks it were a happy life,  
To be no better than a homely swain;

To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
To carve out dials quaintly, point by  
point,

Thereby to see the minutes how they  
run :

How many make the hour full com-  
plete,

How many hours bring about the day,  
How many days will finish up the year,  
How many years a mortal man *may*  
live.

When this is known, then to divide the times :

So many hours must I tend my flock ;  
 So many hours must I take my rest ;  
 So many hours must I contemplate ;  
 So many hours must I sport myself ;

So many years ere I shall shear the fleece ;

So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,

Pass'd over to the end they were created,  
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.

Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet !  
 how lovely !

---

*RICHARD DUKE OF GLOSTER'S  
 DESCRIPTION OF HIMSELF.*

[From *King Henry VI.*]

WHY, I can smile, and murder while I smile ;

And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart ;

And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,  
 And frame my face to all occasions ;

I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall ;

I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk ;

I'll play the orator as well as Nestor ;

Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,

And, like a Sinon, take another Troy :

I can add colors to the chameleon ;

Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,

And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.

Can I do this and cannot get a crown ?

---

*DYING WORDS OF WARWICK  
 THE KING MAKER.*

[From *King Henry VI.*]

THESE eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,

To search the secret treasons of the world :

The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,

Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres :  
 For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave ?

And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow ?

Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood !

My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,

Even now forsake me ; and of all my lands,

Is nothing left me, but my body's length !  
 Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust ?

And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

---

*THE DUKE OF GLOSTER ON  
 HIS DEFORMITY.*

[From *King Richard III.*]

Now is the winter of our discontent

Made glorious summer by this sun of York ;

And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house,

In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;

Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;

Our stern alarums, chang'd to merry meetings,

Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.

Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front ;

And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,

To fright the souls of fearful adversaries, —

He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,  
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,

Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;

I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want  
 love's majesty,  
 To strut before a wanton ambling  
 nymph;  
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair propor-  
 tion,  
 Cheated of feature by dissembling na-  
 ture,  
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my  
 time  
 Into this breathing world, scarce half  
 made up,  
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,  
 That dogs bark at me, as I halt by  
 them; —  
 Why I, in this weak piping time of  
 peace,  
 Have no delight to pass away the time;  
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,  
 And descant on mine own deformity;  
 And therefore, — since I cannot prove  
 a lover,  
 To entertain these fair well spoken  
 days, —  
 I am determined to prove a villain,  
 And hate the idle pleasures of these  
 days.

*CARDINAL WOLSEY ON THE  
 VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.*

[From *King Henry VIII.*]

FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my  
 greatness,  
 This is the state of man; to-day he puts  
 forth  
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow  
 blossoms,  
 And bears his blushing honors thick  
 upon him;  
 The third day comes a frost, a killing  
 frost;  
 And, when he thinks, good easy man,  
 full surely  
 His greatness is a ripening, — nips his  
 root,  
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ven-  
 tured,  
 Like little wanton boys that swim on  
 bladders,  
 This many summers in a sea of glory;

But far beyond my depth; my high-  
 blown pride  
 At length broke under me; and now  
 has left me,  
 Weary, and old with service, to the  
 mercy  
 Of a rude stream, that must forever  
 hide me.  
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I  
 hate ye;  
 I feel my heart new open'd: O, how  
 wretched  
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes'  
 favors!  
 There is, betwixt that smile we would  
 aspire to,  
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their  
 ruin,  
 More pangs and fears, than wars or  
 women have;  
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
 Never to hope again.

*WOLSEY TO CROMWELL.*

[From *King Henry VIII.*]

THUS far hear me, Cromwell;  
 And — when I am forgotten, as I shall  
 be,  
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where  
 no mention  
 Of me more must be heard of — say, —  
 taught thee,  
 Say, Wolsey, — that once trod the way  
 of glory,  
 And sounded all the depths and shoals  
 of honor, —  
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to  
 rise in;  
 A sure and safe one, though thy master  
 missed it.  
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.  
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away  
 ambition:  
 By that sin fell the angels; how can  
 man, then,  
 The image of his Maker, hope to win  
 by it?  
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts  
 that hate thee;



Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
 To silence envious tongues. Be just,  
 and fear not:  
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy  
 country's,  
 Thy God's, and truth's. Then if thou  
 fall'st, O Cromwell,  
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! — Serve  
 the King,  
 And, — pr'ythee, lead me in;  
 There take an inventory of all I have,  
 To the last penny, 'tis the King's: my  
 robe,  
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all  
 I dare now call mine own. O Crom-  
 well, Cromwell!  
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the  
 zeal  
 I serv'd my King, he would not in mine  
 age  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

TAKE, O TAKE THOSE LIPS  
 AWAY.

[From *Measure for Measure*.]

TAKE, O take those lips away,  
 That so sweetly were forsworn;  
 And those eyes, the break of day,  
 Lights that do mislead the morn  
 But my kisses bring again,  
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, O hide those hills of snow,  
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
 On whose tops the pinks that grow  
 Are of those that April wears:  
 But first set my poor heart free,  
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

LOVE AND LUST.

[From *Venus and Adonis*.]

LOVE comforteth like sunshine after rain;  
 But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;  
 Love's gentle spring doth always fresh  
 remain;  
 Lust's winter comes, ere summer half  
 be done.  
 Love surfeits not; Lust like a glutton dies:  
 Love is all truth; Lust full of forged lies.

SUNRISE.

[From *Venus and Adonis*.]

LO! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on  
 high,  
 And wakes the morn'ing, from whose  
 silver breast  
 The sun ariseth in his majesty;  
 Who doth the world so gloriously be-  
 hold,  
 The cedar-tops and hills seem bur-  
 nish'd gold.

LUCRETIA SLEEPING.

[From *Rape of Lucrece*.]

HER lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,  
 Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;  
 Who, therefore angry, seems to part in  
 sunder,  
 Swelling on either side to want his bliss;  
 Between whose hills her head entombed  
 is;

Without the bed her other fair hand was,  
 On the green coverlet, whose perfect  
 white  
 Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,  
 With pearly sweat, resembling dew of  
 night.  
 Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd  
 their light,  
 And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,  
 Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with  
 her breath;  
 O modest wantons! wanton modesty!  
 Showing life's triumph in the map of  
 death,  
 And death's dim look in life's mortality.  
 Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,  
 As if between them twain there were no  
 strife,  
 But that life liv'd in death, and death in  
 life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled  
 with blue,  
 A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,

Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they  
 knew,  
 And him by oath they truly honored.

---

*WHAT WIN I IF I GAIN?*

[From *Rape of Lucrece*.]

WHAT win I if I gain the thing I seek?  
 A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting  
 joy.  
 Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a  
 week?  
 Or sells eternity to get a toy?  
 For one sweet grape, who will the wine  
 destroy?  
 Or what fond beggar, but to touch the  
 crown,  
 Would with the sceptre strait be struck-  
 en down?

---

*VENUS WITH THE DEAD BODY  
 OF ADONIS.*

[From *Venus and Adonis*.]

SHE looks upon his lips, and they are  
 pale;  
 She takes him by the hand, and that is  
 cold;  
 She whispers in his ear a heavy tale,  
 As if he heard the woeful words she  
 told:  
 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his  
 eyes,  
 Where, lo, two lamps burnt out in  
 darkness lies!

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld  
 A thousand times, and now no more re-  
 flect;  
 Their virtue lost, wherein they late ex-  
 cell'd,  
 And every beauty robb'd of his effect.  
 Wonder of time! (quoth she) this is  
 my spite,  
 That, thou being dead, the day should  
 yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,  
 Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;  
 It shall be waited on with jealousy,  
 Find sweet beginning, but unsavory  
 end;  
 Ne'er settled equally, but high or low;  
 That all love's pleasure shall not match  
 his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,  
 And shall be blasted in a breathing-  
 while,  
 The bottom poison, and the top o'er-  
 straw'd  
 With sweets that shall the sharpest sight  
 beguile.  
 The strongest body shall it make most  
 weak,  
 Strike the wise dumb, and teach the  
 fool to speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,  
 Teaching decrepid age to tread the  
 measures;  
 The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,  
 Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor  
 with treasures;  
 It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,  
 Make the young old, the old become  
 a child.

It shall suspect where is no cause of  
 fear;  
 It shall not fear where it should most  
 distrust;  
 It shall be merciful, and too severe,  
 And most deceiving when it seems most  
 just;  
 Perverse it shall be, when it seems  
 most toward,  
 Put fear to valor, courage to the cow-  
 ard.

It shall be cause of war and dire events,  
 And set dissention 'twixt the son and  
 sire;  
 Subject and servile to all discontents,  
 As dry combustious matter is to fire.  
 Sith in his prime, death doth my love  
 destroy,  
 They that love best, their loves shall  
 not enjoy.

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd  
 Was melted like a vapor from her sight,  
 And in his blood, that on the ground  
 lay spill'd,  
 A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd  
 with white,  
 Resembling well his pale cheeks, and  
 the blood  
 Which in round drops upon their  
 whiteness stood.

She bows her head the new-sprung  
 flower to smell,  
 Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;  
 And says within her bosom it shall dwell,  
 Since he himself is reft from her by death:  
 She crops the stalk, and in the breach  
 appears  
 Green dropping sap, which 'she com-  
 pares to tears.

Poor flower! (quoth she) this was thy  
 father's guise  
 (Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling  
 sire),  
 For every little grief to wet his eyes,  
 To grow unto himself was his desire,  
 And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as  
 good  
 To wither in my breast as in his blood.

Here was thy father's bed, here in my  
 breast,  
 Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy  
 right;  
 Low in this hollow cradle take thy rest,  
 My throbbing heart shall rock thee day  
 and night:  
 There shall not be one minute of an  
 hour,  
 Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's  
 flower.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,  
 And yokes her silver doves, by whose  
 swift aid  
 Their mistress, mounted, through the  
 empty skies  
 In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;  
 Holding their course to Paphos, where  
 their queen  
 Means to immure herself, and not be  
 seen.

## SONNETS.

TO HIS LOVE.

18.

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's  
 day?  
 Thou art more lovely and more temper-  
 ate:  
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds  
 of May,  
 And summer's lease hath all too short a  
 date:

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven  
 shines,  
 And often is his gold complexion  
 dimm'd:  
 And every fair from fair sometime de-  
 clines,  
 By chance, or nature's changing course,  
 untrimm'd.

But thy eternal summer shall not fade  
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou  
 owest;  
 Nor shall death brag thou wanderest in  
 his shade,  
 When in eternal lines to time thou grow-  
 est.

So long as men can breathe, or eyes  
 can see,  
 So long lives this, and this gives life to  
 thee.

## ABSENCE.

57.

BEING your slave, what should I do but  
 tend  
 Upon the hours and times of your desire?  
 I have no precious time at all to spend  
 Nor services to do, till you require:

Nor dare I chide the world-without-end  
 hour  
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock  
 for you,  
 Nor think the bitterness of absence  
 sour  
 When you have bid your servant once  
 adieu:

Nor dare I question with my jealous  
thought  
Where you may be, or your affairs sup-  
pose,  
But like a sad slave, stay and think of  
nought  
Save, where you are, how happy you  
make those; —

So true a fool is love, that in your will,  
Though you do anything, he thinks no  
ill.

## TIME AND LOVE.

64.

WHEN I have seen by Time's fell hand  
defaced  
The rich proud cost of out-worn buried  
age;  
When sometime lofty towers I see down-  
razed,  
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;

When I have seen the hungry ocean  
gain  
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
And the firm soil win of the watery  
main,  
Increasing store with loss, and loss with  
store;

When I have seen such interchange of  
state,  
Or state itself confounded to decay,  
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate —  
That Time will come and take my Love  
away: —

This thought is as a death, which  
cannot choose  
But weep to have that which it fears to  
lose.

65.

SINCE brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor  
boundless sea,  
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,  
How with this rage shall beauty hold a  
plea,  
Whose action is no stronger than a flow-  
er?

O how shall summer's honey breath  
hold out  
Against the wreckful siege of battering  
days,  
When rocks impregnable are not so stout  
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time  
decays?

O fearful meditation! where, alack!  
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's  
chest lie hid?  
Or what strong hand can hold his swift  
foot back,  
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?

O! none, unless this miracle have  
might,  
That in black ink my love may still shine  
bright.

## SOUL AND BODY.

146.

POOR Soul, the centre of my sinful  
earth,  
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee  
array,  
Why dost thou pine within and suffer  
dearth,  
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?

Why so large cost, having so short a  
lease,  
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion  
spend?  
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's  
end?

Then, Soul, live thou up in thy servant's  
loss,  
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;  
Buy terms divine in selling hours of  
dross;  
Within be fed, without be rich no  
more: —

So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds  
on men,  
And death once dead, there's no more  
dying then.

## A MADRIGAL.

[From *The Passionate Pilgrim*.]

Crabbed Age and Youth  
 Cannot live together:  
 Youth is full of pleasance,  
 Age is full of care;  
 Youth like summer morn,  
 Age like winter weather,  
 Youth like summer brave,  
 Age like winter bare:

Youth is full of sport,  
 Age's breath is short,  
 Youth is nimble, Age is lame:  
 Youth is hot and bold,  
 Age is weak and cold,  
 Youth is wild, and Age is tame: —  
 Age, I do ahhor thee,  
 Youth, I do adore thee;  
 O! my Love, my Love is young!  
 Age, I do defy thee —  
 O sweet shepherd, hie thee,  
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.



## SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

1552-1618.

[BORN, 1552; executed, 1618. No early collected edition of his poems exists; such as were printed at all appeared for the most part in the Miscellanies of the time.]

## THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, soul, the body's guest,  
 Upon a thankless errand!  
 Fear not to touch the best;  
 The truth shall be thy warrant.  
 Go, since I needs must die,  
 And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the Court — it glows  
 And shines like rotten wood;  
 Go, tell the Church — it shows  
 What's good, and doth no good.  
 If Church and Court reply,  
 Then give them both the lie.

Tell Potentates — they live  
 Acting by others' action,  
 Not loved unless they give,  
 Not strong but by a faction.  
 If Potentates reply,  
 Give Potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition  
 That rule affairs of state —  
 Their purpose is ambition,  
 Their practice — only hate.  
 And if they once reply,  
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,  
 They beg for more by spending  
 Who, in their greatest cost,  
 Seek nothing but commending.  
 And if they make reply,  
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell Zeal — it lacks devotion;  
 Tell Love — it is but lust;  
 Tell Time — it is but motion;  
 Tell Flesh — it is but dust.  
 And wish them not reply,  
 For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age — it daily wasteth;  
 Tell Honor — how it alters;  
 Tell Beauty — how she blasteth;  
 Tell Favor — how it falters.  
 And as they shall reply,  
 Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit — how much it wrangles  
 In tickle points of niceness;  
 Tell Wisdom — she entangles  
 Herself in over-wiseness.  
 And when they do reply,  
 Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic — of her boldness;  
 Tell Skill — it is pretension;  
 Tell Charity — of coldness;  
 Tell Law — it is contention.  
 And as they do reply,  
 So give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune — of her blindness;  
 Tell Nature — of decay;  
 Tell Friendship — of unkindness;  
 Tell Justice — of delay.  
 And if they will reply,  
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell Arts — they have no soundness,  
 But vary by esteeming;  
 Tell Schools — they want profoundness,  
 And stand too much on seeming.  
 If Arts and Schools reply,  
 Give Arts and Schools the lie.

Tell Faith — it's fled the City;  
 Tell — how the Country erreth;  
 Tell — Manhood shakes off pity;  
 Tell — Virtue least preferreth.  
 And if they do reply,  
 Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I  
 Commanded thee, done blabbing,  
 Although to give the lie  
 Deserves no less than stabbing,  
 Yet stab at thee who will,  
 No stab the soul can kill.

### *DULCINA.*

[Ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh on doubtful authority.]

As at noon Dulcina rested  
 In her sweet and shady bower,  
 Came a shepherd, and requested  
 In her lap to sleep an hour.  
 But from her look  
 A wound he took

So deep, that for a further boon  
 The nymph he prays.  
 Whereto she says,  
 Forego me now, come to me soon.

But in vain she did conjure him  
 To depart her presence so;  
 Having a thousand tongues to allure him,  
 And but one to bid him go;  
 Where lips invite,  
 And eyes delight,  
 And cheeks, as fresh as rose in June,  
 Persuade delay;  
 What boots she say,  
 Forego me now, come to me soon?

He demands what time for pleasure  
 Can there be more fit than now;  
 She says, night gives love that leisure,  
 Which the day cannot allow.  
 He says, the sight  
 Improves delight;  
 Which she denies: night's murky noon  
 In Venus' plays  
 Makes bold, she says;  
 Forego me now, come to me soon.

But what promise or profession  
 From his hands could purchase scope,  
 Who would sell the sweet possession  
 Of such beauty for a hope?  
 Or for the sight  
 Of lingering night  
 Forego the present joys of noon?  
 Though ne'er so fair  
 Her speeches were,  
 Forego me now, come to me soon.

How, at last, agreed these lovers?  
 She was fair, and he was young:  
 The tongue may tell what th' eye dis-  
 covers;  
 Joys unseen are never sung.  
 Did she consent,  
 Or he relent;  
 Accepts he night, or grants she noon;  
 Left he her a maid,  
 Or not; she said,  
 Forego me now, come to me soon.

# GEORGE WITHER.

1588-1667.

[GEORGE WITHER was born at Brentworth in Hampshire, June 11, 1588, and died in the year 1667; his literary achievement, both in verse and prose, being proportioned to his length of years. The dates of his chief works are as follows: 1612, the *Elegy on Prince Henry*; 1613, *Epithalamia*; 1613, *Abuses Stript and Whipt*; 1615, *Fidelia and Shepherd's Hunting*. To the same year must also be ascribed his share in Browne's *Shepherd's Pipe*; 1618, the *Motto*; 1622, the *Mistress of Philarete*; 1623, the *Hymns and Songs of the Church*; 1628, *Britain's Remembrancer*; 1634, *Emblems*; 1641, *Hallelujah*.

The above list is very far indeed from exhausting the complete catalogue of Wither's voluminous works. He was an ardent politician, and in the stirring times of the Civil War was perpetually pouring forth songs and broadsheets in justification of the cause he had taken up. Probably no library in England possesses an absolutely complete collection of Wither's works. Certainly the British Museum and the Bodleian do not. The Rev. T. Corser, of Stand, near Manchester, is said to have had the fullest collection in existence, but that has been since dispersed. The poems have been collected by the Spenser Society, but it is a matter for regret that they are not to be had in a more generally accessible form. It is one of the most striking blemishes of Chalmers' collection that Wither is absolutely ignored in it. Of modern editors of portions of his works the chief is Sir Egerton Brydges, who republished the *Shepherd's Hunting* and the *Fidelia* at the beginning of this century, and also gave long extracts from Wither's other poems in his *Censura Literaria*. The *Hymns and Songs of the Church*, and the *Hallelujah* were republished for Russell Smith in 1856 and 1857.]

## SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP!

SLEEP, baby, sleep! what ails my dear,  
What ails my darling thus to cry?  
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,  
To hear me sing thy lullaby.  
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;  
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou blessed soul, what canst thou fear?  
What thing to thee can mischief do?  
Thy God is now thy father dear,  
His holy Spouse thy mother too.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Though thy conception was in sin,  
A sacred bathing thou hast had;  
And though thy birth unclean hath been,  
A blameless babe thou now art made.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

While thus thy lullaby I sing,  
For thee great blessings ripening be;  
Thine Eldest Brother is a king,  
And hath a kingdom bought for thee.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear;  
For whosoever thee offends  
By thy protector threaten'd are,  
And God and angels are thy friends.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here,  
In little babes He took delight;  
Such innocents as thou, my dear,  
Are ever precious in His sight.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

A little infant once was He;  
And strength in weakness then was  
laid  
Upon His virgin mother's knee,  
That power to thee might be convey'd  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

In this thy frailty and thy need  
He friends and helpers doth prepare,  
Which thee shall cherish, clothe, and  
feed,  
For of thy weal they tender are.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The King of kings, when He was born,  
Had not so much for outward ease;  
By Him such dressings were not worn,  
Nor such like swaddling-clothes as these.

**Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.**

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,  
Where oxen lay, and asses fed:  
Warm rooms we do to thee afford,  
An easy cradle or a bed.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The wants that He did then sustain  
Have purchased wealth, my babe, for thee;  
And by His torments and His pain  
Thy rest and ease securèd be.  
My baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou hast, yet more, to perfect this,  
A promise and an earnest got  
Of gaining everlasting bliss,  
Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not,  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep;  
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

#### SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,  
Die because a woman's fair?  
Or make pale my cheeks with care  
'Cause another's rosy are?  
Be she fairer than the day,  
Or the flow'ry meads in May,  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I how fair she be?

Should my heart be griev'd or pin'd  
'Cause I see a woman kind?  
Or a well-dispos'd nature  
Join'd with a lovely feature?  
Be she meeker, kinder than  
Turtle-dove or pelican,  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move  
Me to perish for her love?  
Or her well-deservings, known,  
Make me quite forget my own?  
Be she with that goodness blest  
Which may gain her name of best,  
If she be not such to me,  
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,  
Shall I play the fool and die?  
Those that bear a noble mind,  
Where they want of riches find,  
Think what with them they would do  
That without them dare to woo;  
And unless that mind I see,  
What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,  
I will ne'er the more despair:  
If she love me, this believe,  
I will die ere she shall grieve:  
If she slight me when I woo,  
I can scorn and let her go,  
For if she be not for me,  
What care I for whom she be?

#### WHEN WE ARE UPON THE SEAS.

[From *Hallelujah.*]

ON those great waters now I am,  
Of which I have been told,  
That whosoever thither came  
Should wonders there behold.  
In this unsteady place of fear,  
Be present, Lord, with me;  
For in these depths of water here  
I depths of danger see.

A stirring courser now I sit,  
A headstrong steed I ride,  
That champs and foams upon the bit  
Which curbs his lofty pride.  
The softest whistling of the winds  
Doth make him gallop fast;  
And as their breath increased he finds  
The more he maketh haste.

Take Thou, oh Lord! the reins in hand,  
Assume our Master's room;



Vouchsafe Thou at our helm to stand,  
And pilot to become.  
Trim Thou the sails, and let good speed  
Accompany our haste;  
Sound Thou the channels at our need,  
And anchor for us cast.

A fit and favorable wind  
To further us provide;  
And let it wait on us behind,  
Or lackey by our side. [sands,  
From sudden gusts, from storms, from  
And from the raging wave;  
From shallows, rocks, and pirates' hands,  
Men, goods, and vessel save.

Preserve us from the wants, the fear,  
And sickness of the seas;  
But chiefly from our sins, which are  
A danger worse than these.  
Lord! let us also safe arrive  
Where we desire to be;  
And for Thy mercies let us give  
Due thanks and praise to Thee.

## THE PRAYER OF OLD AGE.

[From third part of *Hallelujah*.]

As this my carnal robe grows old,  
Soil'd, rent, and worn by length of  
years,  
Let me on that by faith lay hold  
Which man in life immortal wears;  
So sanctify my days behind,  
So let my manners be refined,  
That when my soul and flesh must  
part,  
There lurk no terrors in my heart.

So shall my rest be safe and sweet  
When I am lodgèd in my grave;  
And when my soul and body meet,  
A joyful meeting they shall have;  
Their essence then shall be divine,  
This muddy flesh shall starlike shine,  
And God shall that fresh youth restore  
Which will abide for evermore.



## SIR HENRY WOTTON.

1568-1639.

[BORN, 1568; died, 1639. "How happy is he born and taught," said to have been printed in 1614; see *Courtly Poets*, ed. Hannah, 1875. It was quoted to Drummond by Ben Jonson in 1618 or 1619: "Sir Edward [Henry] Wotton's verses of a happy life he hath by heart." "You meaner beauties of the night," printed with music in Est's *Sixth Set of Books*, 1624. It was probably written a few years before. In 1651, *Reliquiae Wottonianae*.]

## THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught  
That serveth not another's will,  
Whose armor is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his master's are,  
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death,  
Untied unto the world by care  
Of public fame or private breath.

Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
Nor vice hath ever understood;  
How deepest wounds are given by praise,  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumors freed,  
Whose conscience is his strong re-  
treat;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray  
More of his grace than gifts to lend,  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile hands,  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And having nothing, yet hath all.

*YOU MEANER BEAUTIES.*

You meaner beauties of the night,  
That poorly satisfy our eyes  
More by your number than your light, —  
You common people of the skies,  
What are you when the moon shall rise?

Ye violets that first appear,  
By your pure purple mantles known,  
Like the proud virgins of the year,  
As if the spring were all your own, —  
What are you when the rose is blown?

Ye curious chanterers of the wood,  
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,  
Thinking your passion understood  
By your weak accents, — what's your  
praise  
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

So when my mistress shall be seen,  
In sweetness of her looks and mind,  
By virtue first, then choice, a queen,  
Tell me if she was not design'd  
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind.



## EDMUND WALLER.

1605–1687.

[EDMUND WALLER was born, March 3, 1605, at Coleshill, in Warwickshire. At seventeen years of age he was elected member of parliament for Agmondesham. He married early, and lost his wife soon; after her death he paid court to Lady Dorothy Sidney, daughter of the Earl of Leicester. He protracted his unsuccessful suit, celebrating the lady under the title of Sacharissa, until in 1639 she married the Earl of Sunderland. In 1640 he entered parliament again, and made himself remarkable by his opposition to the King's measures, but when the Civil War became imminent he took the Royalist side. In 1643 he was arrested as one of the leaders of a plot against the Parliament, and having with difficulty preserved his life, proceeded to France on his release. After some years he returned to England and made his peace with Cromwell; at the Restoration he eagerly laid his homage at the feet of Charles II. He was made Provost of Eton, and sat in several parliaments after the Restoration. He died of dropsy, at Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire, on the 21st of October, 1687. His poems, first published in 1645, were very frequently reprinted during his lifetime, and always with additions.]

*OLD AGE.*

THE seas are quiet when the winds give  
o'er;  
So calm are we when passions are no  
more;  
For then we know how vain it was to  
boast  
Of fleeting things too certain to be lost.  
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes  
Conceal that emptiness which age de-  
scries.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and  
decay'd,  
Lets in new light through chinks that  
time has made:  
Stronger by weakness wiser men become  
As they draw near to their eternal home:  
Leaving the old, both worlds at once  
they view  
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

*ON A GIRDLE.*

THAT which her slender waist confined  
Shall now my joyful temples bind:  
It was my heaven's extremest sphere,  
The pale which held that lovely dear.  
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,  
Did all within this circle move! —  
A narrow compass! and yet there  
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.  
Give me but what this ribbon bound,  
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

*GO, LOVELY ROSE!*

Go, lovely Rose!  
Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,  
And shuns to have her graces spied,  
That had'st thou sprung  
In deserts where no men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light retired:  
Bid her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desired,  
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she  
The common fate of all things rare

May read in thee, —  
How small a part of time they share  
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

## ADDITIONAL STANZA BY KIRKE WHITE.

[Yet, though thou fade,  
From thy dead leaves let fragrance  
rise;  
And teach the maid  
That goodness Time's rude hand de-  
fies, —  
That virtue lives when beauty dies.]

## GEORGE HERBERT.

1593-1634.

[GEORGE HERBERT, born, 1592-3; died, 1634. He was Public Orator at Cambridge from 1619 to 1627, and was Rector of Bemerton, in Wiltshire, in 1631. His poems were first published, 1633.]

## VIRTUE.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky,  
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,  
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,  
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,  
Thy root is ever in its grave,  
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,  
A box where sweets compacted lie,  
My music shows you have your closes,  
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
Like seasoned timber, never gives;  
But when the whole world turns to coal,  
Then chiefly lives.

## THOMAS CAREW.

1589-1639.

[THOMAS CAREW, Sewer in Ordinary to Charles I., was born about 1589, and died in 1639. He published *Coelum Britannicum*, 1623, and *Poems*, 1640.]

MEDIOCRITY IN LOVE  
REJECTED.

GIVE me more love, or more disdain;  
The torrid or the frozen zone  
Brings equal ease unto my pain;  
The temperate affords me none:  
Either extreme, of love or hate,  
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm; if it be love —  
Like Danaë in a golden shower,  
I swim in pleasure; if it prove  
Disdain, that torrent will devour  
My vulture hopes; and he's possess'd  
Of heaven, that's but from hell re-  
leas'd.  
Then crown my joys, or cure my pain;  
Give me more love, or more disdain,

*ON CELIA SINGING.*

You that think love can convey  
 No other way  
 But through the eyes into the heart  
 His fatal dart;  
 Close up their casements, and but hear  
 This syren sing,  
 And on the wing  
 Of her sweet voice it shall appear  
 That love can enter at the ear.

Then unveil your eyes, behold  
 The curious mould  
 Where that voice dwells; and as we  
 know  
 When the cocks crow  
 We freely may  
 Gaze on the day,  
 So may you, when the music's done,  
 Awake and see the rising sun.

*HE THAT LOVES A ROSY  
CHEEK.*

HE that loves a rosy cheek,  
 Or a coral lip admires,  
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek  
 Fuel to maintain its fires;  
 As old Time makes these decay,  
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,  
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,  
 Hearts with equal love combin'd,  
 Kindle never-dying fires;  
 Where these are not, I despise  
 Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

*ASK ME NO MORE.*

ASK me no more, where Jove bestows,  
 When June is past, the fading rose;  
 For in your beauties' orient deep,  
 These flow'rs, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more, whither do stray  
 The golden atoms of the day;  
 For, in pure love, heaven did prepare  
 Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth baste  
 The nightingale, when May is past;  
 For in your sweet dividing throat  
 She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where those stars light,  
 That downwards fall in dead of night;  
 For, in your eyes they sit, and there  
 Fix'd become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more, if east or west,  
 The phoenix builds her spicy nest;  
 For unto you at last she flies,  
 And in your fragrant bosom dies.

*MURDERING BEAUTY.*

I'LL gaze no more on her bewitching face,  
 Since ruin harbors there in every place;  
 For my enchanted soul alike she drowns  
 With calms and tempests of her smiles  
 and frowns.

I'll love no more those cruel eyes of hers,  
 Which, pleas'd or anger'd, still are mur-  
 derers:

For if she dart (like lightning) through  
 the air

Her beams of wrath, she kills me with  
 despair;

If she behold me with a pleasing eye,  
 I surfeit with excess of joy, and die.

*A PRAYER TO THE WIND.*

Go, thou gentle whispering wind,  
 Bear this sigh; and if thou find  
 Where my cruel fair doth rest,  
 Cast it in her snowy breast;  
 So inflam'd by my desire,  
 It may set her heart a-fire:  
 Those sweet kisses thou shalt gain,  
 Will reward thee for thy pain.  
 Boldly light upon her lip,  
 There suck odors, and thence skip  
 To her bosom; lastly, fall  
 Down, and wander over all;  
 Range about those ivory hills  
 From whose every part distils  
 Amber dew; there spices grow,  
 There pure streams of nectar flow:

There perfume thyself, and bring  
 All those sweets upon thy wing:  
 As thou return'st change by thy pow'r  
 Every weed into a flow'r;  
 Turn each thistle to a vine,  
 Make the bramble eglantine;  
 For so rich a booty made,  
 Do but this, and I am paid.  
 Thou canst wit' thy pow'rful blast,  
 Heat apace, and cool as fast:  
 Thou canst kindle hidden flame,  
 And again destroy the same:  
 Then, for pity, either stir  
 Up the fire of love in her,  
 That alike both flames may shine,  
 Or else quite extinguish mine.

#### UNGRATEFUL BEAUTY.

Know, Celia, since thou art so proud,  
 'Twas I that gave thee thy renown:  
 Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd  
 Of common beauties, liv'd unknown,  
 Had not my verse exhal'd thy name,  
 And with it impt the wings of Fame.

That killing power is none of thine,  
 I gave it to thy voice and eyes:  
 Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine;  
 Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies;  
 Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere  
 Lightning on him that fix'd thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,  
 Lest what I made I uncreate:  
 Let fools thy mystic forms adore,  
 I'll know thee in thy mortal state.  
 Wise poets, that wrap truth in tales,  
 Knew her themselves through all her  
 veils.

#### RED AND WHITE ROSES.

READ in these roses the sad story,  
 Of my hard fate, and your own glory:  
 In the white you may discover  
 The paleness or a fainting lover;  
 In the red the flames still feeding  
 On my heart with fresh wounds bleeding.  
 The white will tell you how I languish,  
 And the red express my anguish:

The white my innocence displaying,  
 The red my martyrdom betraying:  
 The frowns that on your brow resided,  
 Have those roses thus divided.  
 O! let your smiles but clear the weather,  
 And then they both shall grow together.

#### THE PRIMROSE.

Ask me why I send you here  
 This firstling of the infant year;  
 Ask me why I send to you  
 This primrose all bepearl'd with dew;  
 I straight will whisper in your ears,  
 The sweets of love are wash'd with tears:  
 Ask me why this flow'r doth show  
 So yellow, green, and sickly too;  
 Ask me why the stalk is weak,  
 And bending, yet it doth not break;  
 I must tell you, these discover  
 What doubts and fevers are in a lover.

#### THE PROTESTATION.

No more shall the meads be deck'd with  
 flowers,  
 Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bowers;  
 Nor greenest buds on branches spring,  
 Nor warbling birds delight to sing;  
 Nor April violets paint the grove;  
 If I forsake my Celia's love.

The fish shall in the ocean burn,  
 And fountains sweet shall bitter turn;  
 The humble oak no flood shall know  
 When floods shall highest hills o'erflow;  
 Black Lethe shall oblivion leave;  
 If e'er my Celia I deceive.

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,  
 And Venus' doves want wings to fly;  
 The sun refuse to show his light,  
 And day shall then be turn'd to night,  
 And in that night no star appear;  
 If once I leave my Celia dear.

Love shall no more inhabit earth,  
 Nor lovers more shall love for worth;  
 Nor joy above in heaven dwell,  
 Nor pain torment poor souls in hell;  
 Grim Death no more shall horrid prove;  
 If e'er I leave bright Celia's love.

## ABRAHAM COWLEY.

1618-1667.

[ABRAHAM COWLEY was the posthumous son of a London stationer, and was born in the latter part of the year 1618. He was educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he remained from 1636 to 1643. He took the royalist side during the Civil War, and helped the King's cause both at Oxford and afterwards as Secretary to the Queen in her exile in Paris. In 1655 he returned to England, where he remained under strict surveillance till Cromwell's death; then he rejoined his friends in France. At the Restoration he came back, and lived in retirement at Barnes and Chertsey till his death in 1667. His poems were published in the following order: *Poetical Blossomes*, 1633; *Love's Riddle*, a comedy, 1638; *The Mistress*, 1647; *The Guardian* (surreptitiously published), 1650; the first folio edition of the *Works*, 1656; other editions of the same followed with the addition of such new poems and essays as he produced from time to time. The most complete editions of his works are those which appeared in 1708 and 1721.]

## LIBERTY.

WHERE honor, or where conscience does  
not bind,  
No other law shall shackle me;  
Slave to myself I will not be:  
Nor shall my future actions be confin'd  
By my own present mind.  
Who by resolves and vows engag'd does  
stand  
For days that yet belong to Fate,  
Does, like an unthrift, mortgage his es-  
tate  
Before it falls into his hand.  
The bondman of the cloister so  
All that he does receive does always owe;  
And still as time comes in, it goes away,  
Not to enjoy, but debts to pay.  
Unhappy slave! and pupil to a bell!  
Which his hour's work, as well as hours,  
does tell!  
Unhappy to the last, the kind releasing  
knell.

## ON THE DEATH OF CRASHAW.

POET and Saint! to thee alone are giv'n  
The two most sacred names of earth  
and heav'n,  
The hard and rarest union which can be,  
Next that of Godhead with humanity.  
Long did the Muses banished slaves  
abide,  
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;  
Like Moses thou (tho' spells and charms  
withstand)  
Hast brought them nobly home back to  
their Holy Land.

Ah, wretched We! poets of earth!  
but thou  
Wert living the same poet which thou'rt  
now.  
Whilst angels sing to thee their airs  
divine,  
And join in an applause so great as  
thine,  
Equal society with them to hold,  
Thou need'st not make new songs, but  
say the old:  
And they, kind Spirits! Shall all rejoice  
to see  
How little less than they exalted man  
may be.

## WHAT SHALL I DO?

WHAT shall I do to be forever known,  
And make the age to come my own?  
I shall like beasts or common people  
die,  
Unless you write my elegy;  
Whilst others great by being born are  
grown,  
Their mother's labor, not their own.  
In this scale gold, in th' other fame does  
lie;  
The weight of that mounts this so high.  
These men are Fortune's jewels, moulded  
bright,  
Brought forth with their own fire and  
light.  
If I, her vulgar stone, for either look,  
Out of myself it must be strook.  
Yet I must on: What sound is't strikes  
mine ear?  
Sure I Fame's trumpet hear:

It sounds like the last trumpet, for it can  
 Raise up the bury'd man.  
 Unpass'd Alps stop me, but I'll cut  
 through all,  
 And march, the Muse's Hannibal.  
 Hence, all the flatt'ring vanities that lay  
 Nets of roses in the way;  
 Hence, the desire of honors or estate,  
 And all that is not above Fate;  
 Hence, Love himself, that tyrant of my  
 days,  
 Which intercepts my coming praise.  
 Come, my best Friends! my books! and  
 lead me on,  
 'Tis time that I were gone.  
 Welcome, great Stagirite! and teach  
 me now  
 All I was born to know:  
 Thy scholar's vict'ries thou dost far out-  
 do;  
 He conquer'd the earth, the whole world  
 you.  
 Welcome, learn'd Cicero! whose bless'd  
 tongue and wit  
 Preserves Rome's greatness yet:  
 Thou art the first of orators; only he  
 Who best can praise thee next must be.  
 Welcome the Mantuan swan! Virgil the  
 wise,  
 Whose verse walks highest, but not flies;  
 Who brought green Poesy to her per-  
 fect age,  
 And made that art which was a rage.  
 Tell me, ye mighty Three! what shall I  
 do  
 To be like one of you?  
 But you have climb'd the mountain's  
 top, there sit  
 On the calm flourishing head of it,  
 And whilst, with wearied steps, we up-  
 ward go,  
 See us and clouds below.

---

### THE SOUL.

If mine eyes do e'er declare  
 They've seen a second thing that's fair;  
 Or ears that they have music found,  
 Besides thy voice, in any sound;  
 If my taste do ever meet,  
 After thy kiss with aught that's sweet;

If my abused touch allow  
 Aught to be smooth or soft but thou!  
 If what seasonable springs,  
 Or the eastern summer brings,  
 Do my smell persuade at all  
 Aught perfume but thy breath to call;  
 If all my senses objects be  
 Not contracted into thee,  
 And so through thee more pow'rful pass,  
 As beams do through a burning-glass;  
 If all things that in nature are  
 Either soft, or sweet, or fair,  
 Be not in thee so epitomiz'd,  
 That nought material's not compris'd,  
 May I as worthless seem to thee,  
 As all but thou appear to me.

---

### THE WISH.

WELL, then, I now do plainly see,  
 This busy world and I shall ne'er agree,  
 The very honey of all earthly joy  
 Does of all meats the soonest cloy:  
 And they (methinks) deserve my pity  
 Who for it can endure the stings,  
 The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings,  
 Of this great hive, the City.

Ah! yet, e'er I descend to the grave,  
 May I a small house and large garden  
 have!  
 And a few friends, and many books, both  
 true,  
 Both wise, and both delightful too!  
 And since Love ne'er will from me flee,  
 A mistress moderately fair,  
 And good as guardian angels are,  
 Only belov'd, and loving me!

---

### LOVE IN HER SUNNY EYES.

Love in her sunny eyes does basking  
 play:  
 Love walks the pleasant mazes of her  
 hair;  
 Love does on both her lips for ever  
 stray,  
 And sows and reaps a thousand kisses  
 there;  
 In all her outward parts Love's always  
 seen,  
 But, Oh! he never went within.

## THE SPRING.

[From *The Mistress*.]

THOUGH you be absent here, I needs  
must say

The trees as beauteous are, and flowers  
as gay,

As ever they were wont to be;  
Nay the birds' rural music too  
Is as melodious and free,  
As if they sung to pleasure you:

I saw a rose-bud ope this morn; I'll  
swear

The blushing morning open'd not more  
fair.

How could it be so fair, and you away?  
How could the trees be beauteous,  
flowers so gay?

Could they remember but last year,  
How you did them, they you delight,  
The sprouting leaves which saw you  
here,

And call'd their fellows to the sight,  
Would, looking round for the same  
sight in vain,

Creep back into their silent barks again.

Where'er you walk'd trees were as rev-  
erend made,

As when of old gods dwelt in every shade.  
Is't possible they should not know,

What loss of honor they sustain,  
That thus they smile and flourish now,  
And still their former pride retain?

Dull creatures! 'tis not without cause  
that she,

Who fled the god of wit, was made a tree.

In ancient times sure they much wiser  
were,

When they rejoic'd the Thracian verse  
to hear;

In vain did nature bid them stay,  
When Orpheus had his song begun,  
They call'd their wondering roots away,  
And bade them silent to him run.

How would those learned trees have  
followed you?

You would have drawn them, and their  
poet too.

But who can blame them now? for,  
since you're gone,

They're here the only fair, and shine  
alone.

You did their natural rights invade:  
Where ever you did walk or sit,  
The thickest boughs could make no  
shade,

Although the Sun had granted it:  
The fairest flowers could please no  
more, near you,

Than painted flowers, set next to them,  
could do.

When e'er then you came hither, that  
shall be

The time, which this to others is, to me.

The little joys which here are now,  
The name of punishments do bear,  
When by their sight they let us know  
How we depriv'd of greater are.

'Tis you the best of seasons with you  
bring;

This is for beasts, and that for men the  
spring.



## RICHARD LOVELACE.

1618-1658.

[RICHARD LOVELACE was born at Woolwich in 1618; he died in Gunpowder Alley, near Shoe Lane, London, in April, 1658. His *Lucasta* was published in 1649, and his *Posthume Poems* in 1659. He was the author of *The Scholar*, a comedy, written in 1634, and of *The Soldier*, a tragedy, written in 1640, but these dramas are lost.]

## TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

WHEN love with unconfin'd wings

Hovers within my gates,

And my divine Althea brings

To whisper at my grates;

When I lie tangled in her hair,

And fetter'd to her eye,

The birds that wanton in the air

Know no such liberty.



When flowing cups run swiftly round,  
 With no allaying Thames,  
 Our careless heads with roses bound,  
 Our hearts with loyal flames;  
 When thirsty grief in wine we steep,  
 When healths and draughts are free,—  
 Fishes that tippie in the deep  
 Know no such liberty.

When linnet-like confinèd, I  
 With shriller throat shall sing  
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty,  
 And glories of my king:  
 When I shall voice aloud how good  
 He is, how great should be,—  
 Enlargèd winds that curl the flood  
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
 Nor iron bars a cage;  
 Minds innocent and quiet take  
 That for a hermitage:

If I have freedom in my love,  
 And in my soul am free,—  
 Angels alone that soar above  
 Enjoy such liberty.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO  
 THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,—  
 That from the nunnery  
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind  
 To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,  
 The first foe in the field;  
 And with a stronger faith embrace  
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
 As you, too, shall adore;  
 I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
 Loved I not honor more.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

1608–9–1642.

[SUCKLING was born at Twickenham in 1608–9, and committed suicide in Paris in 1642. He published during his lifetime the drama of *Aglaura*, in 1638, and the *Ballad of a Wedding*, in 1640. His other works were first collected posthumously in 1648, under the title of *Fragmenta Aurea*.]

WHY SO PALE AND WAN?

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?  
 Prithee, why so pale?  
 Will, when looking well can't move her,  
 Looking ill prevail?  
 Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?  
 Prithee, why so mute?  
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,  
 Saying nothing do't?  
 Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame, this will not move,  
 This cannot take her;  
 If of herself she will not love,  
 Nothing can make her.  
 The devil take her!

I PRITHEE, SEND ME BACK MY  
 HEART.

I PRITHEE, send me back my heart,  
 Since I cannot have thine;  
 For if from yours you will not part,  
 Why, then, shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,  
 To find it were in vain;  
 For thou'st a thief in either eye  
 Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,  
 And yet not lodge together?  
 O Love! where is thy sympathy,  
 If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,  
I cannot find it out;  
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,  
Then I am most in doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe;  
I will no longer pine;  
For I'll believe I have her heart,  
As much as she has mine.

---

TRUE LOVE.

No, no, fair heretic, it needs must be  
But an ill love in me,  
And worse for thee;  
For were it in my power  
To love thee now this hour  
More than I did the last;

'Twould then so fall,  
I might not love at all;  
Love that can flow, and can admit in-  
crease,  
Admits as well an ebb, and may grow  
less.

True love is still the same; the torrid  
zones,  
And those more frigid ones  
It must not know:  
For love grown cold or hot,  
Is lust, or friendship, not  
The thing we have.  
For that's a flame would die  
Held down, or up too high:  
Then think I love more than I can ex-  
press,  
And would love more, could I but love  
thee less.

---

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

1639-1701.

[SIR CHARLES SEDLEY was born at Aylesford in 1639, and died August 20, 1701. His most famous comedy, *The Mulberry Garden*, appeared in 1688; his poetical and dramatic works were collected in 1719.]

THE GROWTH OF LOVE.

[From *The Mulberry Garden*.]

AH, Chloris! that I now could sit  
As unconcerned, as when  
Your infant beauty could beget  
No pleasure nor no pain.

When I the dawn used to admire,  
And praised the coming day,  
I little thought the growing fire  
Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,  
Like metals in the mine:  
Age from no face took more away,  
Than youth concealed in thine.

But as your charms insensibly  
Tp their perfection pressed,  
Fond love as unperceived did fly,  
And in my bosom rest,

My passion with your beauty grew,  
And Cupid at my heart,  
Still, as his mother favored you,  
Threw a new flaming dart.

Each gloried in their wanton part:  
To make a lover, he  
Employed the utmost of his art—  
To make a beauty she.

Though now I slowly bend to love,  
Uncertain of my fate,  
If your fair self my chains approve,  
I shall my freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying men, may well  
At first disordered be;  
Since none alive can truly tell  
What fortune they must see.

# RICHARD CRASHAW.

1615(?)—1650.

[RICHARD CRASHAW, born, 1615 (?); expelled from Cambridge, 1644; became a Roman Catholic. Published *Steps to the Altar*, 1646, and died canon of Loretto, 1650.]

## EUTHANASIA; OR, THE HAPPY DEATH.

WOULD'ST see blithe looks, fresh cheeks  
beguile

Age? would'st see December smile?  
Would'st see hosts of new roses grow  
In a bed of reverend snow?  
Warm thoughts, free spirits, flattering  
Winter's self into a spring?  
In some would'st see a man that can  
Live to be old, and still a man?  
Whose latest and most leaden hours,  
Fall with soft wings stuck with soft  
flowers;

And when life's sweet fable ends,  
Soul and body part like friends;  
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay —  
A kiss, a sigh, and so — away; —  
This rare one, reader, would'st thou see?  
Hark hither! — and thyself be he.

## EPITAPH.

To these, whom death again did wed,  
This grave's their second marriage-bed.  
For though the hand of Fate could force,  
Twixt soul and body a divorce,  
It could not sunder man and wife,  
'Cause they both lived but one life.  
Peace, good reader, do not weep;  
Peace, the lovers are asleep;  
They (sweet turtles) folded lie,  
In the last knot love could tie.  
And though they lie as they were dead,  
Their pillow stone, their sheets of lead;  
'Pillow hard, and sheets not warm)  
Love made the bed, they'll take no harm.  
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,  
Till this stormy night be gone,  
And th' eternal morrow dawn;  
Then the curtains will be drawn,  
And they wake into that light  
Whose day shall never die in night.

## THE TEAR.

WHAT bright soft thing is this,  
Sweet Mary, thy fair eyes expense?  
A moist spark it is.  
A wat'ry diamond; from whence  
The very term I think was found,  
The water of a diamond.

O 'tis not a tear,  
'Tis a star about to drop  
From thine eye its sphere,  
The sun will stoop and take it up,  
Proud will his sister be to wear  
This thine eye's jewel in her ear.

O 'tis a tear,  
Too true a tear; for no sad een  
How sad soe'er  
Rain so tear as thine;  
Each drop leaving a place so dear,  
Weeps for itself, as its own tear.

Such a pearl as this is  
(Slipt from Aurora's dewy breast)  
The rosebud's sweet lip kisses;  
And such the rose itself when vext  
With ungentle flames, does shed,  
Sweating in too warm a bed.

Such the maiden gem,  
By the wanton spring put on,  
Peeps from her parent stem,  
And blushes on the wat'ry sun;  
This wat'ry blossom of thy een,  
Ripe will make the richer wine.

Fair drop, why quak'st thou so?  
'Cause thou straight must lay thy head  
In the dust? O no,  
The dust shall never be thy bed;  
A pillow for thee will I bring,  
Stuff'd with down of angel's wing:

Thus carried up on high,  
 (For to heaven thou must go)  
 Sweetly shalt thou lie,  
 And in soft slumbers bathe thy woe,  
 Till the singing orbs awake thee,  
 And one of their bright chorus make thee.

There thyself shalt be  
 An eye, but not a weeping one,  
 Yet I doubt of thee,  
 Whether th' hadst rather there have  
 shone,  
 An eye of heaven; or still shine here,  
 In th' heaven of Mary's eye a tear.

—  
*O! THOU UNDAUNTED.*

O! THOU undaunted daughter of desires,  
 By all thy dower of lights and fires;

By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;  
 By all thy lives and deaths of love;  
 By thy large draughts of intellectual  
 day;  
 And by thy thirsts of love, more large  
 than they;  
 By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce de-  
 sire;  
 By thy last morning's draught of liquid  
 fire;  
 By the full kingdom of that final kiss,  
 That seal'd thy parting soul, and made  
 thee his;  
 By all the heavens thou hast in him,  
 Fair sister of the seraphim;  
 By all of him we have in thee,  
 Leave nothing of myself in me;  
 Let me so read thy life, that I  
 Unto all life of mine may die.

—o—o—o—  
 ROBERT HERRICK.

1594-1674.

[ROBERT HERRICK was born in Cheapside, in August, 1594, and died at Dean-Prior, in Devonshire, on the 15th of October, 1674. He published one volume, containing *Hesperides*, dated 1648, and *Noble Numbers*, dated 1647.]

*A THANKSGIVING TO GOD.*

LORD, thou hast given me a cell,  
 Wherein to dwell;  
 A little house, whose humble roof  
 Is weather proof;  
 Under the spars of which I lie  
 Both soft and dry;  
 Where thou, my chamber for to ward,  
 Hast set a guard  
 Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep  
 Me, while I sleep.  
 Low is my porch, as is my fate;  
 Both void of state;  
 And yet the threshold of my door  
 Is worn by th' poor,  
 Who thither come, and freely get  
 Good words, or meat.  
 Like as my parlor, so my hall  
 And kitchen's small;  
 A little buttery, and therein  
 A little bin,

Which keeps my little loaf of bread  
 Unchipt, unflead;  
 Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar  
 Make me a fire,  
 Close by whose living coal I sit,  
 And glow like it.  
 Lord, I confess too, when I dine.  
 The pulse is thine,  
 And all those other bits that be  
 There placed by thee;  
 The worts, the purslain, and the mess  
 Of water-cress,  
 Which of thy kindness thou hast sent;  
 And my content  
 Makes those, and my beloved beet,  
 To be more sweet.  
 'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering  
 hearth  
 With guiltless mirth,  
 And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,  
 Spiced to the brink.

Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand  
 That soils my land,  
 And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,  
 Twice ten for one;  
 Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay  
 Her egg each day;  
 Besides, my healthful ewes to bear  
 Me twins each year;  
 The while the conduits of my kine  
 Run cream for wine:  
 All these, and better, thou dost send  
 Me, to this end,—  
 That I should render, for my part,  
 A thankful heart;  
 Which, fired with incense, I resign,  
 As wholly thine; —  
 But the acceptance, that must be,  
 My Christ, by Thee.

#### DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

A SWEET disorder in the dress  
 Kindles in clothes a wantonness;  
 A lawn about the shoulders thrown  
 Into a fine distraction;  
 An erring lace, which here and there  
 Entrhals the crimson stomacher;  
 A cuff neglectful, and thereby  
 Ribbons to flow confusedly;  
 A winning wave, deserving note,  
 In the tempestuous petticoat;  
 A careless shoe-string, in whose tie  
 I see a wild civility; —  
 Do more bewitch me, than when art  
 Is too precise in every part.

#### THE ARGUMENT OF THE HESPERIDES.

Ising of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and  
 bowers,  
 Of April, May, of June, and July-flowers;  
 Ising of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails,  
 wakes,  
 Of bride-grooms, brides, and of their  
 bridal-cakes.  
 I write of Youth, of Love; — and have  
 access  
 By these to sing of cleanly wantonness;  
 Ising of dews, of rains, and, piece by  
 piece,

Of balm, of oil, of spice, and ambergris.  
 I sing of times trans-shifting; and I write  
 How roses first came red, and lilies white.  
 I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing  
 The court of Mab, and of the Fairy King.  
 I write of Hell; I sing, and ever shall  
 Of Heaven, — and hope to have it after  
 all.

#### TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,  
 Why do ye fall so fast?  
 Your date is not so past,  
 But you may stay yet here awhile  
 To blush and gently smile,  
 And go at last.

What, were ye born to be,  
 An hour or half's delight,  
 And so to bid good-night?  
 'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth,  
 Merely to show your worth  
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we  
 May read, how soon things have  
 Their end, though ne'er so brave:  
 And after they have shown their pride,  
 Like you, awhile, they glide  
 Into the grave.

#### TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? can tears  
 Speak grief in you,  
 Who were but born  
 Just as the modest morn  
 Teem'd her refreshing dew?  
 Alas, you have not known that shower  
 That mars a flower,  
 Nor felt th' unkind  
 Breath of a blasting wind,  
 Nor are ye worn with years;  
 Or warp'd as we,  
 Who think it strange to see,  
 Such pretty flowers, like to orphans  
 young,  
 To speak by tears, before ye have a  
 tongue.

Speak, whim'ring younglings, and  
 make known  
 The reason why  
 Ye droop and weep;  
 Is it for want of sleep,  
 Or childish lullaby?  
 Or that ye have not seen as yet  
 The violet?  
 Or brought a kiss  
 From that Sweet-heart, to this?  
 — No, no, this sorrow shown  
 By your tears shed,  
 Would have this lecture read,  
 That things of greatest, so of meanest  
 worth,  
 Conceived with grief are, and with tears  
 brought forth.

---

*NIGHT-PIECE TO JULIA.*

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,  
 The shooting stars attend thee;  
 And the elves also,  
 Whose little eyes glow  
 Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-the-wisp mislight thee,  
 Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee!  
 But on, on thy way,  
 Not making a stay,  
 Since ghost there is none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;  
 What though the moon does slumber?  
 The stars of the night  
 Will lend thee their light,  
 Like tapers clear without number.

Then Julia let me woo thee,  
 Thus, thus to come unto me;  
 And, when I shall meet  
 Thy silvery feet,  
 My soul I'll pour into thee.

---

*THE MAD MAID'S SONG.*

GOOD-MORROW to the day so fair,  
 Good-morrow, sir, to you;  
 Good-morrow to my own torn hair,  
 Bedabbled all with dew.

Good-morrow to this primrose too;  
 Good-morrow to each maid  
 That will with flowers the tomb bestrew  
 Wherein my love is laid.

Ah, woe is me; woe, woe is me;  
 Alack and well-a-day!  
 For pity, sir, find out that bee  
 Which bore my love away.

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave;  
 I'll seek him in your eyes;  
 Nay, now I think they've made his grave  
 In the bed of strawberries.

I'll seek him there, I know ere this  
 The cold, cold earth doth shake him;  
 But I will go, or send a kiss  
 By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not; though he be dead,  
 He knows well who do love him,  
 And who with green turfs rear his head,  
 And who so rudely move him.

He's soft and tender, pray take heed;  
 With bands of cowslips bind him,  
 And bring him home; but 'tis decreed  
 That I shall never find him.

---

*TO DAFFODILS.*

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see  
 You haste away so soon;  
 As yet the early rising sun  
 Has not attained his noon.

Stay, stay,  
 Until the hasting day  
 Has run  
 But to the even-song!  
 And, having prayed together, we  
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,  
 We have as short a spring,  
 As quick a breath to meet decay,  
 As you, or any thing.

We die  
 As your hours do, and dry  
 Away,  
 Like to the summer's rain,  
 Or as the pearls of morning dew,  
 Ne'er to be found again.

## JOHN MILTON.

1608-1674.

[JOHN MILTON (1608-1674) was born in Bread Street, Cheapside, 9 Dec., 1608. Educated at St. Paul's School, and Christ's College, Cambridge, he was destined by his family for the Church. From this, however, he was diverted, partly by his strong Puritan bias, partly by an ambition which possessed him from a very early period, to compose a great work which should bring honor to his country and to the English language. Full of this lofty purpose, he retired to his father's country residence at Horton, in the county of Bucks. Here he gave himself up to study, and poetical meditation, in preparation for the work to which he had resolved to devote his life.

This residence at Horton constitutes Milton's first poetic period, 1632-1638. During these six years he wrote *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, *Arcades*, *Comus*, and *Lycidas*. All these were thrown off by their author as occasional pieces, exercises for practice, preluding to the labor of his life, which he was all the while meditating.

A journey to Italy, 1638-9, was undertaken as a portion of the poet's education which he was giving himself. He was recalled from his tour by the lowering aspect of public affairs at home. For the next twenty years his thoughts were diverted from poetry by the absorbing interest of the civil struggle. His time was occupied, partly by official duties as Latin secretary to the Council of the Commonwealth, partly by the voluntary share he took in the controversies of the time.

The public cause to which he had devoted himself being lost, and the ruin of his party consummated in 1660, Milton reverted to his long-cherished poetical scheme. During the twenty years of political agitation this scheme had never been wholly banished from his thoughts. After much hesitation, "long choosing and beginning late," both subject and form had been decided on. The poem was to be an epic, and was to treat of the fall and recovery of man. He had begun to compose on this theme as early as 1658, and in 1665 *Paradise Lost* was completed. Owing to the Plague and the Fire, it was not published till August, 1667. It was originally in ten books, which were afterwards made into twelve, as the normal epical number by subdividing books 7 and 10. The subject of the recovery of man had been dropped out of the plan at an early stage, and was afterwards made the subject of a second poem, *Paradise Regained*, on a hint given by Milton's quaker friend, Ellwood. These years of disaster and distress, 1665-6, were specially fertile, if, as is probable, both *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes* were written during them. The two poems came out in one vol. in 1671, and closed Milton's second poetic period. He lived three years longer, during which he occupied himself with carrying through the press a new edition of his *Poems* (the 1st ed. was 1645) as well as several compilations, which furnished mental occupation without requiring inventive power. He died, 8 Nov., 1674.]

THE INVOCATION AND  
INTRODUCTION.[From *Paradise Lost*.]

Man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our  
woe,  
Loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
Heavenly Muse, that on the secret  
top  
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
That shepherd, who first taught the  
chosen seed,  
In the beginning, how the Heavens and  
Earth  
Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion hill  
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that  
flow'd  
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence

Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar  
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet in prose or  
rhyme.  
And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost  
prefer  
Before all temples the upright heart and  
pure,  
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from  
the first  
Wast present, and, with mighty wings  
out-spread,  
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast  
abyss  
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is  
dark  
Illumine; what is low raise and support;  
That to the height of this great argument  
I may assert eternal Providence,  
And justify the ways of God to man.

Say first, for Heaven hides nothing  
 from thy view,  
 Nor the deep tract of Hell; say first,  
 what cause  
 Moved our grand parents, in that happy  
 state,  
 Favor'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off  
 From their Creator, and transgress his  
 will  
 For one restraint, lords of the world be-  
 sides?  
 Who first seduced them to that foul re-  
 volt?  
 The infernal serpent; he it was, whose  
 guile,  
 Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, de-  
 ceived  
 The mother of mankind, what time his  
 pride  
 Had cast him out of Heaven, with all  
 his host  
 Of rebel angels; by whose aid, aspiring  
 To set himself in glory above his peers,  
 He trusted to have equalled the Most  
 High,  
 If he opposed; and, with ambitious aim  
 Against the throne and monarchy of God,  
 Raised impious war in Heaven, and bat-  
 tle proud,  
 With vain attempt. Him the Almighty  
 power  
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethe-  
 real sky,  
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down  
 To bottomless perdition; there to dwell  
 In adamant chains and penal fire,  
 Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

—

*THE FALLEN ANGELS IN THE  
 BURNING LAKE.*

THE superior fiend

Was moving toward the shore: his pon-  
 derous shield,  
 Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,  
 Behind him cast; the broad circumfer-  
 ence  
 Hung on his shoulder, like the moon,  
 whose orb  
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist  
 views

At evening from the top of Fesolé,  
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
 Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.  
 His spear, to equal which the tallest  
 pine  
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the  
 mast  
 Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,  
 He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps,  
 Over the burning marle, not like those  
 steps  
 On Heaven's azure; and the torrid  
 clime  
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with  
 fire:  
 Nathless he so endured till on the beach  
 Of that inflaméd sea he stood, and call'd  
 His legions, angel forms, who lay in-  
 tranced,  
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the  
 brooks  
 In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian  
 shades,  
 High over-arch'd, imbower; or scat-  
 ter'd sedge  
 Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion  
 arm'd  
 Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose  
 waves o'erthrew  
 Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,  
 While with perfidious hatred they pur-  
 sued  
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld  
 From the safe shore their floating car-  
 cases  
 And broken chariot wheels: so thick  
 bestrewn,  
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the  
 flood,  
 Under amazement of their hideous  
 change.  
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep  
 Of Hell resounded. "Princes, poten-  
 tates,  
 Warriors, the flower of Heaven, once  
 yours, now lost,  
 If such astonishment as this can seize  
 Eternal spirits; or have ye chosen this  
 place,  
 After the toil of battle to repose  
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease you  
 find



To slumber here, as in the vales of  
Heaven?

Or in this abject posture have ye sworn,  
I adore the Conqueror? who now be-  
holds

Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood  
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till  
anon

His swift pursuers, from Heaven-gates,  
discern

Th' advantage, and, descending, tread  
us down

Thus drooping, or with link'd thunder-  
bolts

Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.  
Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!"

---

*SATAN PRESIDING IN THE IN-  
FERNAL COUNCIL.*

HIGH on a throne of royal state which  
far

Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of  
Ind,

Or where the gorgeous East with richest  
hand

Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and  
gold,

Satan exalted sat, by merit raised  
To that bad eminence: and, from de-  
spair

Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue

Vain war with Heaven, and, by success  
untaught,

His proud imaginations thus display'd:  
"Powers and dominions, deities of  
Heaven;

For since no deep within her gulf can  
hold

Immortal vigor, though oppress'd and  
fall'n,

I give not Heaven for lost. From this  
descent

Celestial virtues rising, will appear  
More glorious and more dread than

from no fall,  
And trust themselves to fear no second  
fate.

Me though just right, and the fix'd laws  
of Heaven,

Did first create your leader; next, free  
choice,

With what besides in counsel or in fight  
Hath been achieved of merit; yet this  
loss

Thus far at least recover'd, hath much  
more

Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,  
Yielded with full consent. The happier  
state

In Heaven, which follows dignity, might  
draw

Envy from each inferior; but who here  
Will envy whom the highest place ex-  
poses

Foremost to stand against the Thunder-  
er's aim,

Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest  
share

Of endless pain? Where there is then  
no good

For which to strive, no strife can grow  
up there

From faction; for none sure will claim  
in Hell

Precedence; none whose portion is so  
small

Of present pain, that with ambitious  
mind

Will covet more. With this advantage  
then

To union, and firm faith, and firm ac-  
cord,

More than can be in heaven, we now  
return

To claim our just inheritance of old,  
Surer to prosper than prosperity

Could have assur'd us; and, by what  
best way,

Whether of open war, or covert guile,  
We now debate: who can advise may  
speak."

---

*ADDRESS TO LIGHT.*

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven,  
first-born,

Or of the Eternal coeternal beam,  
May I express thee unblamed? since

God is light,  
And never but in unapproach'd light

Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,  
Bright effluence of bright essence incre-  
ate.

Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal  
stream,

Whose fountain who shall tell? Before  
the Sun,

Before the Heavens thou wert, and at  
the voice

Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest  
The rising world of waters dark and  
deep,

Won from the void and formless infi-  
nite.

Thee I revisit now with a bolder wing,  
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long  
detain'd

In that obscure sojourn, while, in my  
flight,

Through utter and through middle dark-  
ness borne,

With other notes than to the Orphéan  
lyre,

I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;  
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture  
down

The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,  
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit  
safe,

And feel thy sovran vital lamp: but thou  
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain  
To find thy piercing ray, and find no  
dawn;

So thick a drop serene hath quench'd  
their orbs,

Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the  
more

Cease I to wander, where the Muses  
haunt

Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny  
hill,

Smit with the love of sacred song; but  
chief

Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks be-  
neath,

That wash thy hallowed feet, and warb-  
ling flow,

Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget  
Those other two, equall'd with me in  
fate

So were I equall'd with them in renown,  
Blind Thamyras, and blind Mæonides,

And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets  
old:

Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary  
move

Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful  
bird

Sings darkling, and in shadiest cover  
hid,

Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with  
the year

Seasons return; but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of even or

morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's

rose,  
Or flocks or herds, or human face di-  
vine;

But cloud instead, and ever-during dark  
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of

men  
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge

fair  
Presented with a universal blank

Of Nature's works, to me expunged and  
razed,

And wisdom at one entrance quite shut  
out.

So much the rather thou, celestial Light,  
Shine inward, and the mind through all

her powers  
Irradiate: there plant eyes, all mist from

thence  
Purge and disperse, that I may see and

tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

---

### THE ANGELIC WORSHIP.

No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but  
all

The multitude of angels, with a shout  
Loud as from numbers without number,

sweet  
As from the blest voices, uttering joy,

Heaven rung  
With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd

The eternal regions: lowly reverent  
Towards either throne they bow, and to

the ground  
With solemn adoration down they cast

Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold;  
 Immortal amarant, a flower which once  
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,  
 Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence  
 To Heaven removed where first it grew,  
 there grows,  
 And flowers aloft shading the fount of life,  
 And where the river of bliss through  
 midst of Heaven  
 Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream :  
 With these that never fade the spirits elect  
 Bind their resplendent locks inwreathed  
 with beams;  
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off,  
 the bright  
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,  
 Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.  
 Then, crown'd again, their golden harps  
 they took,  
 Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their  
 side  
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble  
 sweet  
 Of charming symphony they introduce  
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures  
 high ;  
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could  
 join  
 Melodious part, such concord is in  
 Heaven.

—

*SATAN'S SOLILOQUY IN SIGHT  
OF PARADISE.*

O THOU, that, with surpassing glory  
 crown'd,  
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the  
 God  
 Of this new world; at whose sight all  
 the stars  
 Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I  
 call,  
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy  
 name,  
 O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
 That bring to my remembrance from  
 what state

I fell; how glorious once above thy  
 sphere,  
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me  
 down  
 Warring in Heaven against Heaven's  
 matchless king :  
 Ah, wherefore! he deserved no such  
 return  
 From me, whom he created what I was  
 In that bright eminence, and with his  
 good  
 Upbraided none; nor was his service  
 hard.  
 What could be less than to afford him  
 praise,  
 The easiest recompense, and pay him  
 thanks,  
 How due! yet all his good proved ill in  
 me,  
 And wrought but malice; lifted up so  
 high  
 I 'sdained subjection, and thought one  
 step higher  
 Would set me highest, and in a moment  
 quit  
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,  
 So burthensome still paying, still to owe;  
 Forgetful what from him I still received,  
 And understood not that a grateful mind  
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
 Indebted and discharged; what burden  
 then?  
 O, had his powerful destiny ordain'd  
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood  
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had  
 raised  
 Ambition! Yet why not? some other  
 power  
 As great might have aspired, and me,  
 though mean,  
 Drawn to his part; but other powers as  
 great  
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within  
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.  
 Hadst thou the same free will and power  
 to stand?  
 Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or  
 what to accuse,  
 But Heaven's free love dealt equally to  
 all?  
 Be then his love accursed, since, love or  
 hate,

To me alike, it deals eternal woe.  
 Nay, cursed be thou ; since against his  
 thy will  
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.  
 Me miserable ! which way shall I fly  
 Infinite wrath and infinite despair?  
 Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;  
 And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep,  
 Still threatening to devour me, opens  
 wide,  
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a  
 Heaven.  
 O, then, at last relent : is there no place  
 Left for repentance, none for pardon  
 left?  
 None left but by submission; and that  
 word  
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of  
 shame  
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I  
 seduced  
 With other promises and other vaunts  
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue  
 The Omnipotent. Ay me ! they little  
 know  
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain.  
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,  
 While they adore me on the throne of  
 Hell.  
 With diadem and sceptre high advanced,  
 The lower still I fall, only supreme  
 In misery : such joy ambition finds.  
 But say I could repent, and could obtain,  
 By act of grace, my former state; how  
 soon  
 Would height recall high thoughts, how  
 soon unsay  
 What feign'd submission swore? Ease  
 would recant  
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.  
 For never can true reconciliation grow,  
 Where wounds of deadly hate have  
 pierced so deep;  
 Which would but lead me to a worse  
 relapse  
 And heavier fall : so should I purchase  
 dear  
 Short intermission bought with double  
 smart.  
 This knows my Punisher; therefore as far  
 From granting he, as I from begging  
 peace :

All hope excluded thus, behold, instead  
 Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight,  
 Mankind, created, and for him this world.  
 So farewell hope; and with hope, fare-  
 well fear;  
 Farewell remorse ! all good to me is lost;  
 Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least  
 Divided empire with Heaven's King I  
 hold,  
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will  
 reign;  
 As man ere long, and this new world,  
 shall know.

---

PARADISE.

So on he fares, and to the border comes,  
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,  
 Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure  
 green.  
 As with a rural mound, the champain  
 head  
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides  
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and  
 wild,  
 Access denied; and overhead upgrew  
 Insuperable height of loftiest shade,  
 Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching  
 palm,  
 A sylvan scene; and, as the ranks ascend  
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre  
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher than  
 their tops  
 The verdurous wall of Paradise up-  
 sprung:  
 Which to our general sire gave prospect  
 large  
 Into his nether empire neighboring  
 round.  
 And higher than that wall a circling row  
 Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest  
 fruit,  
 Blossoms and fruits at once, of golden  
 hue,  
 Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colors  
 mix'd:  
 On which the Sun more glad impress'd  
 his beams  
 Than in fair evening cloud, or humid  
 bow,

When God hath shower'd the earth; so  
lovely seem'd  
That landscape: and of pure, now purer  
air  
Meets his approach, and to the heart  
inspires  
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive  
All sadness but despair: now gentle  
gales,  
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dis-  
pense  
Native perfumes, and whisper whence  
they stole  
Those balmy spoils. As when, to them  
who sail  
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are  
past  
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds  
blow  
Sabeian odors from the spicy shore  
Of Araby the blest; with such delay  
Well pleased, they slack their course,  
and many a league,  
Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old  
Ocean smiles.

---

*EVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.*

THAT day I oft remember, when from  
sleep  
I first awaked, and found myself re-  
posed  
Under a shade on flowers, much won-  
dering where  
And what I was, whence thither brought,  
and how.  
Not distant far from thence, a murmur-  
ing sound  
Of waters issued from a cave, and  
spread  
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved,  
Pure as the expanse of Heaven; I  
thither went  
With unexperienced thought, and laid  
me down  
On the green bank, to look into the  
clear  
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another  
sky.  
As I bent down to look, just opposite,

A shape within the watery gleam ap-  
pear'd,  
Bending to look on me: I started back,  
It started back; but pleased I soon re-  
turn'd,  
Pleased it return'd as soon with answer-  
ing looks  
Of sympathy and love.

---

*EVENING IN PARADISE.*

Now came still Evening on, and Twi-  
light gray  
Had in her sober livery all things clad;  
Silence accompanied; for beast and  
bird,  
They to their grassy couch, these to  
their nests,  
Were slunk, all but the wakeful night-  
ingale;  
She all night long her amorous descant  
sung;  
Silence was pleased: now glow'd the  
firmament  
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that  
led  
The starry host, rode brightest, till the  
Moon,  
Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless  
light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle  
threw.

---

*EVE'S CONJUGAL LOVE.*

My author and disposer, what thou  
bid'st,  
Unargued I obey: so God ordains;  
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no  
more  
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and  
her praise.  
With thee conversing I forget all time;  
All seasons and their change, all please  
alike.  
Sweet in the breath of Morn, her rising  
sweet,  
With charms of earliest birds: pleasant  
the Sun,

When first on this delightful land he  
 spreads  
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit,  
 and flower,  
 Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile  
 Earth  
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming  
 on  
 Of grateful Evening mild; then silent  
 Night,  
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair  
 Moon,  
 And these the gems of Heaven, her  
 starry train:  
 But neither breath of Morn, when she  
 ascends  
 With charm of earliest birds; nor rising  
 Sun  
 On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit,  
 flower,  
 Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after  
 showers;  
 Nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent  
 Night,  
 With this her solemn bird; nor walk by  
 moon,  
 Or glittering star-light, without thee, is  
 sweet.

—  
*ADAM AND EVE'S MORNING  
 HYMN.*

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of  
 good,  
 Almighty! Thine this universal frame,  
 Thus wondrous fair: Thyself how wondrous  
 then!  
 Unspeakable, who sit'st above these  
 heavens  
 To us invisible, or dimly seen  
 In these thy lowest works; yet these  
 declare  
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and  
 power divine.  
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of  
 light,  
 Angels; for ye behold him, and with  
 songs  
 And choral symphonies, day without  
 night,

Circle his throne rejoicing; ye, in  
 Heaven:  
 On Earth join all ye creatures to extol  
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without  
 end.  
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the  
 smiling morn  
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in  
 thy sphere,  
 While day arises, that sweet hour of  
 prime.  
 Thou Sun, of this great world both eye  
 and soul,  
 Acknowledge him thy greater; sound  
 his praise  
 In thy eternal course, both when thou  
 climb'st,  
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and  
 when thou fall'st.  
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun,  
 now fly'st,  
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb  
 that flies;  
 And ye five other wandering fires, that  
 move  
 In mystic dance not without song, re-  
 sound  
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd  
 up light.  
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth  
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion  
 run  
 Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix  
 And nourish all things; let your cease-  
 less change  
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
 Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise  
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky, or  
 gray,  
 Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with  
 gold,  
 In honor to the world's great Author  
 rise;  
 Whether to deck with clouds the un-  
 color'd sky,  
 Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling  
 showers,  
 Rising or falling still advance his praise.  
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quar-  
 ters blow,

Breathe soft or loud; and wave your  
tops, ye pines,  
With every plant, in sign of worship  
wave.

Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,  
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his  
praise.

Join voices, all ye living souls: ye birds,  
That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings and in your notes  
his praise.

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly  
creep;

Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh  
shade,

Made vocal by my song, and taught his  
praise.

Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still  
To give us only good; and if the night  
Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,  
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark!

---

*SATAN, IN HIS EXPEDITION TO  
THE UPPER WORLD, MEETS  
SIN AND DEATH.*

MEANWHILE, the adversary of God and  
man,

Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest  
design,

Puts on swift wings, and towards the  
gates of Hell

Explores his solitary flight: sometimes  
He scours the right hand coast, some-  
times the left;

Now shaves with level wing the deep,  
then soars

Up to the fiery concave towering high.  
As, when far off at sea, a fleet descried  
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial  
winds

Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles  
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence mer-  
chants bring

Their spicy drugs; they, on the trading  
flood,

Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,  
Fly stemming nightly toward the pole:  
so seem'd

Far off the flying fiend. At last appear  
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid  
roof,

And thrice threefold the gates; three  
folds were brass,

Three iron, three of adamantine rock  
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,  
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates  
there sat

On either side a formidable shape;  
The one seem'd woman to the waist and  
fair;

But ended foul in many a scaly fold  
Voluminous and vast; a serpent arm'd  
With mortal sting: About her middle  
round

A cry of Hell-hounds, never ceasing,  
bark'd

With wide Cerberian mouths full loud,  
and rung

A hideous peal; yet, when they list,  
would creep,

If aught disturb'd their noise, into her  
womb,

And kennel there; yet there still bark'd  
and howl'd,

Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than  
these

Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts  
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian  
shore;

Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when,  
call'd

In secret, riding through the air she  
comes,

Lured with the smell of infant blood, to  
dance

With Lapland witches, while the labor-  
ing Moon

Eclipses at their charms. The other  
shape,

If shape it might be call'd that shape  
had none

Distinguishable in member, joint, or  
limb;

Or substance might be call'd that shadow  
seem'd,

For each seem'd either: black it stood  
as night,

Fierce as ten furies, terrible as Hell,  
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd  
his head

The likeness of a kingly crown had on.  
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat  
The monster moving onward came as fast

With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he strode

The undaunted fiend what this might be admired,

Admired, not feared; God and his son except,

Created thing naught valued he, nor shunn'd;

And with disdainful look thus first began:

"Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,

That darest, though grim and terrible, advance

Thy miscreated front athwart my way  
To yonder gates? through them I mean

to pass,

That be assured, without leave ask'd of thee:

Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof

Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of Heaven."

To whom the goblin full of wrath replied:

"Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,  
Who first broke peace in Heaven, and faith, till then

Unbroken; and in proud rebellious arms  
Drew after him the third part of Heaven's sons

Conjured against the Highest; for which both thou

And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd

To waste eternal days in woe and pain?  
And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of Heaven,

Hell-doom'd, and breathe'st defiance here and scorn,

Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,

Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,

False fugitive! and to thy speed add wings,

Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue  
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart

Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."

So spake the grisly Terror, and in shape,

So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold

More dreadful and deform. On the other side,

Incensed with indignation, Satan stood Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,

That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge  
In the Arctic sky, and from his horrid hair

Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head

Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands

No second stroke intend; and such a frown

Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,

With Heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on

Over the Caspian, then stand front to front,

Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow

To join their dark encounter in mid air:  
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that

Hell

Grew darker at their frown; so match'd

they stood;

For never but once more was either like

To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds

Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had rung,

Had not the snaky sorceress that sat  
Fast by Hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,

Risen, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

From her side the fatal key,  
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;

And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train,

Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,

Which but herself, not all the Stygian powers

Could once have moved; then in the keyhole turns



The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar

Of massy iron or solid rock with ease  
Unfastens. On a sudden open fly,  
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,  
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate

Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook

Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut  
Excell'd her power; the gates wide open stood,

That with extended wings a banner'd host,

Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through

With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;

So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth

Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flane.

Before their eyes in sudden view appear  
The secrets of the hoary deep; a dark  
Illimitable ocean, without bound,  
Without dimension, where length,

breadth, and height,  
And time, and place are lost; where  
eldest Night

And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold  
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise  
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.  
For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four  
champions fierce,

Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring

Their embryon atoms; they around the flag

Of each his faction, in their several clans,  
Light arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth,  
swift, or slow,

Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands

Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,  
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise

Their lighter wings. To whom these  
most adhere,

He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,  
And by decision more embroils the fray,  
By which he reigns: next him high ar-  
biter

Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,  
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her  
grave,

Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor  
fire,

But all these in their pregnant causes  
mix'd

Confusedly, and which thus must ever  
fight,

Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain  
His dark materials to create more  
worlds;

Into this wild abyss the wary fiend  
Stood on the brink of Hell, and look'd  
a while,

Pondering his voyage.

#### L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE loathed Melancholy,  
Of Cerberus, and blackest Midnight  
born,

In Stygian cave forlorn,  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and  
sighs unholy,

Find out some uncouth cell,  
Where brooding Darkness spreads his  
jealous wings,

And the night raven sings;  
There under ebon shades, and low-  
brow'd rocks,

As ragged as thy locks,  
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou Goddess fair and free,  
In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,

And by men, heart-easing Mirth,  
Whom lovely Venus at a birth  
With two sister Graces more

To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:  
Or whether (as some sages sing)

The frolic wind that breathes the spring,  
Zephyr, with Aurora, playing,  
As he met her once a maying,  
There on beds of violets blue,  
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,  
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,  
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste, thee, Nymph, and bring with  
thee

Jest and youthful Jollity,

Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
 Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,  
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
 And love to live in dimple sleek;  
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
 And Laughter holding both his sides:  
 Come, and trip it as you go  
 On the light fantastic toe,  
 And in thy right hand lead with thee,  
 The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;  
 And, if I give thee honor due,  
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
 'To live with her, and live with thee,  
 In unreprieved pleasures free:  
 To hear the lark begin his flight,  
 And singing startle the dull night,  
 From his watch-tow'r in the skies,  
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;  
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,  
 And at my window bid good morrow  
 Through the sweetbrier, or the vine,  
 Or the twisted eglantine:  
 While the cock with lively din  
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
 And to the stack, or the barn door,  
 Stoutly struts his dames before:  
 Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn  
 Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,  
 From the side of some hoar hill,  
 Through the high wood echoing shrill:  
 Some time walking not unseen  
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
 Right against the eastern gate,  
 Where the great Sun begins his state,  
 Rob'd in flames, and amber light,  
 The clouds in thousand liv'ries dight;  
 While the ploughman, near at hand,  
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
 And the milk-maid singeth blithe,  
 And the mower whets his scythe,  
 And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale  
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new  
 pleasures,  
 While the landscape round it measures,  
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,  
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray;  
 Mountains on whose barren breast  
 The lab'ring clouds do often rest;  
 Meadows trim with daisies pied;  
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:  
 Tow'rs and battlements it sees

Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
 The cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.  
 Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes,  
 From betwixt two aged oaks,  
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
 Are at their sav'ry dinner set  
 Of herbs, and other country messes,  
 Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses:  
 And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,  
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;  
 Or, if the earlier season lead,  
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead.

Sometimes, with secure delight,  
 The upland hamlets will invite,  
 When the merry bells ring round,  
 And the jocund rebecks sound  
 To many a youth, and many a maid,  
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;  
 And young and old come forth to play  
 On a sunshine holiday.  
 Till the livelong daylight fail;  
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,  
 With stories told of many a feat,  
 How fairi Mab the junkets ate;  
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,  
 And he by friar's lantern led;  
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat  
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
 His shad'wy flail had thresh'd the corn,  
 That ten day-laborers could not end;  
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,  
 And, stretch'd out all the chimney's  
 length,

Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
 And, cropful, out of doors he flings,  
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.  
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
 By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.

Tow'rd cities please us then,  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of knights and barons  
 bold

In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,  
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence, and judge the prize  
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend  
 To win her grace, whom all commend,  
 There let Hymen oft appear  
 In saffron robes, with taper clear,  
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,

With masque and antique pageantry,  
Such sights as youthful poets dream,  
On summer eves, by haunted stream.  
Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
If Jonson's learned sock be on,  
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
Warble his native woodnotes wild.

And ever against eating cares  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
Married to immortal verse,  
Such as the melting soul may pierce,  
In notes with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
The melting voice through mazes run-  
ning,

Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of Harmony;  
That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
From golden slumber on a bed  
Of heap'd Elysian flow'rs, and hear  
Such strains as would have won the ear  
Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,  
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

### IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE vain deluding joys,  
The brood of Folly, without father bred!  
How little you bestead,

Or fill the fixed mind with all your  
toys!

Dwell in some idle brain,  
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes  
possess,

As thick and numberless

As the gay motes that people the  
sunbeams,

Or likest hov'ring dreams,

Thy fickle pensioners of Morpheus'  
train.

But hail, thou Goddess, sage and  
holy!

Hail divinest Melancholy!

Whose saintly visage is too bright  
To hit the sense of human sight,  
And therefore to our weaker view  
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue:

Black, but such as in esteem  
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,  
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen, that strove  
To set her beauty's praise above  
The sea-nymphs, and their pow'rs of-  
fended,

Yet thou art higher far descended;  
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore  
To solitary Saturn bore;  
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign  
Such mixture was not held a stain).  
Oft in glim'ring bow'rs and glades  
He met her, and in secret shades  
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, steadfast, and demure,  
All in a robe of darkest grain  
Flowing with majestic train,  
And sable stole of cypress lawn,  
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
With even step and musing gait,  
And looks commercing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:  
There, held in holy passion still,  
Forget thyself to marble, till  
With a sad leaden downward cast,  
Thou fix them on the earth as fast;  
And join with thee calm Peace and  
Quiet,

Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,  
And hear the Muses in a ring  
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;  
And add to these retired Leisure,  
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;  
But first and chiefest with thee bring  
Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
The cherub Contemplation;  
And the mute Silence hist along,  
'Less Philomel will deign a song,  
In his sweetest, saddest plight,  
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,  
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,  
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak;  
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of  
folly,

Most musical, most melancholy!  
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among,  
I woo to hear thy ev'ning song;  
And missing thee, I walk unseen

On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
To behold the wand'ring Moon,  
Riding near her highest noon,  
Like one that had been led astray  
Through the Heav'n's wide pathless  
way;

And oft, as if her head she bow'd,  
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

Oft on a plat of rising ground  
I hear the far-off curfew sound,  
Over some wide-water'd shore,  
Swinging, slow with sullen roar.

Or if the air will not permit,  
Some still, removed place will fit,  
Where glowing embers through the room  
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,  
Far from all resort of mirth,  
Save the cricket on the hearth,  
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,  
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Or let my lamp at midnight hour  
Be seen on some high lonely tow'r,  
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,  
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere  
The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
What worlds, or what vast regions hold  
Th' immortal mind, that hath forsook  
Her mansion in its fleshly nook;  
And of those demons that are found  
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
Whose power hath a true consent  
With planet, or with element.

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy  
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,  
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
Or the tale of Troy divine,  
Or what (though rare) of later age,  
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O sad virgin! that thy pow'r  
Might raise Musæus from his bow'r,  
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
Such notes as, warbled to the string,  
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
And made Hell grant what Love did  
seek;

Or call up him that left half told  
The story of Cambuscan bold,  
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,  
And who had Canace to wife,  
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,  
And of the wondrous horse of brass,  
On which the Tartar king did ride.

And if aught else great bards besides  
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
Of tourneys and of trophies hung;  
Of forests and enchantments drear,  
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus Night oft see me in thy pale  
career,  
Till civil-suited Morn appear,  
Not trick'd and frown'd as she was  
wont

With the Attic boy to hunt,  
But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,  
While rocking winds are piping loud,  
Or usher'd with a shower still,  
When the gust hath blown his fill,  
Ending on the rustling leaves,  
With minute drops from off the eaves.

And when the sun begins to fling  
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring  
To arched walks of twilight groves,  
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,  
Of pine or monumental oak,  
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke  
Was never heard, the Nymphs to daunt,  
Or fright them from their hallow'd  
haunt.

There in close covert by some brook,  
Where no profaner eye may look,  
Hide me from day's garish eye,  
While the bee with honey'd thigh,  
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,  
And the waters murmuring,  
With such concert as they keep,  
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep:  
And let some strange mysterious dream  
Wave at his wings in airy stream  
Of lively portraiture display'd,  
Softly on my eyelids laid:  
And as I wake, sweet music breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,  
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloister's pale,  
And love the high imbowed roof,  
With antique pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light.  
There let the pealing organ blow,  
To the full-voiced choir below,  
In service high, and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine ear

Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
Where I may sit and rightly spell  
Of ev'ry star that Heav'n doth shew,  
And ev'ry herb that sips the dew;  
Till old Experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
And I with thee will choose to live.

### LYCIDAS.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once  
more,

Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,  
I come, to pluck your berries harsh and  
crude;

And, with forced fingers rude,  
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing  
year.

Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,  
Compels me to disturb your season due:  
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his  
peer:

Who would not sing for Lycidas? he  
knew,

Himself, to sing, and build the lofty  
rhyme.

He must not float upon his watery bier  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
Without the meed of some melodious  
tear.

Begin, then, sisters of the sacred well,  
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth  
spring;

Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the  
string;

Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse:  
So may some gentle muse

With lucky words favor my destined urn;  
And, as he passes, turn,

And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.  
For we were nursed upon the self-same

hill  
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade,  
and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns ap-  
pear'd

Under the opening eyelids of the morn,  
We drove a-field, and both together  
heard

What time the gray-fly winds her sultry  
horn,

Battening our flocks with the fresh dews  
of night,

Oft till the star, that rose at evening  
bright,

Toward Heaven's descent had sloped his  
westering wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not  
mute,

Temper'd to the oaten flute;

Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with  
cloven heel

From the glad sound would not be ab-  
sent long:

And old Damætas loved to hear our  
song.

But, oh! the heavy change, now thou  
art gone,

Now thou art gone and never must  
return!

Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and  
desert caves,

With wild thyme and the gadding vine  
o'ergrown,

And all their echoes, mourn:

The willows, and the hazel copses green,  
Shall now no more be seen

Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft  
lays.

As killing as the canker to the rose,  
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that

graze,  
Or frost to flowers, that their gay ward-  
robe wear,

When first the white-thorn blows;  
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the re-  
morseless deep

Closed o'er the head of your loved Ly-  
cidas?

For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
Where your old bards, the famous Druids,

lie,  
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,

Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard  
stream:

Ah me! I fondly dream,  
 Had ye been there: for what could that  
 have done?  
 What could the Muse herself that Or-  
 pheus bore,  
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,  
 Whom universal nature did lament,  
 When, by the rout that made the hideous  
 roar,  
 His gory visage down the stream was  
 sent,  
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian  
 shore?  
 Alas! what boots it with incessant care  
 To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's  
 trade,  
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?  
 Were it not better done, as others use,  
 To sport with Amaryllis, in the shade,  
 Or with the tangles of Næra's hair?  
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth  
 raise  
 (That last infirmity of noble minds)  
 To scorn delights and live laborious days:  
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to  
 find,  
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred  
 shears,  
 And slits the thin-spun life. "But not  
 the praise,"  
 Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trem-  
 bling ears;  
 "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal  
 soil,  
 Nor in the glistening foil  
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor  
 lies,  
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure  
 eyes,  
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;  
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy  
 meed."  
 O fountain Arethuse, and thou honor'd  
 flood,  
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with  
 vocal reeds!  
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood:  
 But now my oat proceeds,  
 And listens to the herald of the sea  
 That came in Neptune's plea;

He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon  
 winds,  
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this  
 gentle swain?  
 And question'd every gust, of rugged  
 wings,  
 That blows from off each beaked prom-  
 ontory:  
 They knew not of his story;  
 And sage Hippotades their answer  
 brings,  
 That not a blast was from his dungeon  
 stray'd:  
 The air was calm, and on the level brine  
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.  
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark,  
 Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with  
 curses dark,  
 That sunk so low that sacred head of  
 thine.  
 Next, Camus, reverend sire, went foot-  
 ing slow,  
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the  
 edge  
 Like to that sanguine flower inscribed  
 with woe.  
 "Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my  
 dearest pledge?"  
 Last came, and last did go,  
 The pilot of the Galilean lake;  
 Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain,  
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain,)  
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern  
 bespake:  
 "How well could I have spared for thee,  
 young swain,  
 Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,  
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the  
 fold!  
 Of other care they little reckoning make  
 Than how to scramble at the shearers'  
 feast,  
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest;  
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves  
 know how to hold  
 A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else  
 the least  
 That to the faithful herdsman's art be-  
 longs!  
 What recks it them? What need they?  
 They we sped;

And, when they list, their lean and flashy  
songs

Grate on their scannell pipes of wretched  
draw;

The hungry sheep look up, and are not  
fed,

But, swoln with wind and the rank mist  
they draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;  
Besides what the grim wolf, with privy

paw,  
Daily devours apace, and nothing said:

but that two-handed engine at the door  
Stands ready to smite once, and smite  
no more."

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is  
past,

That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian  
Muse,

And call the vales, and bid them hither  
cast

Their bells and flowerets of a thousand  
hues,

Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers  
use

Of shades, and wanton winds, and gush-  
ing brooks,

On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely  
looks;

Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd  
eyes,

That on the green turf suck the honey'd  
showers,

And purple all the ground with vernal  
flowers.

Bring the ratho primrose that forsaken  
dies,

The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
The white plink, and the pansy freak'd

with jet,  
The glowing violet,

The musk-rose, and the well-attired  
woodbine,

With cowslip wan that hang the pensive  
head,

And every flower that sad embroidery  
wears;

Let amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,

To strew the laureate hearth where Lycid  
lies,

For, so to interpose a little ease,

Let our frail thoughts dally with false  
surmise;

Ah me! whilst thee the shores and  
sounding seas

Wash far away, where'er thy bones are  
hurl'd,

Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
Where thou, perhaps, under the whelm-

ing tide,  
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous

world;  
Or whether thou, to our moist vows de-

nied,  
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,

Where the great vision of the guarded  
mount

Looks towards Nainamon and Hayona's  
hold;

Look homeward, angel, now, and melt  
with ruth;

And O, ye dolphins, waft the hapless  
youth,

Weep no more, woful shepherds,  
weep no more,

For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,  
Sunk though he be beneath the watery

floor;

So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,

And ticks his beams, and, with new-  
spangled ore,

Flames in the forehead of the morning  
sky;

So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted  
high,

Through the dear night of Him that  
walk'd the waves,

Where, other groves and other streams  
along,

With nectar pure his oozy locks he  
laves,

And hears the unexpressive nuptial song  
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and

love.  
There entertain him all the saints above,

In solemn troops and sweet societies,  
That sing, and, singing, in their glory

move,  
And wipe the tears for ever from his

eyes.  
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no  
more;

Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,  
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good

To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,

While the still morn went out with sandals gray;

He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,

With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:

And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,

And now was dropt into the western bay:  
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:

To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

---

*ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN  
PIEDMONT.*

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints,  
whose bones

Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;

Even them who kept thy truth so pure  
of old,

When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks  
and stones,

Forget not: in thy book record their  
groans

Who were thy sheep, and in their  
ancient fold

Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that  
roll'd

Mother with infant down the rocks.  
Their moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and  
they

To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and  
ashes sow

O'er all the Italian fields, where still  
doth sway

The triple tyrant: that from these may  
grow

A hundred fold, who, having learn'd  
thy way,

Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

*O NIGHTINGALE.*

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy  
spray

Warblest at eve, when all the woods  
are still,

Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart  
does fill,

While the jolly Hours lead on propi-  
tious May.

Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,  
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's  
bill,

Portend success in love; O, if Jove's  
will

Have link'd that amorous power to thy  
soft lay,

Now timely sing, e'er the rude bird of hate  
Foretell my hopeless doom in some  
grove nigh;

As thou from year to year hast sung  
too late

For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:  
Whether the muse, or love call thee  
his mate,

Both them I serve, and of their train  
am I.

---

*CROMWELL OUR CHIEF OF  
MEN.*

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who  
through a cloud

Not of war only, but detractions rude,  
Guided by faith, and matchless fortitude,

To peace and truth thy glorious way  
hast plough'd,

And on the neck of crowned Fortune  
proud

Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his  
work pursued,

While Darwen stream with blood of  
Scots imbrued,

And Dunbar field resounds thy praises  
loud,

And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet  
much remains

To conquer still; Peace hath her vic-  
tories

No less renown'd than war: new foes  
arise



Threat'ning to bind our souls with secular chains :  
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw  
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

---

*ON HIS BLINDNESS.*

WHEN I consider how my light is spent  
 Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,  
 And that one talent which is death to hide,  
 Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent  
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
 My true account, lest he returning chide;  
 Doth God exact day labor, light deny'd,  
 I fondly ask? but patience to prevent  
 That murmur soon replies, God doth not need  
 Either man's work or his own gifts;  
 who best  
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state  
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,  
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;  
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

---

*TO CYRIAC SKINNER.*

CYRIAC, this three years' day these eyes,  
 tho' clear  
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,  
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot,  
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear  
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,  
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not  
 Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
 Of heart or hope; but still bear up,  
 and steer

Right onward. What supports me?  
 dost thou ask:  
 The conscience, Friend, to have lost them overply'd  
 In Liberty's defence, my noble task,  
 Of which all Europe talks from side to side,  
 This thought might lead me thro' the world's vain mask,  
 Content though blind, had I no better guide.

---

*ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.*

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint  
 Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,  
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,  
 Rescued from death by force though pale and faint.  
 Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint,  
 Purification in the old law did save,  
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have  
 Full sight of her in Heav'n, without restraint,  
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:  
 Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight  
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd  
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.  
 But O, as to embrace me she inclin'd,  
 I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

---

*HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.*

It was the winter wild,  
 While the heaven-born child  
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;  
 Nature, in awe of him,  
 Had doffed her gaudy trim,  
 With her great Master so to sympathize:

It was no season then for her  
To wanton with the sun, her lusty  
paramour.

Only with speeches fair  
She woos the gentle air,  
To hide her guilty front with innocent  
snow;  
And on her naked shame,  
Pollute with sinful blame,  
The saintly veil of maiden-white to  
throw;  
Confounded, that Her Maker's eyes  
Should look so near upon her foul de-  
formities.

But he, her fears to cease,  
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;  
She, crown'd with olive green, came  
softly sliding  
Down through the turning sphere,  
His ready harbinger,  
With turtle wing the amorous clouds  
dividing;  
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,  
She strikes a universal peace through sea  
and land.

No war or battle's sound  
Was heard the world around:  
The idle spear and shield were high  
up hung;  
The hookèd chariot stood  
Unstain'd with hostile blood;  
The trumpet spake not to the armed  
throng;  
And kings sat still with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their sov'reign  
lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,  
Wherein the Prince of Light  
His reign of peace upon the earth  
began:  
The winds, with wonder whist,  
Smoothly the waters kiss'd,  
Whispering new joys to the mild  
ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the  
charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,  
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,  
Bending one way their precious influ-  
ence;  
And will not take their flight,  
For all the morning light,  
Or Lucifer had often warn'd them  
thence;  
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,  
Until their Lord himself bespake, and  
bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,  
The sun himself withheld his wonted  
speed,  
And hid his head for shame,  
As his inferior flame  
The new-enlighten'd world no more  
should need;  
He saw a greater sun appear  
Than his bright throne, or burning axle-  
tree, could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,  
Or ere the point of dawn,  
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;  
Full little thought they then  
That the mighty Pan  
Was kindly come to live with them  
below;  
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
Was all that did their silly thoughts so  
busy keep.

When such music sweet  
Their hearts and ears did greet,  
As never was by mortal fingers strook,  
Divinely-warbled voice  
Answering the stringed noise,  
As all their souls in blissful rapture  
took:  
The air, such pleasure loathe to lose,  
With thousand echoes still prolongs each  
heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound,  
Beneath the hollow round  
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region  
thrilling,  
Now was almost won,  
To think her part was done,

And that her reign had here its last  
fulfilling;  
She knew such harmony alone  
Could hold all heaven and earth in  
happier union.

At last surrounds their sight  
A globe of circular light,  
That with long beams the shame-fac'd  
night array'd;  
The helmed cherubim,  
And sworded seraphim,  
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings  
display'd,  
Harping in loud and solemn choir,  
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's  
new-born heir.

Such music, as 'tis said,  
Before was never made,  
But when of old the sons of morning  
sung,  
While the Creator great  
His constellations set,  
And the well-balanc'd world on hinges  
hung,  
And cast the dark foundations deep,  
And bid the weltering waves their oozy  
channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,  
Once bless our human ears,  
If ye have power to touch our senses so;  
And let your silver chime  
Move in melodious time;  
And let the bass of Heaven's deep  
organ blow;  
And, with your ninefold harmony,  
Make up full concert to the angelic  
symphony.

For, if such holy song  
Enwrap our fancy long,  
Time will run back, and fetch the age  
of gold;  
And speckled Vanity  
Will sicken soon and die,  
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly  
mould;  
And Hell itself will pass away,  
And leave her dolorous mansions to the  
peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then  
Will down return to men,  
Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories  
wearing,  
Mercy will sit between,  
Thron'd in celestial sheen,  
With radiant feet the tissued clouds  
down steering;  
And Heaven, as at some festival,  
Will open wide the gates of her high  
palace hall.

But wisest Fate says no,  
This must not yet be so,  
The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,  
That on the bitter cross  
Must redeem our loss,  
So both himself and us to glorify:  
Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep,  
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder  
through the deep,

With such a horrid clang  
As on Mount Sinai rang,  
While the red fire and smould'ring  
clouds out brake;  
The aged earth aghast,  
With terror of that blast,  
Shall from the surface to the centre  
shake;  
When, at the world's last session,  
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall  
spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss,  
Full and perfect is,  
But now begins: for, from this happy  
day,  
The old dragon, underground,  
In straiter limits bound,  
Not half so far casts his usurped sway;  
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,  
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb;  
No voice or hideous hum  
Runs through the arched roof in words  
deceiving.  
Apollo from his shrine  
Can no more divine,  
With hollow shriek the steep of Del-  
phos leaving.

No nightly trance, or breathed spell,  
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the  
prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,  
And the resounding shore,  
A voice of weeping heard and loud  
lament;

From haunted spring and dale,  
Edg'd with poplar pale,  
The parting Genius is with sighing  
sent;

With flower-inwoven tresses torn,  
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled  
thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,  
And on the holy hearth,  
The Lars and Lemurs mourn with  
midnight plaint.

In urns and altars round,  
A drear and dying sound  
Affrights the Flamens at their service  
quaint;

And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
While each peculiar power foregoes his  
wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim  
Forsake their temples dim  
With that twice-battered god of Pales-  
tine;

And mooned Ashtaroth,  
Heaven's queen and mother both,  
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy  
shine;

The Libyac Hammon shrinks his horn;  
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded  
Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,  
Hath left in shadows dread  
His burning idol all of blackest hue:  
In vain with cymbals' ring  
They call the grisly king,

In dismal dance about the furnace  
blue:

The brutish gods of Nile as fast,  
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis,  
haste.

Nor is Osiris seen  
In Memphian grove or green,

Trampling the unshowered grass with  
lowings loud;

Nor can he be at rest  
Within his sacred chest,  
Nought but profoundest hell can be  
his shroud;

In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark  
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his wor-  
shipp'd ark.

He feels from Judah's land  
The dreaded infant's hand,  
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky  
eyne;

Nor all the gods beside  
Longer dare abide,  
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky  
twine:

Our babe, to show his Godhead true,  
Can in his swaddling bands control the  
damned crew.

So, when the sun in bed,  
Curtain'd with cloudy red,

Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
The flocking shadows pale,  
Troop to the infernal jail,  
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several  
grave;

And the yellow-skirted fays  
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their  
moon-loved maze.

But sec, the Virgin blest  
Hath laid her babe to rest;  
Time is, our tedious song should here  
have ending:

Heaven's youngest-teemed star  
Hath fixed her polish'd car,  
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid  
lamp attending;  
And all about the courtly stable  
Bright-harness'd angels sit in order ser-  
viceable.

---

*BEFORE THE STARRY THRESH-  
OLD OF JOVE'S COURT.*

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's  
court,

My mansion is, where those immortal  
shapes

Of bright aërial spirits live inspher'd  
 In regions mild of calm and serene air,  
 Above the smoke and stir of this dim  
 spot  
 Which men call Earth, and with low-  
 thoughted care,  
 Confin'd and pester'd in this pin-fold  
 here,  
 Strive to keep up a frail and feverish  
 being,  
 Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives  
 After this mortal change, to her true ser-  
 vants,  
 Amongst the enthron'd gods on sainted  
 seats.  
 Yet some there be that by due steps  
 aspire  
 To lay their just hands on that golden  
 key  
 That opes the palace of Eternity:  
 To such my errand is; and but for such,  
 I would not soil these pure ambrosial  
 weeds  
 With the rank vapors of this sin-worn  
 mould.

#### HOW CHARMING IS DIVINE PHILOSOPHY.

How charming is divine philosophy!  
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools  
 suppose,  
 But musical as is Apollo's lute.  
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,  
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

#### THE LADY'S SONG.

[From *Comus*.]

SWEET Echo, sweeter nymph, that liv'st  
 unseen

Within thy aery shell,  
 By slow Meander's margent green,  
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale  
 Where the love-lorn nightingale  
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth  
 well;

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair  
 That liketh thy Narcissus are?  
 O, if thou have

Hid them in some flowery cave,  
 Tell me but where,  
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of  
 the sphere!  
 So may'st thou be translated to the  
 skies,  
 And give resounding grace to all  
 Heaven's harmonies.

#### THE SPIRIT'S EPILOGUE.

To the ocean now I fly,  
 And those happy climes that lie  
 Where Day never shuts his eye,  
 Up in the broad fields of the sky:  
 There I suck the liquid air,  
 All amidst the garden fair  
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three,  
 That sing about the golden tree:  
 Along the crisped shades and bowers  
 Revels the spruce and jocund spring,  
 The Graces and the rosy-bosom'd hours,  
 Thither all their bounties bring;  
 That there eternal summer dwells,  
 And west-winds with musky wing  
 About the cedarn alleys fling  
 Nard and cassia's balmy smells.  
 Iris there with humid bow  
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow  
 Flowers of more mingled hue  
 Than her purpled scarf can show,  
 And drenches with Elysian dew  
 (List, mortals, if your ears be true)  
 Beds of hyacinths and roses,  
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,  
 Waxing well of his deep wound  
 In slumbers soft, and on the ground  
 Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen;  
 But far above in spangled sheen  
 Celestial Cupid, her fam'd son advanc'd  
 Holds her dear Psyche sweet entranc'd,  
 After her wand'ring labors long,  
 Till free consent the gods among  
 Make her his eternal bride,  
 And from her fair unspotted side  
 Two blissful twins are to be born,  
 Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.  
 But now my task is smoothly done,  
 I can fly or I can run,  
 Quickly to the green earth's end,

Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend  
And from thence can soar as soon  
To the corners of the moon.

Mortals that would follow me,  
Love Virtue, she alone is free,  
She can teach you how to climb  
Higher than the sphery chime;  
Or if Virtue feeble were,  
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

---

CHASTITY.

So dear to Heav'n is saintly chastity,  
That when a soul is found sincerely so,  
A thousand liveried angels lacky her,  
Driving far off each thing of sin and  
guilt,  
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,  
Tell her of things that no gross ear can  
hear,  
Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants  
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward  
shape,  
The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
And turns it by degrees to the soul's  
essence,  
Till all be made immortal; but when  
Lust,  
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and  
foul talk,

But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,  
Lets in Defilement to the inward parts,  
The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
The divine property of her first being.  
Such are those thick and gloomy shad-  
ows damp,  
Oftseen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,  
Ling'ring and sitting by a new-made  
grave,  
As loath to leave the body that it lov'd  
And link'd itself by carnal sensuality  
To a degenerate and degraded state.

---

SONG. MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's har-  
binger,  
Comes dancing from the East, and leads  
with her  
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap  
throws  
The yellow cowslip, and the pale prim-  
rose.  
Hail bounteous May! that dost inspire  
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;  
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.  
Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
And welcome thee and wish thee long.

---

SAMUEL BUTLER.

1612-1680.

[SAMUEL BUTLER was born at Strensham in Worcestershire, in 1612, and died in London, in 1680. After leaving Worcester Cathedral School he started in life as justice's clerk to a Mr. Jefferies, at Earl's Croome. He was next at Wrest in Bedfordshire, in the service of the Countess of Kent, and here he met and worked for John Selden. Finally he formed part of the household of Sir Samuel Luke, a Presbyterian Colonel, "scout-master for Bedfordshire and governor of Newport Pagnell." At the Restoration he was made secretary to the President of Wales and steward of Ludlow Castle, and in 1662, at full fifty years old, he published the first part of the immense lampoon whose authorship has given him his place in English letters. The second part of *Hudibras* was issued in 1663; the third in 1678. Two years afterwards Butler died.]

[From *Hudibras*, Part I.]

ARGUMENTATIVE THEOLOGY.

HE could raise scruples dark and nice,  
And after solve 'em in a trice;  
As if Divinity had caught

The itch on purpose to be scratched;  
Or, like a mountebank, did wound  
And stab herself with doubts profound,  
Only to show with how small pain  
The sores of faith are cured again.

*THE PRESBYTERIANS.*

THAT stubborn crew  
Of errant saints whom all men grant  
To be the true Church Militant.  
Such as do build their faith upon  
The holy text of pike and gun;  
Decide all controversies by  
Infallible artillery;  
And prove their doctrine orthodox  
With apostolic blows and knocks;  
Call fire and sword and desolation  
A godly, thorough Reformation,  
Which always must be going on,  
And still be doing, never done,  
As if Religion were intended  
For nothing else but to be mended:  
A sect whose chief devotion lies  
In odd, perverse antipathies,  
In falling out with that or this  
And finding somewhat still amiss;  
More peevish, cross, and splenetic  
Than dog distract or monkey sick:  
That with more care keep holyday  
The wrong, than others the right way;  
Compound for sins they are inclined to  
By damning those they have no mind to.  
Still so perverse and opposite  
As if they worshipped God for spite,  
The self-same thing they will abhor  
One way and long another for;  
Freewill they one way disavow,  
Another, nothing else allow;  
All piety consists therein  
In them, in other men all sin.  
Rather than fail they will defy  
That which they love most tenderly;  
Quarrel with mince-pies, and disparage  
Their best and dearest friend plum-por-  
ridge;  
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,  
And blaspheme custard through the nose.

*HONOR.*

He that is valiant and dares fight,  
Though drubbed, can lose no honor by't.  
Honor's a lease for lives to come,  
And cannot be extended from  
The legal tenant: 'Tis a chattel

Not to be forfeited in battle.  
If he that in the field is slain  
Be in the bed of honor lain,  
He that is beaten may be said  
To lie in honor's truckle-bed.  
For as we see the eclipsèd sun  
By mortals is more gazed upon  
Than when, adorned with all his light,  
He shines in serene sky most bright,  
So valor in a low estate  
Is most admired and wondered at.

[From *Hudibras*, Part II.]

*NIGHT.*

THE sun grew low and left the skies,  
Put down, some write, by ladies' eyes,  
The moon pulled off her veil of light  
That hides her face by day from sight  
(Mysterious veil, of brightness made  
That's both her lustre and her shade!),  
And in the lantern of the night  
With shining hours hung out her light;  
For darkness is the proper sphere  
Where all false glories use to appear.  
The twinkling stars began to muster  
And glitter with their borrowed lustre,  
While sleep the wearied world relieved,  
By counterfeiting death revived.

*MORNING.*

THE sun had long since in the lap  
Of Thetis taken out his nap,  
And, like a lobster boiled, the morn  
From black to red began to turn.

*SPIRITUAL TRIMMERS.*

SOME say the soul's secure  
Against distress and forfeiture;  
Is free from action, and exempt  
From execution and contempt;  
And to be summoned to appear  
In the other world's illegal here;  
And therefore few make any account  
Into what encumbrances they run't.

For most men carry things so even  
Between this world and hell and heaven,  
Without the least offence to either  
They freely deal in all together,  
And equally abhor to quit  
This world for both, or both for it;  
And when they pawn and damn their  
souls  
They are but prisoners on paroles.

### MARRIAGE.

[From *Hudibras*, Part III.]

THERE are no bargains driven;  
Nor marriages, clapped up in heaven,  
And that's the reason, as some guess,  
There is no heaven in marriages.  
Two things that naturally press  
Too narrowly to be at ease,  
Their business there is only love,  
Which marriage is not like to improve:  
Love that's too generous to abide  
To be against its nature tied;  
For where 'tis of itself inclined  
It breaks loose when it is confined,  
And like the soul, its harbinger,  
Debarred the freedom of the air,  
Disdains against its will to stay,  
And struggles out and flies away,  
And therefore never can comply  
To endure the matrimonial tie  
That binds the female and the male,  
Where the one is but the other's bail,  
Like Roman jailers, when they slept  
Chained to the prisoners they kept.

### UPON THE WEAKNESS AND MISERY OF MAN.

[From *Miscellanies*.]

OUR pains are real things, and all  
Our pleasures but fantastical.  
Diseases of their own accord,  
But cures come difficult and hard.  
Our noblest piles and stateliest rooms  
Are but outhouses to our tombs;  
Cities though ne'er so great and brave  
But mere warehouses to the grave.

OUR bravery's but a vain disguise  
To hide us from the world's dull eyes,  
The remedy of a defect  
With which our nakedness is decked,  
Yet makes us smile with pride and boast  
As if we had gained by being lost.

### DISTICHS AND SAWS.

[From *Hudibras* and *Miscellanies*.]

RHYME the rudder is of verses,  
With which like ships they steer their  
courses.

IN the hurry of a fray  
'TIS hard to keep out of harm's way.

HONOR is like a widow, won  
With brisk attempt and putting on,  
With entering manfully and urging;  
Not slow approaches, like a virgin.

GREAT commanders always own  
What's prosperous by the soldier done.

GREAT conquerors greater glory gain  
By foes in triumph led than slain.

AY me! what perils do environ  
The man that meddles with cold iron!

VALOR's a mousetrap, wit a gin,  
That women oft are taken in.

IN all trade of war no feat  
Is nobler than a brave retreat,  
For those that run away and fly  
Take place at least of the enemy.

HE that runs may fight again,  
Which he can never do that's slain.

FOOLES are known by looking wise,  
As men tell woodcocks by their eyes.

NIGHT is the sabbath of mankind  
To rest the body and the mind.

AS if artillery and edge-tools  
Were the only engines to save souls!

MONEY that, like the swords of kings,  
Is the last reason of all things.



He that complies against his will  
Is of his own opinion still.

Those that write in rhyme still make  
The one verse for the other's sake.

He that will win his dame must do  
As Love does when he bends his bow :  
With one hand thrust the lady from,  
And with the other pull her home.

What is worth in anything  
But so much money as 'twill bring?

The Public Faith, which every one  
Is bound to observe, is kept by none.

He that imposes an oath makes it,  
Not he that for convenience takes it.

Opinion governs all mankind,  
Like the blind's leading of the blind.

The worst of rebels never arm  
To do their king and country harm,  
But draw their swords to do them good,  
As doctors use, by letting blood.

The soberest saints are more stiff-necked  
Than the hottest-headed of the wicked.

Wedlock without love, some say,  
Is like a lock without a key.

Too much or too little wit  
Do only render the owners fit  
For nothing, but to be undone  
Much easier than if they had none.

In little trades more cheats and lying  
Is used in selling than in buying;  
But in the great unjuster dealing  
Is used in buying than in selling.

Loyalty is still the same,  
Whether it win or lose the game;  
True as the dial to the sun,  
Although it be not shined upon.

The subtler all things are,  
They're but to nothing the more near.

Things said false and never meant  
Do oft prove true by accident.

Authority is a disease and cure  
Which men can neither want nor well  
endure.

## SIR JOHN DENHAM.

1615-1668.

[SIR JOHN DENHAM was born in Dublin, in 1615. He took a prominent part in public affairs, acting for the King in several capacities; and after many vicissitudes of fortune he died at Whitehall, on the 10th of April, 1668. He published *The Sophy*, a tragedy, in 1641, and *Cooper's Hill*, anonymously, in the same year.]

### THE THAMES.

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys,  
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays;  
Thames, the most loved of all the ocean's sons  
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,  
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,  
Like mortal life to meet eternity.  
Though with those streams he no remembrance hold,

Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold,  
His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,  
Search not his bottom but survey his shore,  
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing  
And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring,  
And then destroys it with too fond a stay

Like mothers who their infants overlay;  
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous  
     wave,  
 Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth  
     he gave.  
 No unexpected inundations spoil  
 The mower's hopes, nor mock the plough-  
     man's toil,  
 But godlike his unwearied bounty flows;  
 First loves to do, then loves the good he  
     does.  
 Nor are his blessings to his banks con-  
     fined,  
 But free or common as the sea or wind;  
 When he to boast or to disperse her  
     stores,  
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,

Visits the world, and in his flying towers  
 Brings home to us, and makes both  
     Indies ours:  
 Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where  
     it wants,  
 Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants;  
 So that to us no thing, no place is  
     strange,  
 While his fair bosom is the world's ex-  
     change.  
 O, could I flow like thee, and make thy  
     stream  
 My great example, as it is my theme!  
 Though deep, yet clear; though gentle,  
     yet not dull;  
 Strong without rage; without o'erflowing  
     full!



## ANDREW MARVELL.

1621-1678.

[BORN at Winestead, near Hull, March 31, 1621; died in London, 1678. His poems were first collected by his widow, and published in a folio volume, 1681, but since that time about twenty-five new poems have been discovered. Mr. Grosart has published the complete works in the *Fuller Worthies' Library*.]

### YOUNG LOVE.

COME, little infant, love me now,  
 While thine unsuspected years  
 Clear thine aged father's brow  
 From cold jealousy and fears.

Pretty surely 'twere to see  
 By young Love old Time beguil'd,  
 While our sportings are as free  
 As the nurse's with the child.

Common beauties stay fifteen;  
 Such as yours should swifter move,  
 Whose fair blossoms are too green  
 Yet for lust, but not love.

Love as much the snowy lamb,  
 Or the wanton kid, does prize  
 As the lusty bull or ram  
 For his morning sacrifice.

Now then love me: Time may take  
 Thee before thy time away;  
 Of this need we'll virtue make,  
 And learn love before we may.

So we win of doubtful fate,  
 And, if good to us she meant,  
 We that good shall antedate,  
 Or, if ill, that ill prevent.

Thus do kingdoms, frustrating  
 Other titles to their crown,  
 In the cradle crown their king,  
 So all foreign claims to drown.

So to make all rivals vain,  
 Now I crown thee with my love:  
 Crown me with thy love again,  
 And we both shall monarchs prove.



### A DROP OF DEW.

SEE, how the orient dew,  
 Shed from the bosom of the morn,  
 Into the blowing roses,  
 (Yet careless of its mansion new,  
 For the clear region where 'twas born,)  
 Round in itself incloses

And, in its little globe's extent,  
 Frames, as it can, its native element.  
 How it the purple flower does slight,  
 Scarce touching where it lies;  
 But gazing back upon the skies,  
 Shines with a mournful light,  
 Like its own tear,  
 Because so long divided from the sphere.  
 Restless it rolls, and unsecure,  
 Trembling, lest it grow impure;  
 Till the warm sun pities its pain,  
 And to the skies exhales it back again.  
 So the soul, that drop, that ray,  
 Of the clear fountain of eternal day,  
 Could it within the human flower be seen,  
 Remembering still its former height,  
 Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms  
 green,  
 And, recollecting its own light,

Does, in its pure and circling thoughts  
 express  
 The greater heaven in a heaven less.  
 In how coy a figure wound,  
 Every way it turns away,  
 So the world excluding round,  
 Yet receiving in the day,  
 Dark beneath, but bright above,  
 Here disdaining, there in love.  
 How loose and easy hence to go;  
 How girt and ready to ascend;  
 Moving but on a point below,  
 It all about does upward bend.  
 Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,  
 White and entire although congealed  
 and chill;  
 Congealed on earth; but does, dissolv-  
 ing, run  
 Into the glories of the almighty sun.

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## JOHN DRYDEN.

1631-1700.

[BORN in 1631, at Aldwincle All Saints, in the valley of the Nen in Northamptonshire, of Puritan parentage; and educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge. He appears to have become a Londoner about the middle of the year 1657. At the Restoration he changed into an ardent royalist, and towards the close of 1663 married the daughter of a royalist nobleman, the Earl of Berkshire. In 1670 he was appointed Historiographer-Royal and Poet-Laureate. After having hitherto been conspicuous as a dramatist and a panegyric poet, he in 1681, by the publication of the *First Part of Absalom and Achitophel*, sprang into fame as a writer of satirical verse. In December, 1683, he was appointed Collector of Customs in the port of London. His offices were renewed to him on the accession of King James II., but his pension of £100 was not renewed till rather more than a year later. About the same time Dryden became a Roman Catholic; and in April, 1687, he published *The Hind and the Panther*. Deprived of both offices and pension by the Revolution of 1688, he again for a time wrote for the stage, but after a few years finally abandoned dramatic composition for translation. Some of his greatest lyrics likewise belong to his later years. He died at his house in Gerard Street, Soho, May 1, 1700, and was buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey.]

### ODE TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. ANNIE KILLIGREW.<sup>1</sup>

THOU youngest virgin-daughter of the  
 skies,  
 Made in the last promotion of the blest;  
 Whose palms, new pluck'd from paradise,

<sup>1</sup> Anne Killigrew, maid of honor to the Duchess of York, died of the small-pox in 1685, in the twenty-fifth year of her age. She was of a literary family, and herself a poetess as well as a painter. Dryden's Ode was prefixed to a posthumous edition of her poems.

In spreading branches more sublimely  
 rise,  
 Rich with immortal green above the  
 rest:  
 Whether, adopted to some neighboring  
 star,  
 Thou roll'st above us, in thy wandering  
 race,  
 Or, in procession fix'd and regular,  
 Mov'st with the heaven's majestic  
 pace;  
 Or, call'd to more superior bliss,

Thou tread'st, with seraphim, the vast  
abyss :

Whatever happy region is thy place,  
Cease thy celestial song a little space;  
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns  
divine,

Since heaven's eternal year is thine.  
Hear then a mortal muse thy praise re-  
hearse,

In no ignoble verse :  
But such as thy own voice did practise  
here,

When thy first fruits of poesy were given,  
To make thyself a welcome inmate there;  
While yet a young probationer,  
And candidate of heaven.

If by traduction came thy mind,  
Our wonder is the less to find  
A soul so charming from a stock so good;  
Thy father was transfused into thy blood :  
So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,  
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.

But if thy pre-existing soul  
Was form'd, at first, with myriads  
more,  
It did through all the mighty poets roll,  
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,  
And was that Sappho last, which once  
it was before.

If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-  
born mind !  
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy  
rich ore :

Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,  
Than was the beauteous frame she  
left behind :

Return to fill or mend the choir of thy  
celestial kind.

O gracious God ! how far have we  
Profaned thy heavenly gift of poesy ?  
Made prostitute and profligate the muse,  
Debased to each obscene and impious  
use,

Whose harmony was first ordain'd above  
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of  
love ?

O wretched we ! why were we hurried  
down

This lubrique and adulterate age ?

What can we say t' excuse our second  
fall ?

Let this thy vestal heaven, atone for all :  
Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd.  
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and unde-  
filed ;

Her wit was more than man, her inno-  
cence a child.

Art she had none, yet wanted none ;  
For nature did that want supply :  
So rich in treasures of her own,  
She might our boasted stores defy :  
Such noble vigor did her verse adorn,  
That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas  
only born.

Her morals too were in her bosom bred,  
By great examples daily fed.

Ev'n love (for love sometimes her muse  
express)

Was but a lambent flame which play'd  
about her breast :

Light as vapors of a morning dream,  
So cold herself, while she such warmth  
express,

'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

When in mid-air the golden trump shall  
sound

To raise the nations under ground ;  
When in the valley of Jehoshaphat,  
The judging God shall close the book of  
fate ;

And there the last assizes keep,  
For those who wake, and those who  
sleep ;

When rattling bones together fly,  
From the four corners of the sky ;  
When sinews on the skeletons are spread,  
Those clothed with flesh, and life inspired  
the dead ;

The sacred poets first shall hear the  
sound,

And foremost from the tomb shall  
bound,

For they are cover'd with the lightest  
ground ;

And straight, with inborn vigor, on the  
wing,

Like mounting larks, to the new morning  
sing.

There thou, sweet saint, before the choir  
 shalt go,  
 As harbinger of heaven, the way to show,  
 The way which thou so well hast learned  
 below.

THE CHARACTER OF THE EARL  
 OF SHAFTESBURY DELINE-  
 ATED AS ACHITOPHEL.

[From *Abalom and Achitophel*, Part I.; 1681.]

Of these the false Achitophel was first;  
 A name to all succeeding ages curst:  
 For close designs and crooked counsels  
 fit,  
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit:  
 Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;  
 In power unpleased, impatient of dis-  
 grace;  
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,  
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay,  
 And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay:  
 A daring pilot in extremity;  
 Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves  
 went high  
 He sought the storms; but, for a calm  
 unfit,  
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast  
 his wit.  
 Great wits are sure to madness near  
 allied,  
 And thin partitions do their bounds  
 divide;  
 Else why should he, with wealth and  
 honors blest,  
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?  
 Punish a body which he could not please;  
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?

In friendship false, implacable in hate,  
 Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.  
 To compass this the triple bond he broke,<sup>1</sup>  
 The pillars of the public safety shook,  
 And fitted Israel with a foreign yoke;  
 Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting  
 fame,

<sup>1</sup> The triple bond is the Triple Alliance of 1675, undone by the alliance concluded with France in 1670, when Shaftesbury was a member of the Cabal.

Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name;  
 So easy still it proves, in factious times,<sup>2</sup>  
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes.  
 How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,  
 Where none can sin against the people's  
 will!

Where crowds can wink, and no offence  
 be known,  
 Since in another's guilt they find their  
 own!

Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;  
 The statesman we abhor, but praise the  
 judge.

In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin  
 With more discerning eyes or hands  
 more clean,

Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to re-  
 dress;

Swift of despatch and easy of access.

Oh! had he been content to serve the  
 crown

With virtues only proper to give the  
 gown;

Or had the rankness of the soil been  
 freed

From cockle, that oppress'd the noble  
 seed;

David for him his tuneful harp had  
 strung,

And heaven had wanted one immortal  
 song.

But wild Ambition loves to slide, not  
 stand;

And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's  
 land.

Achitophel, grown weary to possess

A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,

Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather  
 free,

And lent the crowd his arm to shake the  
 tree.

Now, manifest of crimes contrived long  
 since,

He stood at bold defiance with his  
 prince;

Held up the buckler of the people's cause  
 Against the crown, and skulk'd behind  
 the laws.

<sup>2</sup> This and the following lines, referring to Shaftesbury's conduct as Lord Chancellor, were inserted in the second edition. The *Abbethdin* was the Jewish Chief Justice.

*VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, DELINEATED AS ZIMRI.*

[From *Absalom and Achitophel*, Part I.]

A MAN so various that he seem'd to be  
Not one but all mankind's epitome;  
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,  
Was everything by starts, and nothing  
long;

But, in the course of one revolving moon,  
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and  
buffoon.

Blest madman! who could every hour  
employ

With something new to wish or to enjoy.  
Railing and praising were his usual  
themes,

And both, to show his judgment, in ex-  
tremes.

So over-violent or over-civil,  
That every man with him was god or  
devil.

In squandering wealth was his peculiar  
art,

Nothing went unrewarded but desert;  
Beggar'd by fools whom still he found  
too late;

He had his jest, and they had his estate.  
He laugh'd himself from court, then had  
relief,

By forming parties, but could ne'er be  
chief;

For, spite of him, the weight of business  
fell

On Absalom and wise Achitophel.

*TRADITION.*

[From *Religio Laici*; November, 1682.]

MUST all tradition then be set aside?  
This to affirm were ignorance or pride.  
Are there not many points, some need-  
ful sure

To saving faith, that Scripture leaves  
obscure,

Which every sect will wrest a several  
way?

For what one sect interprets, all sects  
may.

We hold, and say we prove from Scrip-  
ture plain,

That Christ is GOD; the bold Socinian  
From the same Scripture urges he's but  
MAN.

Now what appeal can end the important  
suit?

Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is  
mute.

Shall I speak plain, and in a nation  
free

Assume an honest layman's liberty?

I think, according to my little skill,  
To my own mother Church submitting  
still,

That many have been saved, and many  
may,

Who never heard this question brought  
in play.

The unlettered Christian, who believes  
in gross,

Plods on to Heaven and ne'er is at a  
loss;

For the strait gate would be made strait-  
er yet,

Were none admitted there but men of  
wit.

The few by Nature formed, with learn-  
ing fraught,

Born to instruct, as others to be taught,  
Must study well the sacred page; and see

Which doctrine, this or that, does best  
agree

With the whole tenor of the work divine,  
And plainliest points to Heaven's re-  
vealed design;

Which exposition flows from genuine  
sense,

And which is forced by wit and elo-  
quence.

Not that tradition's parts are useless  
here,

When general, old, disinterested, and  
clear:

That ancient Fathers thus expound the  
page

Gives truth the reverend majesty of age,  
Confirms its force by biding every test,

For best authorities, next rules, are best;  
And still the nearer to the spring we go;

More limpid, more unsoiled, the waters  
flow.

Thus, first traditions were a proof alone,  
Could we be certain such they were, so  
known :

But since some flaws in long descent  
may be,

They make not truth but probability.  
Even Arius and Pelagius durst provoke  
To what the centuries preceding spoke.  
Such difference is there in an oft-told tale,  
But truth by its own sinews will prevail.  
Tradition written, therefore, more com-  
mends

Authority than what from voice descends :  
And this, as perfect as its kind can be,  
Rolls down to us the sacred history :  
Which, from the Universal Church re-  
ceived,  
Is tried, and after for its self believed.

### THE SECTS.

#### PRIVATE JUDGMENT.

[From *The Hind and the Panther*, Part I.;  
April, 1687.]

PANTING and pensive now she ranged  
alone,  
And wandered in the kingdoms once  
her own.

The common hunt, though from their  
rage restrained

By sovereign power, her company dis-  
dained,

Grinned as they passed, and with a  
glaring eye

Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.

'Tis true she bounded by and tripped so  
light,

They had not time to take a steady sight ;  
For truth has such a face and such a  
mien

As to be loved needs only to be seen.

The bloody Bear an independent beast,  
Unlicked to form, in groans her hate ex-  
pressed.

Among the timorous kind the quaking  
Hare

Professed neutrality, but would not swear.

Next her the buffoon Ape, as atheists use,  
Mimicked all sects and had his own to  
choose ;

Still, when the Lion looked, his knees  
he bent,

And paid at church a courtier's com-  
pliment.

The bristled baptist Boar, impure as he,  
But whitened with the foam of sanctity,  
With fat pollutions filled the sacred place  
And mountains levelled in his furious  
race ;

So first rebellion founded was in grace.  
But, since the mighty ravage which he  
made

In German forests<sup>1</sup> had his guilt betrayed,  
With broken tusks and with a borrowed  
name,

He shunned the vengeance and con-  
cealed the shame,

So lurked in sects unseen. With greater  
guile

False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil ;  
The graceless beast by Athanasius first  
Was chased from Nice, then by Socinus  
nursed,

His impious race their blasphemy re-  
newed,

And Nature's King through Nature's  
optics viewed ;

Reversed they viewed him lessened to  
their eye,

Nor in an infant could a God descry.  
New swarming sects to this obliquely  
tend,

Hence they began, and here they all  
will end.

What weight of ancient witness can  
prevail,

If private reason hold the public scale ?

But, gracious God, how well dost Thou  
provide

For erring judgments an unerring guide !  
Thy throne of darkness is the abyss of  
light,

A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.

O teach me to believe Thee thus con-  
cealed,

And search no farther than Thyself re-  
vealed ;

But her alone for my director take,  
Whom Thou hast promised never to  
forsake !

The allusion is more especially to the Anabaptist doings at Münster.

My thoughtless youth was winged with  
vain desires;  
My manhood, long misled by wandering  
fires,  
Followed false lights; and when their  
glimpse was gone,  
My pride struck out new sparkles of her  
own.  
Such was I, such by nature still I am;  
Be Thine the glory and be mine the  
shame!

### THE UNITY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

[From *The Hind and the Panther*, Part II.]

“ONE in herself, not rent by schism,  
but sound,  
Entire, one solid shining diamond,  
Not sparkles shattered into sects like  
you:  
One is the Church, and must be to be  
true,  
One central principle of unity;  
As undivided, so from errors free;  
As one in faith, so one in sanctity.  
Thus she, and none but she, the insult-  
ing rage  
Of heretics opposed from age to age;  
Still when the giant-brood invades her  
throne,  
She stoops from heaven and meets  
them half way down,  
And with paternal thunder vindicates  
her crown.  
But like Egyptian sorcerers you stand,  
And vainly lift aloft your magic wand  
To sweep away the swarms of vermin  
from the land.  
You could like them, with like infernal  
force,  
Produce the plague, but not arrest the  
course.  
But when the boils and botches with  
disgrace  
And public scandal sat upon the face,  
Themselves attacked, the Magi strove  
no more,  
They saw God’s finger, and their fate  
deplore,

Themselves they could not cure of the  
dishonest sore.

“Thus one, thus pure, behold her  
largely spread,  
Like the fair ocean from her mother-bed;  
From east to west triumphantly she rides,  
All shores are watered by her wealthy  
tides.

The gospel-sound, diffused from pole to  
pole,

Where winds can carry and where waves  
can roll,

The self-same doctrine of the sacred page  
Conveyed to every clime, in every age.

### A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA’S DAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1687.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony  
This universal frame began;  
When Nature underneath a heap  
Of jarring atoms lay,  
And could not heave her head,  
The tuneful voice was heard from high,  
Arise, ye more than dead.

Then cold and hot and moist and dry  
In order to their stations leap,  
And Music’s power obey.  
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
This universal frame began:  
From harmony to harmony  
Through all the compass of the notes it  
ran,  
The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and  
quell?

When Jubal struck the chorded  
shell,  
His listening brethren stood around,  
And, wondering, on their faces fell  
To worship that celestial sound:  
Less than a god they thought there  
could not dwell

Within the hollow of that shell,  
That spoke so sweetly and so well.  
What passion cannot Music raise and  
quell?

The trumpet’s loud clangor  
Excites us to arms



With shrill notes of anger  
 And mortal alarms.  
 The double, double, double beat  
 Of the thundering drum  
 Cries, hark! the foes come;  
 Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.  
 The soft complaining flute  
 In dying notes discovers  
 The woes of hopeless lovers,  
 Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim  
 Their jealous pangs and desperation,  
 Fury, frantic indignation,  
 Depth of pains and height of passion,  
 For the fair, disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach,  
 What human voice can reach  
 The sacred organ's praise?  
 Notes inspiring holy love,  
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways  
 To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,  
 And trees uprooted left their place,  
 Sequacious of the lyre;  
 But bright Cecilia raised the wonder  
 higher:

When to her organ vocal breath was  
 given,  
 An angel heard, and straight appeared,  
 Mistaking earth for heaven.

*Grand Chorus.*

As from the power of sacred lays  
 The spheres began to move,  
 And sung the great Creator's praise  
 To all the blessed above;  
 So when the last and dreadful hour  
 This crumbling pageant shall devour,  
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,  
 The dead shall live, the living die,  
 And Music shall untune the sky.

*ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE  
 POWER OF MUSIC.*

AN ODE IN HONOR OF ST. CECILIA'S  
 DAY, 1697.

TWAS at the royal feast for Persia won  
 By Philip's warlike son:

Aloft in awful state  
 The godlike hero sate  
 On his imperial throne:  
 His valiant peers were placed  
 around;  
 Their brows with roses and with myrtle  
 bound,  
 (So should desert in arms be  
 crown'd):  
 The lovely Thais, by his side,  
 Sate, like a blooming Eastern bride,  
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.  
 Happy, happy, happy pair!  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high  
 Amid the tuneful choir,  
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:  
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
 And heavenly joys inspire.  
 The song began from Jove,  
 Who left his blissful seats above  
 (Such is the power of mighty Love!).  
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god,  
 Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,  
 When he to fair Olympia press'd,  
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a  
 sovereign of the world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty  
 sound,  
 A present deity! they shout around:  
 A present deity! the vaulted roofs re-  
 bound:

With ravish'd ears  
 The monarch hears,  
 Assumes the god,  
 Affects to nod,  
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet  
 musician sung:

Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:  
 The jolly god in triumph comes;  
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;  
 Flush'd with a purple grace,  
 He shows his honest face;  
 Now give the hautboys breath: he  
 comes! he comes!  
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
 Drinking joys did first ordain;

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :  
     Rich the treasure,  
     Sweet the pleasure;  
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king  
     grew vain;  
 Fought all his battles o'er again;  
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and  
     thrice he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise;  
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;  
 And, while he heaven and earth  
     defied,

Changed his hand, and check'd his  
     pride.

He chose a mournful Muse,  
 Soft pity to infuse :

He sung Darius great and good,

By too severe a fate,

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,

Fallen from his high estate,

And weltering in his blood;

Deserted, at his utmost need,

By those his former bounty fed :

On the bare earth exposed he lies,

With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor  
     sate,

Revolving in his alter'd soul,

The various turns of chance be-  
     low;

And now and then a sigh he stole,  
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see

That love was in the next degree :

'Twas but a kindred sound to move,

For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,

Soon he soothed his soul to pleas-  
     ures.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble;

Honor, but an empty bubble;

Never ending, still beginning,

Fighting still, and still destroying;

If the world be worth thy winning,

Think, O think it worth enjoying!

Lovely Thais sits beside thee,

Take the good the gods provide  
     thee!

The many rend the skies with loud ap-  
     plause;

So love was crown'd, but music won the  
     cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,

Gazed on the fair,

Who caused his care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and  
     look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :

At length, with love and wine at once  
     oppress'd,

The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her  
     breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again :

A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.

Break his bands of sleep asunder,

And rouse him, like a rattling peal of  
     thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound

Has raised up his head!

As awaked from the dead,

And amazed, he stares around.

Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries,

See the Furies arise;

See the snakes that they rear,

How they hiss in their hair,

And the sparkles that flash from their  
     eyes!

Behold a ghastly band,

Each a torch in his hand!

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle  
     were slain,

And unburied remain

Inglorious on the plain :

Give the vengeance due

To the valiant crew!

Behold how they toss their torches on  
     high,

How they point to the Persian abodes,  
 And glittering temples of their hostile  
     gods!

The princes applaud with a furious joy;  
 And the king seized a flambeau with  
     zeal to destroy;

Thais led the way,

To light him to his prey,

And, like another Helen, fired another  
     Troy.

Thus, long ago,

Er: heaving bellows learn'd to blow,

While organs yet were mute;  
 Timotheus to his breathing flute  
 And sounding lyre,  
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle  
 soft desire.

At last divine Cecilia came,  
 Inventress of the vocal frame;  
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred  
 store,

Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
 And added length to solemn sounds,  
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts un-  
 known before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
 Or both divide the crown;  
 He raised a mortal to the skies,  
 She drew an angel down.

#### MANKIND.

[From *All for Love*, Act IV.]

MEN are but children of a larger growth;  
 Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,  
 And full as craving too, and full as vain;  
 And yet the soul shut up in her dark  
 room,

Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees  
 nothing;

But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,  
 Works all her folly up, and casts it out-  
 ward

To the world's open view.

#### HUMAN LIFE.

[From *Aureng-Zebe*, Act IV.]

WHEN I consider life, 'tis all a cheat;  
 Yet, fool'd with hope, men favor the  
 deceit;

Trust on, and think to-morrow will re-  
 pay:

To-morrow's falser than the former day;  
 Lies worse; and while it says we shall  
 be blest

With some new joys, cuts off what we  
 possessed.

Strange cozenage! None would live  
 past years again;

Yet all hope pleasure in what yet re-  
 main;

And from the dregs of life think to re-  
 ceive

What the first sprightly running could  
 not give.

#### VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.<sup>1</sup>

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid  
 The world's foundations first were laid,  
 Come, visit every pious mind;  
 Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;  
 From sin and sorrow set us free,  
 And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

O source of uncreated light,  
 The Father's promised Paraclete!  
 Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,  
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;  
 Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,  
 To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,  
 Rich in Thy sevenfold energy!  
 Thou strength of His Almighty hand,  
 Whose power does heaven and earth  
 command;

Proceeding Spirit, our defence,  
 Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,  
 And crown'st Thy gifts with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts:  
 But oh, inflame and fire our hearts!  
 Our frailties help, our vice control,  
 Submit the senses to the soul;  
 And when rebellious they are grown,  
 Then lay Thine hand, and hold them  
 down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe,  
 And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;  
 And, lest our feet should step astray,  
 Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,  
 And practise all that we believe:  
 Give us Thyself, that we may see  
 The Father, and the Son, by Thee.

<sup>1</sup> This paraphrase of the Latin hymn, popularly attributed to Charlemagne, was first printed in Tonson's folio edition of Dryden's *Poems*, 1701.

Immortal honor, endless fame,  
 Attend the Almighty Father's name !  
 The Saviour Son be glorified,  
 Who for lost man's redemption died !  
 And equal adoration be,  
 Eternal Paraclete, to Thee !

---

*FREEDOM OF THE SAVAGE.*

[From *The Conquest of Granada*, Part I.]

No man has more contempt than I of  
 breath,  
 But whence hast thou the right to give  
 me death ?  
 I am as free as Nature first made man,  
 Ere the base laws of servitude began,  
 When wild in woods the noble savage  
 ran.

---

*UNDER MILTON'S PICTURE.*

THREE Poets, in three distant ages born,  
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.  
 The first, in loftiness of thought sur-  
 pass'd ;  
 The next, in majesty ; in both, the last.  
 The force of Nature could no further go ;  
 To make a third, she join'd the former  
 two.

---

*THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD  
 PARSON.*

A PARISH priest was of the pilgrim train ;  
 An awful, reverend, and religious man.  
 His eyes diffused a venerable grace,  
 And charity itself was in his face.  
 Rich was his soul, though his attire was  
 poor  
 (As God hath clothed his own ambas-  
 sador) ;  
 For such, on earth, his bless'd Redeemer  
 bore.  
 Of sixty years he seem'd ; and well might  
 last  
 To sixty more, but that he lived too fast ;  
 Refined himself to soul, to curb the  
 sense ;

And made almost a sin of abstinence.  
 Yet, had his aspect nothing of severe,  
 But such a face as promis'd him sincere,  
 Nothing reserved or sullen was to see :  
 But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity :  
 Mild was his accent, and his action free.  
 With eloquence innate his tongue was  
 arm'd ;  
 Though harsh the precept, yet the people  
 charm'd.  
 For, letting down the golden chain from  
 high,  
 He drew his audience upward to the  
 sky :  
 And oft with holy hymns he charm'd  
 their ears,  
 (A music more melodious than the  
 spheres :)  
 For David left him, when he went to rest,  
 His lyre ; and after him he sung the best.  
 He bore his great commission in his  
 look :  
 But sweetly tempered awe ; and soften'd  
 all he spoke.  
 He preach'd the joys of heaven, and  
 pains of hell,  
 And warn'd the sinner with becoming  
 zeal ;  
 But, on eternal mercy loved to dwell.  
 He taught the gospel rather than the  
 law ;  
 And forced himself to drive ; but loved  
 to draw.  
 For fear but freezes minds : but love,  
 like heat,  
 Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her  
 native seat.  
 To threats the stubborn sinner oft is  
 hard,  
 Wrapp'd in his crimes, against the storm  
 prepared ;  
 But, when the milder beams of mercy  
 play,  
 He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak  
 away.  
 Lightning and thunder (heaven's ar-  
 tillery)  
 As harbingers before th' Almighty fly :  
 Those but proclaim his style, and dis-  
 appear ;  
 The stiller sounds succeed, and God is  
 there.

## WILLIAM WALSH.

1663-1708.

[WILLIAM WALSH was born at Aberley in Worcestershire, in 1663. He died in 1708. His principal works are *A Defence of the Fair Sex*, 1680, and *Poems*, 1691.]

## RIVALRY IN LOVE.

OF all the torments, all the cares,  
With which our lives are curst;  
Of all the plagues a lover bears,  
Sure rivals are the worst!  
By partners of each other kind,  
Afflictions easier grow;  
In love alone we hate to find  
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see  
Are laboring in my breast;  
I beg not you would favor me,  
Would you but slight the rest.  
How great soe'er your rigors are,  
With them alone I'll cope:  
I can endure my own despair,  
But not another's hope.



## JOSEPH ADDISON.

1672-1719.

[JOSEPH ADDISON was born on the 1st of May, 1672. His first English poem was an address to Dryden on the publication of the latter's Translations of Ovid. This was written in his twenty-second year. In 1694 he published, in one of Dryden's Miscellanies, his *Account of the Principal English Poets*; in 1695 appeared his *Address to King William*. Having obtained a pension of £300 to enable him to travel, he visited the continent, and in 1701 wrote his *Letter from Italy* to Lord Halifax. When Godolphin in 1704 was in search of a poet to celebrate in an adequate manner the victory of Blenheim, Halifax directed him to Addison, who, in answer to the Treasurer's application, produced *The Campaign*, and obtained as a reward the post of Under-Secretary of State. His opera *Rosamond* was performed in 1706. In 1709 *The Tatler* began to appear, and *The Spectator* in 1711. Addison's tragedy of *Cato* was brought out in 1713. He also wrote Prologues and Epilogues to various plays; among others the Prologue to *The Tender Husband* and the Epilogue to Lord Lansdowne's *British Eunuchers*. He died on the 17th of June, 1719.]

## AN ODE.

THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great original proclaim.  
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display;  
And publishes, to every land,  
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;  
And nightly to the listening earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth;

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets, in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What, though in solemn silence, all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;  
What though nor real voice nor sound,  
Amid their radiant orbs be found?  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice;  
For ever singing, as they shine,  
The hand that made us is divine.

## HYMN.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!  
 How sure is their defence!  
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
 Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,  
 Supported by thy care,  
 Through burning climes I passed un-  
 hurt,  
 And breathed the tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetened every toil,  
 Made every region please;  
 The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,  
 And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,  
 How, with affrighted eyes,  
 Thou saw'st the wide extended deep  
 In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt in every face,  
 And fear in every heart;  
 When waves on waves, and gulfs on  
 gulfs,  
 O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,  
 Thy mercy set me free,  
 Whilst in the confidence of prayer,  
 My faith took hold on thee.

For, though in dreadful whirls we hung,  
 High on the broken wave,  
 I knew thou wert not slow to hear,  
 Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired  
 Obedient to thy will;  
 The sea, that roared at thy command,  
 At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,  
 Thy goodness I'll adore,  
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,  
 And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,  
 Thy sacrifice shall be;  
 And death, if death must be my doom,  
 Shall join my soul to thee.

## PARAPHRASE OF PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
 His presence shall my wants supply,  
 And guard me with a watchful eye:  
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
 And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant;  
 To fertile vales and dewy meads  
 My weary wandering steps he leads:  
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,  
 With gloomy horrors overspread,  
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
 And guide me through the dreadful  
 shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,  
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
 Thy bounty shall my wants beguile,  
 The barren wilderness shall smile,  
 With sudden greens and herbage  
 crown'd,  
 And streams shall murmur all around.

## ITALY.

FOR whereso'er I turn my ravished  
 eyes,  
 Gay, gilded scenes in shining prospect  
 rise;  
 Poetic fields encompass me around,  
 And still I seem to tread on classic  
 ground;  
 For here the muse so oft her harp has  
 strung,  
 That not a mountain rears its head un-  
 sung;  
 Renown'd in verse each shady thicket  
 grows,  
 And every stream in heavenly numbers  
 flows.

## CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

It must be so — Plato, thou reason'st well —  
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
 This longing after immortality?  
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror  
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the Soul  
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
 'Tis the Divinity, that stirs within us;  
 'Tis Heav'n itself, that points out a hereafter,  
 And intimates eternity to man.  
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!  
 Through what variety of untried being,  
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!  
 The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;  
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.  
 Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,  
 (And that there is, all Nature cries aloud  
 Through all her works,) he must delight in virtue;  
 And that which he delights in must be happy.  
 But when or where? — This world was made for Cæsar.  
 I'm weary of conjectures — this must end 'em.  
 Thus am I doubly arm'd. My death and life,  
 My bane and antidote are both before me.  
 This in a moment brings me to an end;  
 But this informs me I shall never die.  
 The Soul, secured in her existence, smiles  
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point:  
 The stars shall fade away, the Sun himself  
 Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;  
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,

Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
 The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.

## ROSAMOND'S SONG.

FROM walk to walk, from shade to shade,  
 From stream to purling stream convey'd,  
 Through all the mazes of the grove,  
 Through all the mingling tracts I rove,  
 Turning,  
 Burning,  
 Changing,  
 Ranging,  
 Full of grief and full of love,  
 Impatient for my Lord's return  
 I sigh, I pine, I rave, I mourn,  
 Was ever passion cross'd like mine?  
 To rend my breast,  
 And break my rest,  
 A thousand thousand ills combine.  
 Absence wounds me,  
 Fear surrounds me,  
 Guilt confounds me,  
 Was ever passion cross'd like mine?  
 How does my constant grief deface  
 The pleasures of this happy place!  
 In vain the spring my senses greets,  
 In all her colors, all her sweets;  
 To me the rose  
 No longer glows,  
 Every plant  
 Has lost his scent;  
 The vernal blooms of various hue,  
 The blossoms fresh with morning dew,  
 The breeze that sweeps these fragrant bowers,  
 Fill'd with the breath of op'ning flow'rs,  
 Purple scenes,  
 Winding greens,  
 Glooms inviting,  
 Birds delighting,  
 (Nature's softest, sweetest store)  
 Charm my tortur'd soul no more.  
 Ye powers, I rave, I faint, I die:  
 Why so slow! great Henry, why?  
 From death and alarms  
 Fly, fly to my arms,  
 Fly to my arms, my monarch, fly.

## THOMAS PARNELL.

1679-1718.

[THOMAS PARNELL was born in Dublin in 1679, and was buried at Chester on the 18th of October, 1718. His *Poems* were first collected after his death, by Pope.]

## FROM "A HYMN TO CONTENTMENT."

THE silent heart, which grief assails,  
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,  
Sees daisies open, rivers run,  
And seeks, as I have vainly done,  
Amusing thought; but learns to know  
That solitude's the nurse of woe.  
No real happiness is found  
In trailing purple o'er the ground;  
Or in a soul exalted high,  
To range the circuit of the sky,  
Converse with stars above, and know  
All nature in its forms below;  
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,  
And doubts at last, for knowledge, rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear!  
This world itself, if thou art here,  
Is once again with Eden blest,  
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,  
I sung my wishes to the wood,  
And lost in thought, no more perceiv'd  
The branches whisper as they wav'd:  
It seem'd, as all the quiet place  
Confess'd the presence of the Grace.  
When thus she spoke—"Go rule thy  
will,

Bid thy wild passions all be still,  
Know God—and bring thy heart to  
know

The joys which from religion flow:  
Then every Grace shall prove its guest,  
And I'll be there to crown the rest."

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,  
In my hours of sweet retreat,  
Might I thus my soul employ,  
With sense of gratitude and joy!  
Rais'd as ancient prophets were,  
In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer;  
Pleasing all men, hurting none,

Pleas'd and bless'd with God alone:  
Then while the gardens take my sight,  
With all the colors of delight;  
While silver waters glide along,  
To please my ear, and court my song;  
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,  
And thee, great source of nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,  
To light the world, and give the day;  
The moon that shines with borrow'd  
light;

The stars that gild the gloomy night;  
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves;  
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;  
The field whose ears conceal the grain,  
The yellow treasure of the plain;  
All of these, and all I see,  
Should be sung, and sung by me:  
They speak their maker as they can,  
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,  
Your busy or your vain extremes;  
And find a life of equal bliss,  
Or own the next begun in this.

## THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,  
From youth to age a reverend hermit  
grew;

The moss his bed, the cave his humble  
cell,

His food the fruits, his drink the crystal  
well:

Remote from man, with God he pass'd  
the days,

Prayer all his business, all his pleasure  
praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,  
Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion  
rose:



That vice should triumph, virtue vice  
obey,  
This sprung some doubt of Providence's  
sway :  
His hopes no more a certain prospect  
boast,  
And all the tenor of his soul is lost :  
So when a smooth expanse receives im-  
prest  
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,  
Down bend the banks, the trees depend-  
ing grow,  
And skies beneath with answering colors  
glow ;  
But if a stone the gentle scene divide,  
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,  
And glimmering fragments of a broken  
sun,  
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder  
run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world  
by sight,  
To find if books, or swains, report it  
right ;  
For yet by swains alone the world he  
knew,  
Whose feet came wandering o'er the  
nightly dew,)  
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he  
bore,  
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;  
Then with the sun a rising journey went,  
Sedate to think, and watching each  
event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless  
grass,  
And long and lonesome was the wild to  
pass ;  
But when the southern sun had warm'd  
the day,  
A youth came posting o'er a crossing  
way ;  
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,  
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his  
hair.  
Then near approaching, " Father, hail ! "  
he cried,  
" And hail, my son," the reverend sire  
replied ;  
Words follow'd words, from question  
answer flow'd

And talk of various kind deceived the  
road ;  
Till each with other pleased, and loth to  
part,  
While in their age they differ, join in  
heart :  
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,  
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of  
day  
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober  
gray ;  
Nature in silence bade the world repose :  
When near the road a stately palace  
rose :  
There by the moon through ranks of  
trees they pass,  
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping  
sides of grass.

It chanced the noble master of the dome,  
Still made his house the wandering  
stranger's home :  
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of  
praise,  
Proved the vain flourish of expensive  
ease.

The pair arrive: the liveried servants  
wait ;  
Their lord receives them at the pom-  
pous gate.  
The table groans with costly piles of  
food,  
And all is more than hospitably good.  
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they  
drown,  
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps  
of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of  
day,  
Along the wide canals the zephyrs  
play ;  
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes  
creep,  
And shake the neighboring wood to  
banish sleep.  
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call,  
An early banquet deck'd the splendid  
hall ;  
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet  
graced,

Which the kind master forced the guests  
to taste.

Then, pleased and thankful, from the  
porch they go,

And, but the landlord, none had cause  
of woe;

His cup was vanish'd; for in secret  
guise

The younger guest purloin'd the glitter-  
ing prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,  
Glistening and basking in the summer  
ray,

Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,  
Then walks with faintness on, and looks  
with fear :

So seem'd the sire; when far upon the  
road,

The shining spoil, his wily partner  
show'd.

He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with  
trembling heart,

And much he wish'd, but durst not ask  
to part :

Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks  
it hard,

That generous actions meet a base re-  
ward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory  
shrouds,

The changing skies hang out their  
sable clouds;

A sound in air presaged approaching  
rain,

And beasts to covert scud across the  
plain.

Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair  
retreat,

To seek for shelter at a neighboring  
seat.

'Twas built with turrets, on a rising  
ground,

And strong, and large, and unimproved  
around;

Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,  
Unkind and griping, caused a desert  
there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they  
drew,

Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury  
blew;

The nimble lightning mix'd with showers  
began,

And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder  
ran.

Here long they knock, but knock or  
call in vain,

Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the  
rain.

At length some pity warm'd the master's  
breast,

('Twas then his threshold first received  
a guest,)

Slow creaking turns the door with jeal-  
ous care,

And half he welcomes in the shivering  
pair;

One frugal fagot lights the naked walls.  
And nature's fervor through their limbs  
recalls :

Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager  
wine,

(Each hardly granted,) served them  
both to dine,

And when the tempest first appear'd to  
cease,

A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering hermit  
view'd

In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;  
And why should such (within himself  
he cried)

Lock the lost wealth a thousand want  
beside?

But what new marks of wonder soon  
took place

In every settling feature of his face !

When from his vest the young com-  
panion bore

That cup, the generous landlord own'd  
before,

And paid profusely with the precious  
bowl

The stinted kindness of his churlish soul !

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,  
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;  
A fresher green the smelling leaves dis-  
play,

And, glittering as they tremble, cheer  
the day :

The weather courts them from the poor  
retreat,

And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought

With all the travel of uncertain thought;  
His partner's acts without their cause appear,

'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:

Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,  
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;

Again the wanderers want a place to lie,  
Again they search, and find a lodging night.

The soil improved around, the mansion neat,

And neither poorly low, nor idly great:  
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,

Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,  
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:

Their greeting fair bestow'd, with modest guise,

The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,

To Him who gives us all, I yield a part;  
From Him you come, for Him accept it here,

A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."

He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,

Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,  
When the grave household round his hall repair,

Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world renew'd by calm repose

Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose:

Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept

Near the closed cradle where an infant slept,

And writhed his neck: the landlord's little pride,

O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and died.

Horror of horrors! what! his only son!  
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done?

Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,

And breathe the blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,

He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.

His steps the youth pursues; the country lay

Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way;

A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er  
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;

Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,

And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.

The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,

Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;

Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,  
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the fathers eyes,

He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,

"Detested wretch!" — but scarce his speech began,

When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:

His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;

His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;

Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;  
 Celestial odors breathe through purpled air;  
 And wings, whose colors glitter'd on the day,  
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.  
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,  
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,  
 Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do;  
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,  
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.  
 But silence here the beauteous angel broke,  
 (The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke).

"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,  
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne;  
 These charms, success in our bright region find,  
 And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;  
 For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky,  
 Nay, cease to kneel — thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the truth of government divine,  
 And let these scruples be no longer thine.

"The Maker justly claims that world He made,  
 In this the right of Providence is laid;  
 Its sacred majesty through all depends  
 On using second means to work His ends:  
 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,  
 The power exerts his attributes on high,  
 Your actions uses, nor controls your will,  
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

"What strange events can strike with more surprise

Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?  
 Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,  
 And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

"The great, vain man, who fared on costly food,  
 Whose life was too luxurious to be good;  
 Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,  
 And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine,  
 Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,  
 And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

"The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door  
 Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering poor;  
 With him I left the cup, to teach his mind  
 That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.  
 Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,  
 And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.  
 Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,  
 With heaping coals of fire upon its head;  
 In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,  
 And loose from dross, the silver runs below.

"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,  
 But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;  
 (Child of his age,) for him he lived in pain,  
 And measured back his steps to earth again.  
 To what excesses had this dotage run?  
 But God, to save the father, took the son.  
 To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,  
 (And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow).

The poor fond parent, humbled in the  
dust,  
Now owns in tears the punishment was  
just.

"But how had all his fortune felt a  
wrack,  
Had that false servant sped in safety  
back!  
This night his treasured heaps he meant  
to steal,  
And what a fund of charity would  
fail!

"Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this  
trial o'er,  
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no  
more."

On sounding pinions here the youth  
withdrew,  
The sage stood wondering as the seraph  
flew.

Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on  
high,  
His master took the chariot of the sky;  
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;  
The prophet gazed, and wish'd to fol-  
low too.

The bending hermit here / a prayer be-  
gun,  
"Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will  
be done!"  
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient  
place,  
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.



## EDWARD YOUNG.

1684-1765.

[THE author of the *Night Thoughts* was born at Upham, in Hampshire, in 1684, and died on the 12th of April, 1765. *The Last Day* was published in 1713, and was soon followed by *The Force of Religion*. Young's unlucky tendency to flattery and toadyism early showed itself in many small pieces to persons of rank which cannot be said to have been regularly published until long afterwards. In 1719 *Busiris*, his first tragedy, was performed; and in the same year the *Letter to Tickell on the Death of Addison* and the *Paraphrase of the Book of Job* appeared. *The Revenge* followed in 1721. The satires composing *The Universal Passion* made their appearance during the course of 1725 and the following three years. In 1728 they were collectively published. Meanwhile the accession of George II. had been hailed with the so-called *Odes to George, &c.* *The Brothers*, a tragedy, coincided pretty nearly with this. In 1730 appeared the *Imperium Pelagi* and two *Epistles to Pope*. Some more Pindarics followed. The first *Night Thought* was published in 1742, the last in 1744. Of Young's remaining works, *Resignation*, which appeared three years before his death, need alone be mentioned.]

## ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

RETIRE; — The world shut out; — thy  
thoughts call home: —  
Imagination's airy wing repress: —  
Lock up thy senses; — let no passions  
stir; —  
Wake all to Reason — let her reign  
alone;  
Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the  
depth  
Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus in-  
quire:

What am I? and from whence? I  
nothing know  
But that I am; and, since I am, con-  
clude  
Something eternal: had there e'er been  
nought,  
Nought still had been: Eternal there  
must be —  
But what eternal? Why not human race,  
And Adam's ancestors without an  
end? —  
That's hard to be conceived; since ev'ry  
link

Of that long chain'd succession is so frail:  
 Can every part depend, and not the whole?  
 Yet grant it true; new difficulties rise;  
 I'm still quite out at sea; nor see the shore.  
 Whence earth, and these bright orbs? —  
 Eternal too?  
 Grant matter was eternal: still these orbs  
 Would want some other Father — much design  
 Is seen in all their motions, all their makes.  
 Design implies intelligence and art,  
 That can't be from themselves — or man; that art  
 Man scarce can comprehend could man bestow?  
 And nothing greater yet allow'd than man. —  
 Who motion, foreign to the smallest grain,  
 Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?  
 Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume  
 Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?  
 Has matter innate motion? Then each atom,  
 Asserting its indisputable right  
 To dance, would form a universe of dust.  
 Has matter none? Then whence these glorious forms  
 And boundless flights, from shapeless and reposed?  
 Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,  
 Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd  
 In mathematics? Has it framed such laws,  
 Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal? —  
 If art to form, and counsel to conduct,  
 And that with greater far than human skill,  
 Reside not in each block; — a GOD-  
 HEAD reigns: —

And, if a GOD there is, that God how great!

### SLEEP.

[From *Night Thoughts*, Night I.]

TIREB Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!  
 He, like the world, his ready visit pays  
 Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes,  
 Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,  
 And lights on lids unsullied by a tear!

### PROCRASTINATION.

[From *Night Thoughts*, Night I.]

BE wise to-day: 'tis madness to defer;  
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead;  
 Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.  
 Procrastination is the thief of time;  
 Year after year it steals till all are fled,  
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves  
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.  
 If not so frequent, would not this be strange?  
 That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still  
 Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears  
 The palm, "That all men are about to live," —  
 For ever on the brink of being born.  
 All pay themselves the compliment to think  
 They one day shall not drivel: and their pride  
 On this reversion takes up ready praise,  
 At least, their own; their future selves applaud.  
 How excellent that life — they ne'er will lead!  
 Time lodged in their own hands in folly's vails,  
 That lodged in fate's, to wisdom they consign;  
 The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.

'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool;  
And scarce in human wisdom, to do  
more.

All promise is poor dilatory man,  
And that through every stage: when  
young, indeed,

In full content we, sometimes, nobly  
rest,

Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,  
As duteous sons, our fathers were more  
wise.

At thirty man suspects himself a fool;  
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;  
At fifty chides his infamous delay,  
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;  
In all the magnanimity of thought  
Resolves; and re-resolves; then, dies  
the same.

And why? Because he thinks him-  
self immortal.

All men think all men mortal, but them-  
selves;

Themselves, when some alarming shock  
of fate

Strikes through their wounded hearts  
the sudden dread.

But their hearts wounded, like the  
wounded air,

Soon close, where, past the shaft, no  
trace is found.

As from the wing, no scar the sky re-  
tains;

The parted wave no furrow from the  
keel;—

So dies in human hearts the thought of  
death,

E'en with the tender tear which Nature  
sheds

O'er those we love,—we drop it in their  
grave.



## ALLAN RAMSAY.

1686–1758.

[ALLAN RAMSAY was born in 1686, in Lanarkshire. His father was the manager of Lord Hyndoun's lead mines, but his great-grandfather was younger son of a "laird of Cockpen," and nephew of Ramsay of Dalhousie, and he took pride in his descent from this ancient stock. He was apprenticed as a boy to a wig-maker, but passed from writing poetry and editing poetical collections into being a bookseller. His earliest efforts were circulated among his "cronies" in MS., and sold by himself to the public in penny broad sheets. In 1716 he published an edition of *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, with a second canto of his own composition, and soon after, another edition with a third new canto. In 1719 he published a collection of *Scots Songs*; in 1721 a collection of his own poems in quarto; in 1722 his *Fables and Tales* and his *Tale of Three Bonnets*; in 1723 his *Fair Assembly*; in 1724 a poem on *Health*; in the same year miscellaneous collections entitled *The Tea-Table Miscellany*, and *The Evergreen*; and in 1725 the work with which chiefly his fame is associated, *The Gentle Shepherd*. He died in 1758.]

### JENNY AND PEGGY.

[From *The Gentle Shepherd*.]

JENNY.

BUT, poortith, Peggy is the warst of a',  
if o'er your heads ill chance should  
beggary draw;  
There little love or canty<sup>1</sup> cheer can  
come  
frae duddy<sup>2</sup> doublets and a pantry  
toom.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> cheerful. <sup>2</sup> ragged. <sup>3</sup> empty.

Your nowt<sup>4</sup> may die; the spate may  
bear away

Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks  
of hay;

The thick-blawn wreaths of snaw, or  
blashy thows,<sup>5</sup>

May smoor your wethers and may rot  
your ewes;

A dyvour<sup>6</sup> buys your butter, woo, and  
cheese,

But or the day of payment breaks and  
flees.

<sup>4</sup> cattle. <sup>5</sup> thaws. <sup>6</sup> bankrupt.

With glooman brow the laird seeks in  
his rent, —  
'Tis no to gie: your merchant's to the  
bent:  
His honor maunna want, he poinds your  
gear;  
Syne driven frae house and hold, where  
will ye steer?  
Dear Meg, be wise, and lead a single  
life;  
Troth, it's nae mows to be a married  
wife.

PEGGY.

May sic ill luck befa' that silly she  
Wha has sic fears, for that was never  
me.  
Let fowk bode weel, and strive to do  
their best;  
Nae mair's requir'd — let heaven make  
out the rest.  
I've heard my honest uncle often say  
That lads should a' for wives that's vir-  
tuous pray;  
For the maist thrifty man could never  
get  
A well-stor'd room unless his wife wad  
let.  
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on  
my part  
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's  
heart.  
Whate'er he wins I'll guide my canny  
care,  
And win the vogue at market, tron, or  
fair,  
For halesome, clean, cheap and suffi-  
cient ware.  
A flock of lambs, cheese, butter and  
some woo,  
Shall first be sold to pay the laird his  
due;  
Syne a' behind's our ain. Thus without  
fear,  
With love and rowth<sup>1</sup> we thro' the  
world will steer;  
And when my Pate in bairns and gear  
grow rife,  
He'll bless the day he gat me for his  
wife.

<sup>1</sup> plenty.

JENNY.

But what if some young giglit on the  
green  
With dimpled cheek and twa bewitch-  
ing een,  
Should gar your Patie think his half-  
worn Meg  
And her ken'd kisses, hardly worth a  
feg?

PEGGY.

Nae mair of that. Dear Jenny, to be  
free,  
There's some men constanter in love  
than we.  
Nor is the ferly<sup>2</sup> great, when nature  
kind  
Has blest them with solidity of mind;  
They'll reason calmly and with kindness  
smile,  
When our short passions wad our peace  
beguile.  
Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks<sup>3</sup>  
at hame,  
'Tis ten to ane their wives are maist to  
blame.  
Then I'll employ with pleasure a' my  
art  
To keep him cheerfu', and secure his  
heart.  
At e'en, when he comes weary frae the  
hill,  
I'll have a' things made ready to his will;  
In winter, when he toils thro' wind and  
rain,  
A bleezing-ingle and a clean hearth-  
stane;  
And soon as he flings by his plaid and  
and staff,  
The seething pots be ready to take aff;  
Clean hagabag I'll spread upon his  
board,  
And serve him with the best we can  
afford;  
Good-humor and white bigonets<sup>4</sup> shall  
be  
Guards to my face, to keep his love for  
me.

JENNY.

A dish of married love right soon grows  
cauld,

<sup>2</sup> wonder.

<sup>3</sup> mates.

<sup>4</sup> linen caps.



And dosens<sup>1</sup> down to nane, as fowk  
grow auld.

PEGGY.

But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er  
find

The loss of youth, where love grows on  
the mind.

Bairns and their bairns make sure a  
firmer tie

Than aught in love the like of us can  
spy.

See yon twa elms that grow up side by  
side,

Suppose them some years syne bride-  
groom and bride;

Nearer and nearer ilka year they've  
prest,

Till wide their spreading branches are  
increas'd,

And in their mixture now are fully blest:  
This shields the other frae the eastlin  
blast,

That in return defends it frae the wast.  
Sic as stand single (a state sae liked by  
you),

Beneath ilk storm frae every airt<sup>2</sup> maun  
bow.

JENNY.

I've done. I yield dear lassie, I maun  
yield;

Your better sense has fairly won the field,  
With the assistance of a little fae

Lies dern'd<sup>3</sup> within my breast this mony  
a day.

### PATIE AND PEGGY.

PATIE.

Of the delicious warmth of thy mouth  
and rowing<sup>4</sup> eye, which smiling tells  
the truth,

I guess, my lassie, that, as well as I,  
we're made for love, and why should  
ye deny?

PEGGY.

I ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er  
soon,

I think us cheap, and syne the woo-  
ing's done:

<sup>1</sup> dwindles. <sup>2</sup> quarter. <sup>3</sup> hidden. <sup>4</sup> rolling.

The maiden that o'er quickly tines her  
power,  
Like unripe fruit will taste but hard and  
sour.

PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the  
tree,

Their sweetness they may tine, and sae  
may ye;

Red-cheeked you completely ripe ap-  
pear,

And I have tholed<sup>5</sup> and wooed a lang  
half-year.

PEGGY.

Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'  
Into my Patie's arms for good and a'.

But stint your wishes to this kind em-  
brace,

And mint<sup>6</sup> nae farther till we've got the  
grace.

PATIE.

O charming armfu'! Hence, ye cares  
away.

I'll kiss my treasure a' the livelang day:  
A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,  
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my  
ain.

CHORUS.

Sun, gallop down the westling skies,  
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise;  
O lash your steeds, post time away,  
And haste about our bridal day;  
And if ye're wearied, honest light,  
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

### THROUGH THE WOOD, LADDIE.

[From *The Tea-Table Miscellany*.]

O SANDY, why leaves thou thy Nelly to  
mourn?

Thy presence would ease me

When naething could please me,

Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the  
burn,

Ere through the wood, laddie, until  
thou return.

<sup>5</sup> suffered. <sup>6</sup> aim.

Though woods now are bonny, and  
 mornings are clear,  
 While lavrocks are singing  
 And primroses springing,  
 Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my  
 ear,  
 When through the wood, laddie, ye din-  
 na appear.

That I am forsaken some spare no to  
 tell;

I'm fashed wi' their scorning  
 Baith evening and morning;

Their jeering aft gaes to my heart wi' a  
 knell,  
 When through the wood, laddie, I wan-  
 der mysel'.

Then stay, my dear Sandie, nae langer  
 away,

But quick as an arrow,  
 Haste here to thy marrow,  
 Wha's living in languor till that happy  
 day,

When through the wood, laddie, we'll  
 dance, sing, and play.

## JOHN GAY.

1688-1732.

[JOHN GAY was born near Barnstaple in 1688. Fairly educated, he began life in London as a silk-mercier; but soon relinquished that occupation for literature. His first poem was *Rural Sports*, a Georgic "inscribed to Mr. Pope," 1713. In the following year he produced *The Shepherd's Week*, a set of six pastorals. His principal remaining works are the farce of *The What-d'ye Call-it*, 1715; the mock-heroic poem of *Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London*, 1716; *Fables*, 1726-38; and the famous *Beggar's Opera*, 1728. His *Poems on Several Occasions*, including the pastoral tragedy of *Dione*, were published in 1720. He was also concerned in, and bore the blame of, the unlucky comedy of *Three Hours after Marriage*, to which Pope and Arbuthnot had largely contributed. He died in London in December, 1732.]

### THE PERSIAN, THE SUN, AND THE CLOUD.

Is there a bard whom genius fires,  
 Whose every thought the god inspires?  
 When Envy reads the nervous lines,  
 She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines;  
 Her hissing snakes with venom swell,  
 She calls her venal train from hell;  
 The servile fiends her nod obey,  
 And all Curll's authors are in pay.  
 Fame calls up Calumny and Spite;  
 Thus Shadow owes its birth to Light.

As prostrate to the god of day  
 With heart devout a Persian lay,  
 His invocation thus begun:  
 "Parent of light, all-seeing sun,  
 Prolific beam, whose rays dispense  
 The various gifts of Providence,  
 Accept our praise, our daily prayer,  
 Smile on our fields, and bless the year."

A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful  
 tongue,

The day with sudden darkness hung;  
 With pride and envy swell'd, aloud  
 A voice thus thunder'd from the cloud:  
 "Weak is this gaudy god of thine,  
 Whom I at will forbid to shine.  
 Shall I nor vows nor incense know?  
 Where praise is due, the praise be-  
 stow."

With fervent zeal the Persian moved,  
 Thus the proud calumny reproved:

"It was that God who claims my  
 prayer,  
 Who gave thee birth, and raised thee  
 there;

When o'er His beams the veil is thrown,  
 Thy substance is but plainer shown:  
 A passing gale, a puff of wind,  
 Disperses thy thickest troops combined."

The gale arose; the vapor tossed,  
 The sport of winds, in air was lost;  
 The glorious orb the day refines;  
 Thus envy breaks, thus merit shines.

## BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,  
The streamers waving in the wind,  
When black-eyed Susan came on board,  
"Oh, where shall I my true-love find?  
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,  
Does my sweet William sail among your  
crew?"

William, who high upon the yard  
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,  
Soon as the well-known voice he heard,  
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below;  
The cord flies swiftly through his glow-  
ing hands,  
And quick as lightning on the deck he  
stands.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,  
My vows shall always true remain,  
Let me kiss off that falling tear, —  
We only part to meet again;

Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart  
shall be  
The faithful compass that still points to  
thee.

"Believe not what the landmen say,  
Who tempt with doubts thy constant  
mind;  
They tell thee sailors, when away,  
In every port a mistress find;  
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell  
you so,  
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
The sails their swelling bosoms spread;  
No longer she must stay on board, —  
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his  
head:  
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to  
land,  
"Adieu!" she cried, and wav'd her lily  
hand.

## ALEXANDER POPE.

1688-1744.

[ALEXANDER POPE was born in Lombard Street, in the city of London, 1688. His father was a wholesale linen-draper, who, having realized a modest competence, retired to the country to live upon it. Pope's youth was spent at Binfield in the skirts of Windsor Forest. Pope was brought up a Catholic, his father, though the son of a beneficed clergyman of the Established Church, having become a convert to Catholicism during a residence on the continent. On the death of his father, Pope, who had largely increased his inheritance by the profits of his translation of Homer, established himself at Twickenham. Here he resided till his death, in 1744, employing himself in writing, in embellishing his grounds, of five acres, and in intercourse with most of the wits, and other famous men and women of his time, among whom Gay, Swift, Arbuthnot, and Lord Bolingbroke were his especial intimates. Pope was deformed, and sickly from childhood, and his constant weakness made his temper fretful, waspish, and irritable. Notwithstanding these defects of character he secured the warm attachment of his friends. Bolingbroke said of him that he never knew a man who had so tender a heart for his particular friends. Warburton, after spending a fortnight at Twickenham, said of him, "He is as good a companion as a poet, and, what is more, appears to be as good a man." Pope's principal works are: *Pastorals*, published in 1709; *Essay on Criticism*, 1711; *Pollio*, 1712; *Rape of the Lock*, 1714; *Translation of Homer's Iliad*, 1725-28; *Edition of Shakespeare*, 1725; *Translation of Homer's Odyssey*, 1726; *Dunciad*, 1728-30; *Epistle to the Earl of Burlington*, 1731; *On the Use of Riches*, 1732; *Essay on Man*, Part 1, 1732; *Horace, Sat. 2. 1. imitated*, 1733; *Epistle to Lord Cobham*, 1733; *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, 1735; *Horace, Epistle 1. 1. imitated*, 1737; *Dunciad*, altered and enlarged, 1742. His works were collected by his literary executor, Bishop Warburton, and published in nine volumes in 1751.]

FROM THE "ESSAY ON CRITICISM."

SOME to Conceit alone their taste confine,

And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at  
ev'ry line;  
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's  
just or fit;

One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.

Poets, like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace

The naked nature and the living grace,  
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,  
And hide with ornaments their want of art.

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd;  
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;

Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,

That gives us back the image of our mind.

As shades more sweetly recommend the light,

So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.

For works may have more wit than does 'em good,

As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for Language all their care express,

And value books, as women men, for dress:

Their praise is still,—the style is excellent;

The sense, they humbly take upon content.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,

Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found:

False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,  
Its gaudy colors spreads on ev'ry place;

The face of nature we no more survey,  
All glares alike, without distinction gay:

But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,

Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;

It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

Expression is the dress of thought, and still

Appears more decent, as more suitable;  
A vile conceit in pompous words expressed

Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:  
For different styles with different subjects sort,

As sev'ral garbs with country, town, and court.

Some by old words to fame have made pretence,

Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;

Such labor'd nothings, in so strange a style,

Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learn'd smile,

Unlucky, as Fungoso in the play,  
These sparks with awkward vanity display

What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;

And but so mimic ancient wits at best,  
As apes our grandsires, in their doublets drest.

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;

Alike fantastic, if too new or old:  
Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,

Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song,

And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:

In the bright muse, tho' thousand charms conspire,

Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;

Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,

Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,

Not for the doctrine, but the music there.

These equal syllables alone require,  
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;

While expletives their feeble aid do join;

And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:

While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,

With sure returns of still expected rhymes;

Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"

In the next line, it "whispers through the trees";

If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"  
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep":  
 Then, at the last and only couplet fraught  
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,  
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,  
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.  
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know  
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;  
 And praise the easy vigor of a line,  
 Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.  
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,  
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.  
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,  
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense:  
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,  
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;  
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar:  
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,  
 The line too labors, and the words move slow:  
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,  
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.  
 Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,  
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise!  
 While at each change, the son of Libyan Jove  
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;  
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,

Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:  
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,  
 And the world's victor stood subdu'd by sound!  
 The power of music all our hearts allow,  
 And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.  
 Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such,  
 Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.  
 At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,  
 That always shows great pride, or little sense:  
 Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,  
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.  
 Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;  
 For fools admire, but men of sense approve:  
 As things seem large which we through mists descry,  
 Dulness is ever apt to magnify.  
 Some foreign writers, some our own despise;  
 The ancients only, or the moderns prize.  
 Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd  
 To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.  
 Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,  
 And force that sun but on a part to shine,  
 Which not alone the southern wit sublimizes,  
 But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;  
 Which from the first has shone on ages past,  
 Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;  
 Tho' each may feel increases and decays,  
 And see now clearer and now darker days.  
 Regard not, then, if wit be old or new,  
 But blame the false, and value still the true.

## THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

## CANTO II.

NOT with more glories, in th' ethereal  
 plain,  
 The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,  
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his  
 beams  
 Launch'd on the bosom of the silver  
 Thames.  
 Fair nymphs, and well-drest youths  
 around her shone,  
 But every eye was fix'd on her alone.  
 On her white breast a sparkling cross  
 she wore,  
 Which Jews might kiss, and infidels  
 adore.  
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind dis-  
 close,  
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as  
 those:  
 Favors to none, to all she smiles ex-  
 tends;  
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.  
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers  
 strike,  
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.  
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of  
 pride,  
 Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults  
 to hide:  
 If to her share some female errors fall,  
 Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em  
 all.  
 This nymph, to the destruction of man-  
 kind,  
 Nourish'd two locks which graceful  
 hung behind  
 In equal curls, and well conspired to  
 deck  
 With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry  
 neck.  
 Love in these labyrinths his slave de-  
 tains,  
 And mighty hearts are held in slender  
 chains.  
 With hairy springs we the birds betray,  
 Slight lines of hair surprise the finny  
 prey,  
 Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,  
 And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright  
 locks admir'd:  
 He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize as-  
 pir'd.  
 Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,  
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray:  
 For when success a lover's toil attends,  
 Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his  
 ends.  
 For this, ere Phoebus rose, he had  
 implor'd  
 Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r  
 ador'd,  
 But chiefly Love—to Love an Altar  
 built,  
 Of twelve vast French romances, neatly  
 gilt.  
 There lay three garters, half a pair of  
 gloves,  
 And all the trophies of his former loves;  
 With tender billet-doux he lights the  
 pyre,  
 And breathes three amorous sighs to  
 raise the fire.  
 Then prostrate falls, and begs with ar-  
 dent eyes  
 Soon to obtain, and long possess the  
 prize:  
 The Powers gave ear, and granted half  
 his prayer,  
 The rest the winds dispers'd in empty  
 air.  
 But now secure the painted vessel  
 glides,  
 The sunbeams trembling on the float-  
 ing tides:  
 While melting music steals upon the  
 sky,  
 And soften'd sounds along the waters  
 die;  
 Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs  
 gently play,  
 Belinda smil'd, and all the world was  
 gay,  
 All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts  
 oppress'd,  
 Th' impending woe sat heavy on his  
 breast.  
 He summons straight his denizens of  
 air;  
 The lucid squadrons round the sails  
 repair:

Soft o'er the shrouds ærial whispers  
breathe,  
That seem'd but Zephyrs to the train  
beneath.

Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,

Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds  
of gold;

Transparent forms, too fine for mortal  
sight,

Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light,  
Loose to the wind their airy garments  
flew,

Thin glittering textures of the filmy  
dew,

Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,  
Where light disports in ever-mingling  
dyes;

While every beam new transient colors  
flings,

Colors that change whene'er they wave  
their wings.

Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,  
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;  
His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,  
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief  
give ear,  
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Demons,  
hear!

Ye know the spheres, and various tasks  
assign'd

By laws eternal to th' ærial kind.

Some in the fields of purest æther play,  
And bask and whiten in the blaze of  
day.

Some guide the course of wand'ring  
orbs on high,

Or roll the planets through the bound-  
less sky.

Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's  
pale light

Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the  
night,

Or suck the mists in grosser air below,  
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,

Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry  
main,

Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.  
Others on earth o'er human race pre-  
side,

Watch all their ways, and all their actions  
guide:

Of these the chief the care of nations  
own,

And guide with arms divine the British  
throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the  
fair,

Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious  
care;

To save the powder from too rude a  
gale,

Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;  
To draw fresh colors from the vernal  
flow'rs;

To steal from rainbows ere they drop  
in show'rs

A brighter wash; to curl their waving  
hairs,

Assist their blushes, and inspire their  
airs;

Nay oft, in dreams, invention we be-  
stow,

To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

This day, black omens threat the  
brightest Fair

That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's  
care;

Some dire disaster, or by force, or flight;  
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt  
in night.

Whether the nymph shall break Diana's  
law,

Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;  
Or stain her honor, or her new brocade;

Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquer-  
ade;

Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;  
Or whether heaven has doom'd that  
Shock must fall.

Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge  
repair:

The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;  
The drops to thee, Brillante, we con-  
sign;

And, Momentilla, let the watch be  
thine;

Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite  
lock;

Ariel himself shall be the guard of  
Shock.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,

We trust th' important charge, the petti-  
coat :

Oft have we known that seven-fold fence  
to fail,

Tho' stiff with hoops and arm'd with  
ribs of whale,

Form a strong line about the silver  
bound,

And guard the wide circumference  
around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,  
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at  
large,

Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake  
his sins,

Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with  
pins;

Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,  
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye :

Gums and pomatums shall his flight re-  
strain,

While clog'd he beats his silken wings  
in vain;

Or alum styptics with contracting power  
Shrink his thin essence like a rivet'd  
flower :

Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel  
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,

In fumes of burning chocolate shall  
glow,

And tremble at the sea that froths be-  
low !

He spoke; the spirits from the sails de-  
scend;

Some, orb in orb, around the nymph  
extend;

Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her  
hair;

Some hang upon the pendants of her  
ear;

With beating hearts the dire event they  
wait,

Anxious, and trembling for the birth of  
Fate.

### CANTO III.

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd  
with flowers,

Where Thames with pride surveys his  
rising towers,

There stands a structure of majestic  
frame,

Which from the neighboring Hampton  
takes its name.

Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall fore-  
doom

Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at  
home;

Here thou, great ANNA! whom three  
realms obey,

Dost sometimes counsel take — and  
sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs  
resort,

To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;  
In various talk th' instructive hours they  
past,

Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;  
One speaks the glory of the British  
Queen,

And one describes a charming Indian  
screen;

A third interprets motions, looks, and  
eyes;

At ev'ry word a reputation dies.  
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of  
chat,

With singing, laughing, ogling, and all  
that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon  
of day,

The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;  
The hungry judges soon the sentence  
sign,

And wretches hang that jury-men may  
dine;

The merchant from th' Exchange re-  
turns in peace,

And the long labors of the toilet cease.  
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame in-  
vites,

Burns to encounter two advent'rous  
knights,

At ombre singly to decide their doom;  
And swells her breast with conquests yet  
to come.

Straight the three bands prepare in arms  
to join,

Each band the number of the sacred  
nine.

Soon as she spreads her hand, th' ærial  
guard

Descend, and sit on each important card :  
First Ariel perch'd upon a matadore,



Then each, according to the rank they bore;

For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,

Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,  
With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;  
And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flower,

Th' expressive emblem of their softer power;

Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,

Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;

And particolor'd troops, a shining train,  
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care :

Lest Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her sable matadores,

In show like leaders of the swarthy moors.

Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!

Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.

As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,  
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.

Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard

Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.

With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,

The hoary majesty of Spades appears,  
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,

The rest, his many-color'd robe conceal'd.

The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,

Proves the just victim of his royal rage.

Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,

And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,

Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,

Falls undistinguish'd by the victor spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;

Now to the baron fate inclines the field.  
His warlike amazon her host invades,  
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.

The Club's black tyrant first her victim died,

Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride:

What boots the regal circle on his head,  
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;

That long behind he trails his pompous robe,

And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;

Th' embroider'd King who shows but half his face,

And his refulgent Queen, with powers combin'd

Of broken troops an easy conquest find.  
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,

With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.

Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,

Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,  
With like confusion different nations fly,

Of various habit, and of various dye,  
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,  
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,

And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.

At this the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,

A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;

She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,

Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.

And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)  
 On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate.  
 An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the King unseen  
 Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen:  
 He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,  
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.  
 The nymph 'exulting fills with shouts the sky;  
 The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.  
 Oh thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,  
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.  
 Sudden, these honors shall be snatch'd away,  
 And curs'd for ever this victorious day.  
 For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,  
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;  
 On shining altars of Japan they raise  
 The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:  
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,  
 While China's earth receives the smoking tide:  
 At once they gratify their scent and taste,  
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.  
 Straight hover round the fair her airy band;  
 Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,  
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,  
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.  
 Coffee, (which makes the politician wise,  
 And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)  
 Sent up in vapors to the Baron's brain  
 New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.  
 Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,

Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!  
 Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,  
 She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!  
 But when to mischief mortals bend their will,  
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill!  
 Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace  
 A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:  
 So ladies in romance assist their knight,  
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.  
 He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends  
 The little engine on his fingers' ends;  
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,  
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.  
 Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,  
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;  
 And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;  
 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.  
 Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought  
 The close recesses of the virgin's thought;  
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,  
 He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,  
 Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,  
 An earthly lover lurking at her heart.  
 Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,  
 Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.  
 The peer now spreads the glitt'ring forfex wide,  
 T' enclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.  
 Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,  
 A wretched sylph too fondly interpos'd;  
 Fate urg'd the shears, and cut the sylph in twain,

(But airy substance soon unites again)  
The meeting points the sacred hair dis-  
sever

From the fair head, for ever, and for  
ever!

Then flash'd the living lightning from  
her eyes,  
And screams of horror rend th' af-  
frighted skies.

Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven  
are cast,

When husbands, or when lapdogs,  
breathe their last;

Or when rich China vessels fall'n from  
high,

In glittering dust and painted fragments  
lie!

Let wreathes of triumph now my  
temples twine,

(The victor cried) the glorious prize is  
mine!

While fish in streams, or birds delight  
in air,

Or in a coach and six the British  
fair,

As long as Atalantis shall be read,  
Or the small pillow grace a lady's  
bed,

While visits shall be paid on solemn  
days,

When num'rous wax-lights in bright  
order blaze,

While nymphs take treats, or assigna-  
tions give,

So long my honor, name, and praise  
shall live!

What time would spare, from steel re-  
ceives its date,

And monuments, like men, submit to  
fate!

Steel could the labor of the gods de-  
stroy,

And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of  
Troy;

Steel could the works of mortal pride  
confound,

And hew triumphal arches to the  
ground.

What wonder then, fair nymph! thy  
hairs should feel,

The conqu'ring force of unresisted  
steel?

FROM THE ILIAD. BOOK  
VIII.

THE troops exulting sat in order  
round,

And beaming fires illumin'd all the  
ground.

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of  
night!

O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her  
sacred light,

When not a breath disturbs the deep  
serene,

And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn  
scene;

Around her throne the vivid planets roll,  
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing  
pole,

O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure  
shed,

And tip with silver every mountain's head;

Then shine the vales, the rocks in pros-  
pect rise,

A flood of glory bursts from all the  
skies:

The conscious swains, rejoicing in the  
sight,

Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful  
light.

So many flames before proud Ilium blaze,  
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with  
their rays:

The long reflections of the distant fires  
gleam on the walls, and tremble on the  
spires.

A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild.  
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.

Full fifty guards each flaming pile at-  
tend,

Whose umber'd arms, by fits, thick  
flashes send.

Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps  
of corn,

And ardent warriors wait the rising  
morn.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF AN  
UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moon-  
light shade,

Invites my steps, and points to yonder  
glade?

'Tis she! — but why that bleeding bosom  
gor'd?

Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?

O, ever beauteous! ever friendly! tell,

Is it in Heav'n a crime to love too well?

To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,

To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?

Is there no bright reversion in the sky,

For those who greatly think or bravely  
die?

Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs! her  
soul aspire

Above the vulgar flight of low desire?

Ambition first sprung from your blest  
abodes,

The glorious fault of angels and of gods:

Thence to their images on earth it flows,

And in the breasts of kings and heroes  
glows.

Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once  
an age,

Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:

Dim lights of life, that burn a length of  
years

Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;

Like Eastern kings, a lazy state they  
keep,

And, close confin'd to their own palace,  
sleep.

From these perhaps (ere Nature bade  
her die)

Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying  
sky.

As into air the purer spirits flow,

And sep'rate from their kindred dregs  
below;

So flew the soul to its congenial place,

Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge  
too good,

Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's  
blood!

See on these ruby lips the trembling  
breath,

These cheeks now fading at the blast of  
death.

Cold is that breast that warmed the  
world before,

And those love-darting eyes must roll  
no more.

Thus, if Eternal justice rules the ball,

Thus shall your wives, and thus your  
children fall:

On all the line a sudden vengeance  
waits,

And frequent hearses shall besiege your  
gates:

There passengers shall stand, and point-  
ing say

(While the long fun'rals blacken all the  
way),

Lo! these were they, whose souls the  
Furies steel'd,

And curs'd with hearts unknowing how  
to yield.

Thus unlamented pass the proud away,

The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!

So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd  
to glow

For others' good, or melt at others' wo.

What can atone (O, ever-injur'd  
shade!)

Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?

No friend's complaint, no kind domestic  
tear

Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy  
mournful bier;

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were  
clos'd,

By foreign hands thy decent limbs com-  
pos'd,

By foreign hands thy humble grave  
adorn'd,

By strangers honor'd, and by strangers  
mourn'd.

What though no friends in sable weeds  
appear,

Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn  
a year,

And bear about the mockery of wo

To midnight dances, and the public show:

What though no weeping Loves thy  
ashes grace,

Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face;

What though no sacred earth allow thee  
room,

Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy  
tomb;

Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be  
dress'd,

And the green turf lie lightly on thy  
breast:

There shall the morn her earliest tears  
bestow,  
There the first roses of the year shall  
blow:

While angels with their silver wings  
o'ershade

The ground, now sacred by thy relics  
made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a  
name,

What once had beauty, titles, wealth,  
and fame.

How lov'd, how honor'd once, avails  
thee not,

To whom related, or by whom begot;  
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,  
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall  
be!

Poets themselves must fall like those  
they sung,

Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tune-  
ful tongue.

Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mourn-  
ful lays,

Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he  
pays;

Then from his closing eyes thy form  
shall part,

And the last pang shall tear thee from  
his heart;

Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,  
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no  
more!

### THE QUIET LIFE.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care  
A few paternal acres bound,  
Content to breathe his native air  
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with  
bread,

Whose flocks supply him with attire;  
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,  
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find  
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away  
In health of body, peace of mind,  
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease  
Together mix'd; sweet recreation,  
And innocence, which most does please  
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;  
Thus unlamented let me die;  
Steal from the world, and not a stone  
Tell where I lie.

### THE MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE: IN IMITATION  
OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:  
To heavenly themes sublimer strains  
belong.

The mossy fountains, and the sylvan  
shades,

The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian  
maids,

Delight no more — O Thou my voice  
inspire

Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with  
fire!

Rapt into future times, the bard begun:  
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear  
a Son!

From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,  
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills  
the skies:

The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall  
move,

And on its top descends the mystic dove.  
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar  
pour,

And in soft silence shed the kindly  
shower!

The sick and weak the healing plant  
shall aid,

From storms a shelter, and from heat a  
shade.

All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud  
shall fail;

Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;  
Peace o'er the world her olive wand ex-  
tend,

And white-robed Innocence from heaven  
descend.

Swift fly the years, and rise the expected  
 morn!  
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be  
 born!  
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths  
 to bring,  
 With all the incense of the breathing  
 spring:  
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance,  
 See nodding forests on the mountains  
 dance:  
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron  
 rise,  
 And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the  
 skies!  
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert  
 cheers;  
 Prepare the way! a God, a God ap-  
 pears:  
 A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,  
 The rocks proclaim the approaching  
 Deity.  
 Lo, earth receives him from the bend-  
 ing skies!  
 Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye val-  
 leys, rise;  
 With heads declined, ye cedars, homage  
 pay;  
 Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods,  
 give way;  
 The Saviour comes! by ancient bards  
 foretold!  
 Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, be-  
 hold!  
 He from thick films shall purge the  
 visual ray,  
 And on the sightless eyeball pour the  
 day:  
 'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound  
 shall clear,  
 And bid new music charm the unfolding  
 ear:  
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch  
 forego,  
 And leap exulting like the bounding  
 roe.  
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world  
 shall hear,  
 From every face he wipes off every  
 tear.  
 In adamant chains shall Death be  
 bound,

And Hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal  
 wound.  
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy  
 care,  
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest  
 air,  
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep  
 directs,  
 By day o'ersees them, and by night pro-  
 tects,  
 The tender lambs he raises in his  
 arms,  
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom  
 warms;  
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care  
 engage,  
 The promised Father of the future age.  
 No more shall nation against nation  
 rise,  
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful  
 eyes,  
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover-  
 ed o'er,  
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no  
 more;  
 But useless lances into scythes shall  
 bend,  
 And the broad falchion in a plough-  
 share end.  
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son  
 Shall finish what his short-lived sire  
 begun;  
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall  
 yield,  
 And the same hand that sow'd, shall  
 reap the field.  
 The swain, in barren deserts with sur-  
 prise  
 See lilies spring, and sudden verdure  
 rise;  
 And start, amidst the thirsty wilds, to  
 hear  
 New falls of water murmuring in his  
 ear.  
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,  
 The green reed trembles, and the bul-  
 rush nods.  
 Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd  
 with thorn,  
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;  
 To leafless shrubs the flowering palms  
 succeed,

And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.  
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,  
 And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;  
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,  
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.  
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take  
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,  
 Pleased the green lustre of the scales survey,  
 And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.  
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!  
 Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!  
 See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn;  
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,  
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,  
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies!  
 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,  
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;  
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,  
 And heap'd with products of Sabea springs,  
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,  
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.  
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,  
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.  
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,  
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;  
 But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,  
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze  
 O'erflow thy courts; the Light himself shall shine  
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!

The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,  
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;  
 But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;  
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF  
 MAN VINDICATED.

[From *The Essay on Man*, Book I.]

HEAV'N from all creatures hides the book of Fate,  
 All but the page prescrib'd, their present state;  
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know,  
 Or who could suffer being here below?  
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,  
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?  
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,  
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.  
 O blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,  
 That each may fill the circle marked by Heav'n;  
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,  
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall;  
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,  
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.  
 Hope humbly, then, with trembling pinions soar;  
 Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore.  
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,  
 But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.  
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast;  
 Man never IS, but always TO BE blest:  
 The soul, uneasy and confined from home,  
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.  
 Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind

Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind;  
 His soul proud Science never taught to stray  
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way;  
 Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,  
 Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, a humbler heav'n;  
 Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,  
 Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,  
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,  
 No fiends torment, nor Christians thirst for gold.  
 To BE, contents his natural desire,  
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire:  
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.  
 Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense  
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence;  
 Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,  
 Say, here he gives too little, there too much:  
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,  
 Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust;  
 If man alone engross not Heav'n's high care,  
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there:  
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,  
 Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.  
 In Pride, in reasoning Pride, our error lies;  
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies,  
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,  
 Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.  
 Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,  
 Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel:  
 And who but wishes to revert the laws  
 Of Order sins against th' Eternal Cause.

## ON THE ORDER OF NATURE.

[From *The Essay on Man*, Book I.]

SEE through this air, this ocean, and this earth,  
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.  
 Above, how high progressive life may go!  
 Around, how wide! how deep extend below!  
 Vast chain of Being! which from God began,  
 Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,  
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,  
 No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee,  
 From thee to Nothing. On superior pow'rs  
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours;  
 Or in the full creation leave a void,  
 Where one step broken the great scale's destroy'd;  
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,  
 Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.  
 And, if each system in gradation roll  
 Alike essential to th' amazing whole,  
 The least confusion but in one, not all  
 That system only, but the whole must fall.  
 Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,  
 Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;  
 Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,  
 Being on being wreck'd, and world on world,  
 Heav'n's whole foundations to the centre nod,  
 And nature tremble to the throne of God:  
 All this dread order break—from whom? for thee?  
 Vile worm!—Oh madness! pride! impiety!  
 What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,  
 Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the head?  
 What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd  
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?  
 Just as absurd for any part to claim  
 To be another, in this gen'ral frame:



Just as absurd to mourn the task or  
 pains,  
 The great directing Mind of All or-  
 dains,  
 All are but parts of one stupendous  
 whole,  
 Whose body Nature is, and God the  
 Soul:  
 That chang'd through all, and yet in all  
 the same,  
 Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal  
 frame,  
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the  
 breeze,  
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the  
 trees,  
 Lives through all life, extends through  
 all extent,  
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent;  
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal  
 part,  
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;  
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that  
 mourns,  
 As the rapt seraph that adores and  
 burns;  
 To him no high, no low, no great, no  
 small;  
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals  
 all.

Cease, then, nor Order Imperfection  
 name:  
 Our proper bliss depends on what we  
 blame.

Know thy own point: This kind, this  
 due degree  
 Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows  
 on thee.

Submit. — In this, or any other sphere,  
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst  
 bear:

Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,  
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.  
 All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;  
 All Chance, Direction which thou canst  
 not see;

All Discord, Harmony not understood;  
 All partial Evil, universal Good:

And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's  
 spite,

One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS  
 RIGHT.

# THE ORIGIN OF SUPERSTITION AND TYRANNY.

[From *The Essay on Man*, Book III.]

WHO first taught souls enslav'd and  
 realms undone,  
 Th' enormous faith of many made for  
 one;

That proud exception to all Nature's  
 laws,

T' invert the world, and counterwork its  
 cause?

Force first made conquest, and that con-  
 quest, law;

Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,  
 Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid,  
 And Gods of conqu'rors, slaves of sub-  
 jects made.

She, 'midst the lightning's blaze, and  
 thunder's sound,

When rock'd the mountains, and when  
 groan'd the ground,

She taught the weak to bend, the proud  
 to pray,

To pow'rs unseen, and mightier far than  
 they:

She, from the rending earth and burst-  
 ing skies,

Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal  
 rise:

Here fixed the dreadful, there the blest  
 abodes;

Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope  
 her Gods;

Gods partial, changeful, passionate, un-  
 just,

Whose attributes were Rage, Revenge,  
 or Lust;

Such as the souls of cowards might con-  
 ceive,

And, formed like tyrants, tyrants would  
 believe.

Zeal, then, not Charity, became the  
 guide;

And Hell was built on spite, and Heav'n  
 on pride.

Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no  
 more;

Altars grew marble then, and reek'd  
 with gore:

Then first the flamen tasted living food;

Next his grim idol, smear'd with human blood;  
 With Heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,  
 And play'd the God an engine on his foe.  
 So drives Self-love, through just and through unjust,  
 To one Man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust:  
 The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause  
 Of what restrains him, Government and Laws;  
 For what one likes, if others like as well,  
 What serves one will, when many wills rebel?  
 How shall he keep, what sleeping or awake  
 A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?  
 His safety must his liberty restrain:  
 All join to guard what each desires to gain.  
 Forced into virtue thus by self-defence,  
 Even kings learn'd justice and benevolence;  
 Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,  
 And found the private in the public good.  
 'Twas then the studious head or gen'rous mind,  
 Follow'r of God, or friend of human-kind,  
 Poet or Patriot, rose but to restore  
 The faith and moral Nature gave before;  
 Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;  
 If not God's image, yet his shadow drew;  
 Taught pow'r's due use to people and to kings,  
 Taught nor to slack nor strain its tender strings,  
 The less or greater set so justly true,  
 That touching one must strike the other too;  
 Till jarring int'rests of themselves create  
 Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.  
 Such is the world's great harmony, that springs  
 From order, union, full consent of things:  
 Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made

To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade:  
 More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,  
 And, in proportion as it blesses, blest:  
 Draw to one point, and to one centre bring  
 Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.  
 For Forms of Government let fools contest;  
 Whate'er is best administer'd is best:  
 For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight,  
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;  
 In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,  
 But all Mankind's concern is Charity:  
 All must be false that thwart this one great end,  
 And all of God, that bless mankind or mend.  
 Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported, lives;  
 The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives.  
 On their own axis as the planets run,  
 Yet make at once their circle round the sun;  
 So two consistent motions act the soul,  
 And one regards itself, and one the whole.  
 Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,  
 And bade Self-love and Social be the same.

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### ON VIRTUE.

[From *The Essay on Man*, Book IV.]

KNOW thou this truth, enough for man to know,  
 "Virtue alone is Happiness below"?  
 The only point where human bliss stands still,  
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill;  
 Where only Merit constant pay receives,  
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;

The joy unequall'd if its end it gain,  
And if it lose attended with no pain:  
Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,  
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd;

The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears

Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:

Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,

For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;  
Never elated while one man's oppress'd;  
Never dejected while another's bless'd:  
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,

Since but to wish more Virtue is to gain.  
See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow!

Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know;

Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,

The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find:

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,

But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God;

Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,

Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;

Sees, that no being any bliss can know,  
But touches some above, and some below;  
Learns, from this union of the rising whole,

The first, last purpose of the human soul;  
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,

All end in Love of God, and Love of Man.

For him alone Hope leads from goal to goal,

And opens still, and opens on his soul;  
Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfined,

It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.

He sees why Nature plants in man alone  
Hope of known bliss, and Faith in bliss unknown

(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind

Are given in vain, but what they seek they find).

Wise is her present; she connects in this  
His greatest Virtue with his greatest Bliss;

At once his own bright prospects to be blest,

And strongest motive to assist the rest.  
Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,

Gives thee to make thy neighbor's blessing thine.

Is this too little for the boundless heart?  
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:

Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,

In one close system of Benevolence:  
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,  
And height of Bliss but height of Charity.

God loves from whole to parts: but human soul

Must rise from individual to the whole.  
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,

As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;

The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,

Another still, and still another spreads;  
Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will embrace;

His country next; and next all human race;

Wide and more wide th' o'erflowings of the mind

Take ev'ry creature in of ev'ry kind;  
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,

And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

#### ON HAPPINESS.

[From *The Essay on Man*, Book IV.]

O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!  
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name;

That something still, which prompts th' eternal sigh;

For which we bear to live, or dare to die;  
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,

O'erlook'd, seen double by the fool, and wise,  
 Plant of celestial seed! if dropp'd below,  
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?  
 Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,  
 Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?  
 Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,  
 Or reaped in iron harvests of the field?  
 Where grows?—where grows it not?  
 If vain our toil,  
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:  
 Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,  
 'Tis nowhere to be found, or ev'rywhere;  
 'Tis never to be bought, but always free,  
 And, fled from monarchs, St. John dwells with thee.  
 Ask of the Learn'd the way, the Learn'd are blind,  
 This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind:  
 Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,  
 Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these:  
 Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain,  
 Some, swell'd to Gods, confess e'en virtue vain:  
 Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,  
 To trust in ev'rything, or doubt of all.  
 Who thus define it say they, more or less  
 Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?  
 Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave,  
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;  
 Obvious her goods, in no extremes they dwell;  
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;  
 And mourn our various portions as we please,  
 Equal is common sense and common ease.  
 Remember, Man, "The Universal Cause  
 Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"

And makes what Happiness we justly call  
 Subsist not in the good of one, but all.  
 There's not a blessing individuals find,  
 But some way leans and hearkens to the kind;  
 No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,  
 No cavern'd Hermit rests self-satisfied:  
 Who most to shun or hate Mankind pretend,  
 Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:  
 Abstract what others feel, what others think,  
 All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:  
 Each has his share; and who would more obtain  
 Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.  
 Order is Heav'n's first law; and this confess'd,  
 Some are, and must be, greater than the rest;  
 More rich, more wise: but who infers from hence  
 That such are happier shocks all common sense.  
 Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,  
 If all are equal in their Happiness:  
 But mutual wants this Happiness increase;  
 All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.  
 Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;  
 Bliss is the same in subject or in king;  
 In who obtain defence, or who defend;  
 In him who is, or him who finds a friend:  
 Heav'n breathes through ev'ry member of the whole  
 One common blessing, as one common soul.  
 But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess'd,  
 And all were equal, must not all contest?  
 If then to all men Happiness was meant,  
 God in externals could not place Content.  
 Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,  
 And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;  
 But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,

While those are placed in Hope, and  
these in Fear;

Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,  
But future views of better or of worse.  
O, sons of earth, attempt ye still to rise,  
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the  
skies?

Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil  
surveys,  
And buries madmen in the heaps they  
raise.

Know, all the good that individuals  
find,  
Or God and Nature meant to mere man-  
kind,  
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of  
sense,  
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and  
Competence.

---

*FAME.*

WHAT's fame? a fancy'd life in others'  
breath,  
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.  
Just what you hear, you have; and  
what's unknown,  
Thesame (my lord) if Tully's, or your own.  
All that we feel of it begins and ends  
In the small circle of our foes or friends;  
To all beside as much an empty shade  
An Eugene living as a Cæsar dead;  
Alike or when, or where, they shone, or  
shine,  
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.  
A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod;  
An honest man's the noblest work of  
God.

Fame but from death a villain's name  
can save,

As justice tears his body from the grave;  
When what t' oblivion better were re-  
sign'd,

Is hung on high to poison half mankind.  
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;  
Plays round the head, but comes not to  
the heart:

One self-approving hour whole years  
outweighs

Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;  
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels  
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

---

*THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS  
SOUL.*

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!  
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!  
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,  
"Sister spirit, come away."  
What is this absorbs me quite?  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!  
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring:  
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!  
O Grave! where is thy victory?  
O Death! where is thy sting?

---

ROBERT BLAIR.

1699-1746.

[ROBERT BLAIR was born at Edinburgh in 1699. He became a minister, and was presented to the living of Athelstaneford in Haddingtonshire, where most of his life was passed. He died there in 1746. *The Grave* was published at Edinburgh in 1743.]

*OFT IN THE LONE CHURCH-YARD.*

OFT, in the lone church-yard at night | By glimpse of moon-shine chequering  
I've seen, | through the trees,

The school-boy with his satchel in his hand,  
 Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,  
 And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,  
 (With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,)
 That tell in homely phrase who lie below.  
 Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,  
 The sound of something purring at his heels;  
 Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,  
 Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;  
 Who gather round, and wonder at the tale  
 Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,  
 That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand  
 O'er some new-open'd grave; and  
 (strange to tell!)  
 Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

---

*THE GRAVE.*

DULL grave! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,  
 Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,  
 And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;  
 Branding our laughter with the name of madness.  
 Where are the jesters now? the men of health  
 Complexionally pleasant? Where the droll,  
 Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke  
 To chapping theatres and shouting crowds,  
 And made ev'n thick-lipp'd musing melancholy  
 To gather up her face into a smile  
 Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,  
 And dumb as the green turf that covers them.

*BEAUTY IN THE GRAVE.*

BEAUTY—thou pretty plaything, dear deceit,  
 That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,  
 And gives it a new pulse, unknown before,  
 The grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,  
 Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,  
 What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers  
 Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?  
 Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,  
 Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek  
 The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,  
 Riots unscared.—For this, was all thy caution?  
 For this, thy painful labors at thy glass?  
 T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,  
 For which the spoiler thanks thee not.  
 Foul feeder,  
 Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,  
 And leave as keen a relish on the sense.  
 Look how the fair one weeps!—the conscious tears  
 Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flowers:  
 Honest effusion! the swoll'n heart in vain  
 Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

---

*STRENGTH IN THE GRAVE.*

STRENGTH too—thou surly, and less gentle boast  
 Of those that loud laugh at the village ring;  
 A fit of common sickness pulls thee down  
 With greater ease, than e'er thou didst the stripling  
 That rashly dared thee to th' unequal fight.

What groan was that I heard?—deep  
groan indeed!  
With anguish heavy laden; let me trace  
it:  
From yonder bed it comes, where the  
strong man,  
By stronger arm belabor'd, gasps for  
breath  
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his  
great heart  
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too  
scant  
To give the lungs full play.—What now  
avail  
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-  
spread shoulders;  
See how he tugs for life, and lays about  
him,

Mad with his pain! Eager he catches  
hold  
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps  
it hard,  
Just like a creature drowning; hideous  
sight!  
Oh! how his eyes stand out, and stare  
full ghastly!  
While the distemper's rank and deadly  
venom  
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his  
bowels,  
And drinks his marrow up.—Heard you  
that groan?  
It was his last.—See how the great  
Goliath,  
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,  
Lies still.



## JAMES THOMSON.

1700–1748.

[JAMES THOMSON was born at Ednam in Roxburghshire on the 11th of September, 1700, and died at Kew on the 27th of August, 1748. His first published work, *Winter*, appeared in 1726. The next year, *Summer*, *Britannia*, and a few minor poems followed. *Spring* was not published till 1728, and *Autumn* in 1730 completed *The Seasons*. *Sophonisba*, the first of several dramas, appeared in the same year as *Spring*. The first three parts or cantos of *Liberty* were given to the world in 1735, the two last in 1737. *The Castle of Indolence* appeared in 1746, two years before Thomson's death.]

## A SNOW SCENE.

[From *Winter*.]

THE keener tempests come: and fuming  
dun  
From all the livid east, or piercing  
north,  
Thick clouds ascend—in whose capa-  
cious womb  
A vapory deluge lies, to snow congealed.  
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;  
And the sky saddens with the gathered  
storm.  
Through the hushed air the whitening  
shower descends,  
At first thin wavering; till at last the  
flakes  
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming  
the day  
With a continual flow. The cherished  
fields

Put on their winter-robe of purest  
white.  
'Tis brightness all; save where the new  
snow melts  
Along the mazy current. Low, the  
woods  
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the lan-  
guid sun  
Faint from the west emits his evening  
ray,  
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and  
chill,  
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries  
wide  
The works of man. Drooping, the  
laborer-ox  
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then  
demands  
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of  
heaven,  
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around

The winnowing store, and claim the little boon  
 Which Providence assigns them. One alone,  
 The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,  
 Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,  
 In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves  
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man  
 His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first  
 Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights  
 On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,  
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,  
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is —  
 Till, more familiar grown, the table-crums  
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds  
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,  
 Though timorous of heart, and hard beset  
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,  
 And more un pitying men, the garden seeks,  
 Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind  
 Eye the black heaven, and next the glistening earth,  
 With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,  
 Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

### THE SHEEP-WASHING.

[From *Summer*.]

OR rushing thence, in one diffusive band,  
 They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog  
 Compelled, to where the mazy-running brook  
 Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,

And that, fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.  
 Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,  
 The clamor much, of men, and boys, and dogs,  
 Ere the soft fearful people to the flood  
 Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,  
 On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:  
 Emboldened then, nor hesitating more,  
 Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,  
 And panting labor to the farthest shore.  
 Repeated this, till deep the well-washed fleece  
 Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt  
 The trout is banished by the sordid stream,  
 Heavy and dripping, to the breezy brow  
 Slow move the harmless race; where, as they spread  
 Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,  
 Inly disturbed, and wondering what this wild  
 Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints  
 The country fill — and, tossed from rock to rock,  
 Incessant bleatings run around the hills.  
 At last, of snowy white, the gathered flocks  
 Are in the wattled pen innumerable pressed,  
 Head above head; and ranged in lusty rows  
 The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.  
 The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,  
 With all her gay-drest maids attending round.  
 One, chief, in gracious dignity enthroned,  
 Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays  
 Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king;  
 While the glad circle round them yield their souls



To festive mirth, and wit that knows no  
gall.  
Meantime, their joyous task goes on  
apace:  
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and  
some,  
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heav-  
ing side,  
To stamp his master's cypher ready  
stand;  
Others the unwilling wether drag along;  
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy  
boy  
Holds by the twisted horns the indig-  
nant ram.  
Behold where bound, and of its robe  
bereft,  
By needy man, that all-depending lord,  
How meek, how patient, the mild crea-  
ture lies!  
What softness in its melancholy face,  
What dumb complaining innocence ap-  
pears!  
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the  
knife  
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you  
waved;  
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided  
shears,  
Who having now, to pay his annual  
care,  
Borrowed your fleece, to you a cum-  
brous load,  
Will send you bounding to your hills  
again.

### STORM IN HARVEST.

[From *Autumn*.]

DEFEATING off the labors of the year,  
The sultry south collects a potent blast.  
At first, the groves are scarcely seen to  
stir  
Their trembling tops, and a still murmur  
runs  
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn;  
But as the ærial tempest fuller swells,  
And in one mighty stream, invisible,  
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere  
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding  
world,

Strained to the root, the stooping forest  
pours  
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.  
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy  
in,  
From the bare wild, the dissipated  
storm,  
And send it in a torrent down the vale.  
Exposed, and naked, to its utmost rage,  
Through all the sea of harvest rolling  
round,  
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can  
evade,  
Though pliant to the blast, its seizing  
force—  
Or whirled in air, or into vacant chaff  
Shook waste. And sometimes too a  
burst of rain,  
Swept from the black horizon, broad,  
descends  
In one continuous flood. Still over head  
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom,  
and still  
The deluge deepens; till the fields  
around  
Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave.  
Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows  
swim.  
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams  
Tumultuous roar; and high above its  
bank  
The river lift; before whose rushing  
tide,  
Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages,  
and swains,  
Roll mingled down: all that the winds  
had spared,  
In one wild moment ruined; the big  
hopes,  
And well-earned treasures, of the pain-  
ful year.  
Fled to some eminence, the husband-  
man,  
Helpless, beholds the miserable wreck  
Driving along; his drowning ox at once  
Descending, with his labors scattered  
round,  
He sees; and instant o'er his shivering  
thought  
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train  
Of clamant children dear. Ye masters,  
then,

Be mindful of the rough laborious hand  
That sinks you soft in elegance and  
ease;  
Be mindful of those limbs, in russet  
clad,  
Whose toil to yours is warmth and  
graceful pride;  
And, oh, be mindful of that spawing  
board  
Which covers yours with luxury profuse,  
Makes your glass sparkle, and your  
sense rejoice!  
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains  
And all-involving winds have swept  
away.

### THE COMING OF THE RAIN.

[From *Spring*.]

AT first a dusky wreath they seem to  
rise,  
Scarce staining ether; but by fast de-  
grees,  
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapor  
sails  
Along the loaded sky, and mingling  
deep,  
Sits on the horizon round a settled  
gloom:  
Not such as wintry storms on mortals  
shed,  
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,  
And full of every hope and every joy,  
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the  
breeze  
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath  
Is heard to quiver through the closing  
woods,  
Or rustling turn the many twinkling  
leaves  
Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods,  
diffused  
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive  
lapse  
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence  
all,  
And pleasing expectation. Herds and  
flocks  
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploring,  
eye

The fallen verdure. Hushed in short  
suspense,  
The plummy people streak their wings  
with oil,  
To throw the lucid moisture trickling  
off;  
And wait the approaching sign to strike,  
at once,  
Into the general choir. Even moun-  
tains, vales,  
And forests seem, impatient, to demand  
The promised sweetness. Man superior  
walks  
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,  
And looking lively gratitude. At last,  
The clouds consign their treasures to the  
fields;  
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool  
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture  
flow,  
In large effusion, o'er the freshened  
world.

### THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

[From Book I.]

IN lowly dale, fast by a river's side,  
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd  
round,  
A most enchanting wizard did abide,  
Than whom a fiend more fell is no  
where found,  
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground:  
And there a season atween June and  
May,  
Half pranked with spring, with summer  
half imbrown'd,  
A listless climate made, where sooth  
to say,  
No living wight could work, ne cared  
ev'n for play.  
  
Was nought around but images of  
rest:  
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns  
between;  
And flowery beds that slumberous in-  
fluence kest,  
From poppies breath'd; and beds of  
pleasant green,

Where never yet was creeping creature seen.  
 Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd  
 And purled everywhere their waters sheen;  
 That as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,  
 Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,  
 Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,  
 And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills;  
 And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:  
 And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,  
 Or stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep,  
 That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;  
 And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;  
 Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above,  
 A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;  
 Where nought but shadowy forms were seen to move,  
 As Idless fancy'd in her dreaming mood:  
 And up the hills, on either side, a wood  
 Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,  
 Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;  
 And where this valley winded out, below,  
 The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,  
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;  
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,

For ever flushing round a summer sky:  
 There eke the soft delights, that witchingly  
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,  
 And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh;  
 But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,  
 Was far far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

---

ODE.

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,  
 Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled;  
 To what delightful world above,  
 Appointed for the happy dead.

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,  
 And sometimes share thy lover's woe;  
 Where, void of thee, his cheerless home  
 Can now, alas! no comfort know?

Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,  
 While, under every well-known tree,  
 I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,  
 And every tear is full of thee.

Should then the weary eye of grief,  
 Beside some sympathetic stream,  
 In slumber find a short relief,  
 Oh, visit thou my soothing dream!

---

RULE BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,  
 Arose from out the azure main,  
 This was the charter of the land,  
 And guardian angels sang the strain:  
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves;  
 Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,  
Must in their turn, to tyrants fall;  
Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free,

The dread and envy of them all :  
Rule Britannia, etc.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;

As the loud blast that tears the skies  
Serves but to root thy native oak :  
Rule Britannia, etc.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;  
All their attempts to hurl thee down

Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,  
And work their woe—but thy re-  
nown :

Rule Britannia, etc.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine :  
All thine shall be the subject main,  
And every shore encircle thine :  
Rule Britannia, etc.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy coast repair;  
Blest isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,  
And manly hearts to guard the fair :  
Rule Britannia, etc.

## DAVID MALLET.

1700-1765.

[Son of a small inn-keeper in Crieff Perthshire, where he was born in the year 1700. Attended the College of Aberdeen, and became a tutor in the family of the Duke of Montrose. By his very considerable talents, management, and address, he soon rose in the world. In his latter days he held the office of Keeper of the Book of Entries for the port of London. He died on the 21st of April, 1765.]

### WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'Twas at the silent, solemn hour,  
When night and morning meet;  
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,  
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,  
Clad in a wintry cloud;  
And clay-cold was her lily hand,  
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,  
When youth and years are flown :  
Such is the robe that kings must wear,  
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,  
That sips the silver dew;  
The rose was budded in her cheek,  
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,  
Consumed her early prime;  
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek—  
She died before her time.

"Awake," she cried, "thy true love calls,  
Come from her midnight grave ;  
Now let thy pity hear the maid,  
Thy love refused to save.

"This is the dark and dreary hour,  
When injured ghosts complain;  
When yawning graves give up their dead,  
To haunt the faithless swain.

"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,  
Thy pledge and broken oath !  
And give me back my maiden vow,  
And give me back my troth.

"Why did you promise love to me,  
And not that promise keep?  
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,  
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

"How could you say my face was fair,  
And yet that face forsake?  
How could you win my virgin heart,  
Yet leave that heart to break?

"Why did you say my lip was sweet,  
And made the scarlet pale?  
And why did I, young witless maid!  
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

"That face, alas! no more is fair,  
Those lips no longer red;  
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,  
And every charm is fled.

"The hungry worm my sister is;  
This winding-sheet I wear:  
And cold and weary lasts our night,  
Till that last morn appear.

"But hark! the cock has warn'd me  
hence;  
A long and last adieu!  
Come see, false man, how low she lies,  
Who died for love of you."

The lark sung loud; the morning smiled  
With beams of rosy red;  
Pale William quaked in every limb,  
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place,  
Where Margaret's body lay;  
And stretch'd him on the green grass turf,  
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he called on Margaret's name,  
And thrice he wept full sore;  
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,  
And word spake never more.

#### EDWIN AND EMMA.

FAR in the windings of a vale,  
Fast by a shelt'ring wood,  
The safe retreat of health and peace,  
A humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair  
Beneath her mother's eye,  
Whose only wish on earth was now  
To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads  
Gave color to her cheek;

Such orient color smiles through Héav'n  
When May's sweet mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn  
The charmers of the plains;  
The sun which bids their diamond blaze  
To deck our lily deigns.

Long had she fired each youth with love,  
Each maiden with despair,  
And though by all a wonder own'd,  
Yet knew not she was fair;

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,  
A soul that knew no art;  
And from whose eyes serenely mild,  
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,  
Was quickly too reveal'd;  
For neither bosom lodged a wish,  
Which virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of heart-felt bliss,  
Did love on both bestow!  
But bliss too mighty long to last,  
Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like envy form'd,  
Like her in mischief joy'd,  
To work them harm with wicked skill  
Each darker art employ'd.

The father, too, a sordid man,  
Who love nor pity knew,  
Was all unfeeling as the rock  
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their mutual flame,  
And seen it long unmoved;  
Then with a father's frown at last  
He sternly disapproved.

In Edwin's gentle heart a war  
Of diff'ring passions strove;  
His heart, which durst not disobey,  
Yet could not cease to love.

Denied her sight, he oft behind  
The spreading hawthorn crept,  
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot  
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft, too, in Stanemore's wintry waste,  
Beneath the moonlight shade,  
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,  
The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheeks, where love with beauty  
glow'd,  
A deadly pale o'ercast;  
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,  
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,  
Hung o'er his dying bed,  
And wearied Heav'n with fruitless  
prayers,  
And fruitless sorrows shed.

"'Tis past," he cried, "but if your souls  
Sweet mercy yet can move,  
Let these dim eyes once more behold  
What they must ever love."

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,  
And bathed with many a tear:  
Fast falling o'er the primrose pale,  
So morning dews appear.

But oh, his sister's jealous care  
(A cruel sister she!)

Forbade what Emma came to say,  
"My Edwin, live for me."

Now homeward as she hopeless went,  
The churchyard path along,  
The blast grew cold, the dark owl  
scream'd  
Her lover's fun'ral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,  
Her startling fancy found  
In ev'ry bush his hov'ring shade,  
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd  
The visionary vale,  
When lo! the deathbell smote her ear,  
Sad sounding in the gale.

Just then she reach'd with trembling  
steps  
Her aged mother's door:  
"He's gone," she cried, "and I shall see  
That angel face no more!

"I feel, I feel this breaking heart  
Beat high against my side!"  
From her white arm down sunk her head,  
She shiver'd, sigh'd, and died.

## SAMUEL JOHNSON.

1709-1784.

[SAMUEL JOHNSON was born at Lichfield on the 18th of September, 1709. The first of his noteworthy poems, *London*, was published in 1738, at a period of his life when he was in great poverty, and for the copyright of the poem he only obtained ten guineas. It appeared on the same morning as Pope's Satire, "1738," and surpassed the latter in popularity. In 1747 he wrote his celebrated Prologue for the opening of Drury Lane Theatre. At this theatre was exhibited in 1749 his tragedy of *Irene*, which, though acted for thirteen nights, failed to secure the public favor. *The Vanity of Human Wishes* was published earlier in the same year with a view to excite an interest in the author of the play. These were his last important poetical works. He wrote, however, three Prologues: one to *Comus* in 1750, when that play was acted for the benefit of Milton's granddaughter; another to Goldsmith's *Good-natured Man*, in 1769; and a third to the revived *Word to the Wise*, in 1777. He died on the 13th of December, 1784.]

### FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP, peculiar boon of heaven,  
The noble mind's delight and pride,  
To men and angels only given,  
To all the lower world denied.

While love, unknown among the blest,  
Parent of thousand wild desires,  
The savage and the human breast  
Torments alike with raging fires.

With bright, but oft destructive gleam,  
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly,  
Thy lambent glories only beam  
Around the fav'rites of the sky.

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys,  
On fools and villains ne'er descend;  
In vain for thee the tyrant sighs,  
And hugs a flatterer for a friend.

Directress of the brave and just,  
O guide us through life's darksome  
way!  
And let the tortures of mistrust  
On selfish bosoms only prey.

Nor shall thine ardors cease to glow,  
When souls to peaceful climes remove:  
What rais'd our virtue here below,  
Shall aid our happiness above.

---

#### CARDINAL WOLSEY.

[From *The Vanity of Human Wishes*.]

In full blown dignity see Wolsey stand,  
Law in his voice, and fortune in his  
hand:  
To him the church, the realm, their  
pow'r consign,  
Through him the rays of regal bounty  
shine,  
Still to new heights his restless wishes  
tow'r,  
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances  
pow'r;  
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,  
And rights submitted left him none to  
seize.  
At length his sov'reign frowns—the  
train of state  
Mark the keen glance, and watch the  
sign to hate.  
Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's  
eye,  
His suppliants scorn him, and his fol-  
lowers fly;  
At once is lost the pride of awful state,  
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,  
The regal palace, the luxurious board,  
The liveried army, and the menial lord.

With age, with cares, with maladies  
oppress'd,  
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.  
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly  
stings,  
And his last sighs reproach the faith of  
kings.

---

#### CHARLES XII.

ON what foundation stands the warrior's  
pride,  
How just his hopes let Swedish Charles  
decide;  
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,  
No dangers fright him, and no labors  
tire;  
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide  
domain,  
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of  
pain;  
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,  
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the  
field;  
Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs  
combine,  
And one capitulate, and one resign;  
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her  
charms in vain:  
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till  
naught remain;  
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards  
fly,  
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."  
The march begins in military state,  
And nations on his eye suspended wait;  
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,  
And Winter barricades the realms of  
frost;  
He comes, not want and cold his course  
delay;  
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's  
day:  
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken  
bands,  
And shows his miseries in distant lands;  
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait;  
While ladies interpose, and slaves de-  
bate.  
But did not chance at length her error  
mend?

Did no subverted empire mark his end?  
Or hostile millions press him to the  
ground?

His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,  
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand:  
He left the name, at which the world  
grew pale,  
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

---

*PROLOGUE SPOKEN AT THE  
OPENING OF THE DRURY  
LANE THEATRE, 1747.*

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her bar-  
barous foes  
First reared the stage immortal Shake-  
speare rose:  
Each change of many-colored life he  
drew,  
Exhausted worlds and then imagined  
new:  
Existence saw him spurn her bounded  
reign,  
And panting Time toiled after him in  
vain:  
His powerful strokes presiding Truth  
impressed,  
And unresisted Passion stormed the  
breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from  
the school,  
To please in method and invent by rule;  
His studious patience and laborious art,  
By regular approach assailed the heart:  
Cold approbation gave the lingering  
bays,  
For those who durst not censure scarce  
could praise.  
A mortal born, he met the general  
doom,  
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting  
tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways  
to fame,  
Nor wished for Jonson's art or Shake-  
speare's flame;  
Themselves they studied, as they felt  
they writ;  
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.

Vice always found a sympathetic friend;  
They pleased their age and did not aim  
to mend.

Yet bards like these aspired to lasting  
praise,  
And proudly hoped to pimp in future  
days.

Their cause was general, their supports  
were strong,  
Their slaves were willing and their reign  
was long,

Till Shame regained the post that Sense  
betrayed,  
And Virtue called Oblivion to her aid.

Then crushed by rules, and weakened  
as refined,  
For years the power of Tragedy de-  
clined:

From bard to bard the frigid caution  
crept,  
Till Declamation roared, whilst Passion  
slept.

Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to  
tread,

Philosophy remained though Nature fled.  
But forced at length her ancient reign  
to quit,

She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of  
Wit;

Exulting Folly hailed the joyful day,  
And Pantomime and Song confirmed her  
sway.

But who the coming changes can pre-  
sage,  
And mark the future periods of the  
Stage?

Perhaps if skill could distant times ex-  
plore,  
New Behns, new Durveys yet remain in  
store;

Perhaps, where Lear has raved, and  
Hamlet died,

On flying cars new sorcerers may ride:  
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of  
chance?)

Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may  
dance.

Hard is his lot that, here by Fortune  
plac'd,

Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;  
With ev'ry meteor of caprice must  
play,



And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.

Ah! let not Censure term our fate our choice,

The stage but echoes back the public voice;

The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,

For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,

As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;

'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence

Of rescued Nature and reviving Sense;  
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,

For useful mirth and salutary woe;  
Bid scenic Virtue form the rising age,  
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

---

*PROLOGUE TO THE COMEDY  
OF A WORD TO THE WISE.*

THIS night presents a play which public  
rage,

Or right, or wrong, once hooted from  
the stage,

From zeal or malice now no more we  
dread,

For English vengeance wars not with  
the dead.

A generous foe regards with pitying eye  
The man whom fate has laid where all  
must lie.

To wit reviving from its author's dust  
Be kind, ye judges, or at least be just.

For no renewed hostilities invade  
Th' oblivious grave's inviolable shade.

Let one great payment every claim ap-  
pease,

And him, who cannot hurt, allow to  
please,

To please by scenes unconscious of  
offence,

By harmless merriment, or useful sense,  
Where aught of bright or fair the piece  
displays,

Approve it only — 'tis too late to praise.  
If want of skill or want of care appear,

Forbear to hiss — the poet cannot hear.  
By all like him must praise and blame

be found  
At best a fleeting gleam, or empty sound.

Yet then shall calm reflection bless the  
night,

When liberal pity dignified delight;  
When pleasure fir'd her torch at virtue's

flame,  
And mirth was bounty with an humbler  
name.

---

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

1714-1763.

[SHENSTONE was born at the Leasowes, near Hales Owen, in 1714: he died at the same place in 1763. In 1737, while still at Pembroke College, Oxford, he published some miscellaneous poems anonymously. *The Judgment of Hercules* appeared in 1741, *The Schoolmistress* next year. His works, prose and verse, were published in 1764, the year after his death.]

*THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.*

IN every village mark'd with little  
spire,

Embower'd in trees and hardly known  
to fame,

There dwells, in lowly shed and mean  
attire,

A matron old, whom we Schoolmistress  
name,

Who boasts unruly brats with birch to  
tame;

They griev'd sore, in piteous durance  
pent,

Aw'd by the power of this relentless  
dame,  
And oft times, on vagaries idly bent,  
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are  
sorely shent.

Near to this dome is found a patch so  
green,  
On which the tribe their gambols do dis-  
play,  
And at the door imprisoning board is  
seen,  
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should  
stray,  
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!  
The noises intermix'd, which thence re-  
sound,  
Do learning's little tenement betray,  
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look  
profound,  
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her  
wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,  
Emblem right meet of decency does  
yield;

Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trow,  
As is the harebell that adorns the field;  
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does  
wield

'Twas birchen sprays, with anxious fear  
entwin'd,  
With dark distrust, and sad repentance  
fill'd,  
And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction  
join'd,  
And fury uncontroul'd, and chastisement  
unkind.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders  
thrown,

A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;  
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;  
'Twas her own country bred the flock so  
fair;

'Twas her own labour did the fleece pre-  
pare;  
And, sooth to say, her pupils rang'd  
around,

Through pious awe did term it passing  
rare,  
For they in gaping wonderment abound,

And think, no doubt, she been the  
greatest wight on ground.

Albeit, ne flattery did corrupt her truth,  
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear,  
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, for-  
sooth,

Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;  
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held  
right dear;

Ne would esteem him act as mough/  
behove

Who should not honour'd eld with these  
revere:

For never title yet so mean could prove.  
But there was eke a mind which did that  
title love.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each  
could speak

That in her garden sipp'd the silvery dew,  
Where no vain flower disclos'd a gaudy  
streak,

But herbs for use and physic, not a few  
Of gray renown, within those borders  
grew;

The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,  
Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful  
hue,

The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,  
And more I fain would sing, disdaining  
here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,  
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues  
around,

And pungent radish, biting infant's  
tongue,

And plantain ribb'd, that heals the  
reaper's wound,

And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's  
posy found,

And lavender, whose spikes of azure  
bloom

Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles  
bound,

To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,  
And crown her kerchiefs clean with  
mickle rare perfume.

Here oft the dame, on sabbath's decent  
eve,

Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth  
 did mete;  
 If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did  
 cleave,  
 But in her garden found a summer-seat:  
 Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat  
 How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign  
 king,  
 While taunting foe-men did a song en-  
 treat,  
 All for the nonce untuning every string,  
 Upon their useless lyres — small heart  
 had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous  
 lore,  
 And pass'd much time in truly virtuous  
 deed;  
 And in those elfins' ears would oft de-  
 plore  
 The times when Truth by Popish rage  
 did bleed,  
 And tortuous death was true Devotion's  
 meed;  
 And simple Faith in iron chains did  
 mourn,

That n' ould on wooden image place her  
 creed;  
 And lawny saints in smouldering flames  
 did burn:  
 Ah! dearest Lord! forefend, thilk days  
 should e'er return.

. . . . .

Right well she knew each temper to  
 descry,  
 To thwart the proud, and the submiss  
 to raise,  
 Some with vile copper prize exalt on  
 high,  
 And some entice with pittance small of  
 praise,  
 And other some with baleful sprig she  
 'frays:  
 Ev'n absent, she the reins of power doth  
 hold,  
 While with quaint arts the giddy crowd  
 she sways;  
 Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks  
 behold,  
 'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the  
 scene unfold.



## TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

1720-1771.

[BORN in 1720 at Dalquhurn, in the County of Dumbarton; educated under a surgeon in Glasgow, where he attended the medical lectures of the University; married a lady of Jamaica; died in the neighborhood of Leghorn, Oct., 1771.]

## THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
 Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!  
 Thy sons, for valor long renown'd,  
 Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;  
 Thy hospitable roofs no more  
 Invite the stranger to the door;  
 In smoky ruins sunk they lie,  
 The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar  
 His all become the prey of war;  
 Bethinks him of his babes and wife,  
 Then smites his breast, and curses  
 life,

Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,  
 Where once they fed their wanton flocks:  
 Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;  
 Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in every clime,  
 Through the wide-spreading waste of  
 time,  
 Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,  
 Still shone with undiminish'd blaze!  
 Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,  
 Thy neck is bended to the yoke.  
 What foreign arms could never quell.  
 By civil rage and rancor fell,

The rural pipe and merry lay  
 No more shall cheer the happy day :  
 No social scenes of gay delight  
 Beguile the dreary winter night :  
 No strains but those of sorrow flow,  
 And nought be heard but sounds of woe,  
 While the pale phantoms of the slain  
 Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause ! oh, fatal morn !  
 Accursed to ages yet unborn !  
 The sons against their fathers stood,  
 The parent shed his children's blood.  
 Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,  
 The victor's soul was not appeased :  
 The naked and forlorn must feel  
 Devouring flames and murd'ring steel !

The pious mother, doom'd to death,  
 Forsaken wanders o'er the heath ;  
 The bleak wind whistles round her head,  
 Her helpless orphans cry for bread ;  
 Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,  
 She views the shades of night descend ;  
 And stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,  
 Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,  
 And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,  
 Resentment of my country's fate,  
 Within my filial breast shall beat ;  
 And, spite of her insulting foe,  
 My sympathizing verse shall flow :  
 " Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
 Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn "

### INDEPENDENCE.

#### STROPHE.

THY spirit, Independence, let me share,  
 Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,  
 Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,  
 Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

Deep in the frozen regions of the north,  
 A goddess violated brought thee forth,  
 Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime  
 Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.

What time the iron-hearted Gaul,

With frantic superstition for his guide,  
 Arm'd with the dagger and the pall,  
 The sons of Woden to the field defied :  
 The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,  
 In Heaven's name urged the infernal blow,  
 And red the stream began to flow :  
 The vanquish'd were baptized with blood !

#### ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled  
 From altars stain'd with human gore ;  
 And Liberty his routed legions led  
 In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.  
 There in a cave asleep she lay,  
 Lull'd by the hoarse-resounding main ;  
 When a bold savage past that way,  
 Impell'd by destiny, his name Disdain.  
 Of ample front the portly chief appear'd :  
 The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest ;  
 The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard ;  
 And his broad shoulders braved the furious blast.  
 He stopt : he gazed ; his bosom glow'd,  
 And deeply felt the impression of her charms :  
 He seized the advantage fate allow'd,  
 And straight compressed her in his vigorous arms.

#### STROPHE.

The curlew scream'd, the tritons blew  
 Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite ;  
 Old Time exulted as he flew ;  
 And Independence saw the light.  
 The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,  
 Where under cover of a flowering thorn,  
 While Philomel renew'd her warbled strains,  
 The auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was born.  
 The mountain dryads seized with joy,  
 The smiling infant to their care consign'd ;  
 The Doric muse caress'd the favorite boy ;  
 The hermit Wisdom stored his opening mind.  
 As rolling years matured his age,

He flourish'd bold and sinewy as his  
sire;  
While the mild passions in his breast  
assuage  
The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

## ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplish'd thus, he wing'd his way,  
And zealous roved from pole to pole,  
The rolls of right eternal to display,  
And warm with patriot thoughts the as-  
piring soul.  
On desert isles 'twas he that raised  
Those spires that gild the Adriatic  
wave,  
Where tyranny beheld amazed  
Fair freedom's temple, where he mark'd  
her grave.  
He steel'd the blunt Batavian's arms  
To burst the Iberian's double chain;  
And cities rear'd, and planted farms,  
Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide  
domain.  
He with the generous rustics sate,  
On Uri's rocks in close divan;  
And wing'd that arrow sure as fate,  
Which ascertain'd the sacred rights of  
man.

## STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he cross'd,  
Where blasted nature pants supine,  
Conductor of her tribes adust,  
To freedom's adamant shrine;  
And many a Tartar horde forlorn,  
aghast!  
He snatch'd from under fell oppres-  
sion's wing,  
And taught amidst the dreary waste  
The all-cheering hymns of liberty to  
sing.  
He virtue finds, like precious ore,  
Diffused through every baser mould;  
Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky  
shore,  
And turns the dross of Corsica to gold:  
He, guardian genius, taught my youth  
Pomp's tinsel livery to despise:  
My lips by him chastised to truth,  
Ne'er paid that homage which my heart  
denies.

## ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall  
never tread,  
Where varnish'd vice and vanity com-  
bined,  
To dazzle and seduce, their banners  
spread,  
And forge vile shackles for the free-  
born mind;  
While insolence his wrinkled front up-  
rears,  
And all the flowers of spurious fancy  
blow;  
And tittle his ill-woven chaplet wears,  
Full often wreathed around the mis-  
creant's brow:  
Where ever-dimpling falsehood, pert  
and vain,  
Presents her cup of stale profession's  
froth;  
And pale disease, with all his bloated  
train,  
Torments the sons of gluttony and sloth.

## STROPHE.

In fortune's car behold that minion ride,  
With either India's glittering spoils op-  
prest;  
So moves the sumpter-mule, in harness'd  
pride,  
That bears the treasure which he cannot  
taste.  
For him let venal bards disgrace the  
bay,  
And hireling minstrels wake the tink-  
ling string;  
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure  
lay;  
And jingling bells fantastic folly ring;  
Disquiet, doubt, and dread shall inter-  
vene;  
And nature, still to all her feelings just,  
In vengeance hang a damp on every  
scene,  
Shook from the baleful pinions of dis-  
gust.

## ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd  
haunts,

By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove,  
 or cell,  
 Where the poised lark his evening ditty  
 chaunts,  
 And health, and peace, and contempla-  
 tion dwell.  
 There study shall with solitude recline;  
 And friendship pledge me to his fellow-  
 swains;  
 And toil and temperance sedately twine  
 The slender cord that fluttering life sus-  
 tains:  
 And fearless poverty shall guard the  
 door;  
 And taste unspoil'd the frugal table  
 spread;  
 And industry supply the humble store;  
 And sleep unbribed his dews refreshing  
 shed;  
 White-mantled innocence, ethereal  
 sprite,  
 Shall chase far off the goblins of the  
 night;  
 And Independence o'er the day preside,  
 Propitious power! my patron and my  
 pride.

#### ODE TO LEVEN WATER.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,  
 And tune the rural pipe to love,

I envied not the happiest swain  
 That ever trod the Arcadian plain.  
 Pure stream, in whose transparent  
 wave  
 My youthful limbs I wont to lave;  
 No torrents stain thy limpid source,  
 No rocks impede thy dimpling course,  
 That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,  
 With white round polish'd pebbles  
 spread;  
 While, lightly poised, the scaly brood  
 In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;  
 The springing trout in speckled pride,  
 The salmon, monarch of the tide;  
 The ruthless pike, intent on war,  
 The silver eel, and mottled par.  
 Devolving from thy parent lake,  
 A charming maze thy waters make,  
 By bowers of birch and groves of  
 pine,  
 And hedges flower'd with eglantine.  
 Still on thy banks so gaily green,  
 May numerous herds and flocks be  
 seen:  
 And lasses chanting o'er the pail,  
 And shepherds piping in the dale;  
 And ancient faith that knows no guile,  
 And industry embrown'd with toil;  
 And hearts resolved and hands pre-  
 pared  
 The blessings they enjoy to guard!

## MARK AKENSIDE.

1721-1770.

[BORN November 9, 1721; studied medicine at Edinburgh and Leyden; practised as a physician at Northampton; received from his friend Jeremiah Dyson an annual allowance of £300; removed to London, 1748; appointed one of the Physicians to the Queen; wrote various medical tracts and lectures; died June 23, 1770. *The Pleasures of Imagination* was published in January, 1744; *Odes on Several Subjects*, 1745. The unfinished recast of *The Pleasures of Imagination* appeared after Akenside's death in his *Poems*, 1772.]

#### THE MINGLED PAIN AND PLEASURE ARISING FROM VIRTUOUS EMOTIONS.

[From *Pleasures of the Imagination*.]

BEHOLD the ways  
 Of Heaven's eternal destiny to man,  
 For ever just, benevolent, and wise:  
 That Virtue's awful steps, howe'er pur-  
 sued!

By vexing Fortune and intrusive Pain,  
 Should never be divided from her chaste,  
 Her fair attendant, Pleasure. Need I  
 urge  
 Thy tardy thought through all the vari-  
 ous round  
 Of this existence, that thy soft'ning soul  
 At length may learn what energy the  
 hand  
 Of Virtue mingles in the bitter tide

Of passion swelling with distress and  
 pain,  
 To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops  
 Of cordial Pleasure? Ask the faithful  
 youth,  
 Why the cold urn of her whom long he  
 lov'd  
 So often fills his arms; so often draws  
 His lonely footsteps, at the silent hour,  
 To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?  
 O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of  
 worlds  
 Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego  
 That sacred hour, when, stealing from  
 the noise  
 Of Care and Envy, sweet Remembrance  
 soothes,  
 With Virtue's kindest looks, his aching  
 breast,  
 And turns his tears to rapture. — Ask  
 the crowd,  
 Which flies impatient from the village  
 walk  
 To climb the neighb'ring cliffs, when far  
 below  
 The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the  
 coast  
 Some hapless bark; while sacred Pity  
 melts  
 The gen'ral eye, or Terror's icy hand  
 Smites their distorted limbs and horrent  
 hair;  
 While ev'ry mother closer to her breast  
 Catches her child, and, pointing where  
 the waves  
 Foam through the shatter'd vessel,  
 shrieks aloud,  
 As one poor wretch, that spreads his  
 piteous arms  
 For succor, swallow'd by the roaring  
 surge,  
 As now another, dash'd against the rock,  
 Drops lifeless down. O! deemest thou  
 indeed  
 No kind endearment here by Nature  
 giv'n  
 To mutual Terror and Compassion's  
 tears?  
 No sweetly-swelling softness, which at-  
 tracts,  
 O'er all that edge of pain, the social  
 pow'rs

To this their proper action and their  
 end? —  
 Ask thy own heart; when, at the mid-  
 night hour,  
 Slow through that studious gloom thy  
 pausing eye,  
 Led by the glimm'ring taper, moves  
 around  
 The sacred volumes of the dead, the  
 songs  
 Of Grecian bards, and records writ by  
 Fame  
 For Grecian heroes, where the present  
 pow'r  
 Of heav'n and earth surveys th' immortal  
 page,  
 E'en as a father blessing, while he  
 reads  
 The praises of his son; if then thy soul,  
 Spurning the yoke of these inglorious  
 days,  
 Mix in their deeds and kindle with their  
 flame:  
 Say, when the prospect blackens on thy  
 view,  
 When rooted from the base, heroic states  
 Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the  
 frown  
 Of curs'd Ambition; — when the pious  
 band  
 Of youths that fought for freedom and  
 their sires  
 Lie side by side in gore; — when ruffian  
 Pride  
 Usurps the throne of Justice, turns the  
 pomp  
 Of public pow'r the majesty of rule,  
 The sword, the laurel, and the purple  
 robe,  
 To slavish empty pageants, to adorn  
 A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes  
 Of such as bow the knee; — when hon-  
 or'd urns  
 Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust  
 And storied arch, to glut the coward  
 rage  
 Of regal envy, strew the public way  
 With hallow'd ruins! — when the muse's  
 haunt,  
 The marble porch where Wisdom, wont  
 to talk  
 With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,

Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,  
 Or female Superstition's midnight pray'r; —  
 When ruthless Rapine from the hand of Time  
 Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow  
 To sweep the works of Glory from their base;  
 Till Desolation o'er the grass-grown street  
 Expands his raven wings, and up the wall,  
 Where senates once the pride of monarchs doom'd,  
 Hisses the gliding snake through hoary weeds,  
 That clasp the mould'ring column: — thus defac'd,  
 Thus widely mournful when the prospect thrills  
 Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear  
 Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm  
 In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove,  
 To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,  
 Or dash Octavius from the trophied car; —  
 Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste  
 The big distress? or wouldst thou then exchange  
 Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot  
 Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd  
 Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,  
 And bears aloft his gold-invested front,  
 And says within himself, "I am a king,  
 And wherefore should the clam'rous voice of Woe  
 Intrude upon mine ear?" — The baleful dregs  
 Of these late ages, this inglorious draught  
 Of servitude and folly, have not yet,  
 Blest be th' Eternal Ruler of the world!  
 Defil'd to such a depth of sordid shame  
 The native honors of the human soul,  
 Nor so effac'd the image of its sire.

## ON TASTE.

[From *Pleasures of the Imagination*.]

SAY, what is Taste, but the internal pow'rs  
 Active and strong, and feelingly alive  
 To each fine impulse? a discerning sense  
 Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust  
 From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross  
 In species? This nor gems, nor stores of gold,  
 Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;  
 But God alone, when first his active hand  
 Imprints the sacred bias of the soul.  
 He, Mighty Parent! wise and just in all,  
 Free as the vital breeze, or light of heav'n,  
 Reveals the charms of Nature. Ask the swain  
 Who journeys homeward from a summer-day's  
 Long labor, why, forgetful of his toils  
 And due repose, he loiters to behold  
 The sunshine gleaming as through amber clouds  
 O'er all the western sky! Full soon, I ween,  
 His rude expression, and untutor'd airs,  
 Beyond the pow'r of language, will unfold  
 The form of Beauty smiling at his heart,  
 How lovely! how commanding! But though Heav'n  
 In every breast hath sown these early seeds  
 Of love and admiration, yet in vain,  
 Without fair Culture's kind parental aid,  
 Without enliv'ning suns and genial show'rs,  
 And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope  
 The tender plant should rear its blooming head,  
 Or yield the harvest promis'd in its spring.  
 Nor yet will ev'ry soil with equal stores  
 Repay the tiller's labor; or attend  
 His will, obsequious, whether to produce  
 The olive or the laurel. Diff'rent minds  
 Incline to diff'rent objects: one pursues



The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;  
 Another sighs for harmony and grace,  
 And gentlest beauty. Hence when light-  
   ning fires  
 The arch of heav'n, and thunders rock  
   the ground;  
 When furious whirlwinds rend the howl-  
   ing air,  
 And Ocean, groaning from his lowest bed,  
 Heaves his tempestuous billows to the  
   sky;  
 Amid the mighty uproar, while below  
 The nations tremble, Shakespeare looks  
   abroad  
 From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys  
 The elemental war. But Waller longs,  
 All on the margin of some flow'ry stream,  
 To spread his careless limbs, amid the  
   cool  
 Of plantane shades, and to the list'ning  
   deer  
 The tale of slighted vows and Love's  
   disdain  
 Resounds, soft warbling, all the livelong  
   day.  
 Consenting Zephyr sighs; the weeping  
   rill  
 Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the  
   groves;  
 And hill and dale with all their echoes  
   mourn.  
 Such and so various are the tastes of men.

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THE PLEASURES OF A CULTI-  
 VATED IMAGINATION.

[From *Pleasures of the Imagination*.]

O BLEST of Heav'n, whom not the lan-  
   guid songs  
 Of Luxury, the siren! not the bribes  
 Of sordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy  
   spoils

Of pageant Honor, can seduce to leave  
 Those everblooming sweets, which from  
   the store  
 Of Nature fair Imagination culls,  
 To charm th' enliven'd soul! What  
   though not all  
 Of mortal offspring can attain the height  
 Of envied life; though only few possess  
 Patrician treasures, or imperial state:  
 Yet Nature's care to all her children just,  
 With richer treasures and an ampler state  
 Endows at large whatever happy man  
 Will deign to use them. His the city's  
   pomp,  
 The rural honors his. What'er adorns  
 The princely dome, the column, and the  
   arch,  
 The breathing marbles, and the sculptur'd  
   gold,  
 Beyond the proud possessor's narrow  
   claim,  
 His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the  
   Spring  
 Distils her dew, and from the silken  
   gem  
 Its lucid leaves unfolds; for him the  
   hand  
 Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch  
 With blooming gold, and blushes like  
   the morn.  
 Each passing hour sheds tribute from  
   her wing;  
 And still new beauties meet his lonely  
   walk,  
 And loves unfelt attract him. Not a  
   breeze  
 Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud im-  
   bibes  
 The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain  
 From all the tenants of the warbling  
   shade  
 Ascend, but whence his bosom can par-  
   take  
 Fresh pleasure unreprieved.

## WILLIAM COLLINS.

1721-1759.

[WILLIAM COLLINS was born at Chichester on Christmas Day, 1721. It is believed that he went for a time to the Prebendal School of that city; and in 1733 he entered Winchester College, then under Dr. Burton. Before he left school he had written the *Persian Eclogues* (which in their later editions are called *Oriental Eclogues*); and he had printed a so-called sonnet in the "Gentleman's Magazine." In 1740 he entered as commoner of Queen's College, Oxford, there being no vacancy at New College; and next year he obtained a demyship at Magdalen. The *Persian Eclogues* were published in 1742; next year came the *Epistle to Sir T. Hanmer*; and in 1744 he seems to have left Oxford for London, where he found a true friend in Johnson. His *Odes*, which he once meant to have published jointly with those of his old schoolfellow Joseph Warton, appeared alone in 1747. After this he went to live at Richmond, where he saw much of Thomson, Armstrong, and others of that company. In 1749 he wrote the *Ode on the Death of Thomson*, and the *Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands*. Soon afterwards he was attacked by the brain-disease from which, with certain intervals of partial recovery, he suffered for the rest of his life. His last years were spent at Chichester under the care of his sister, Mrs. Sempill. He died in 1759.]

## THE DEATH OF THE BRAVE.

[Written in the beginning of the year 1746.]

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:  
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

## ODE TO FEAR.

THOU, to whom the world unknown,  
With all its shadowy shapes is shown;  
Who seest appall'd th' unreal scene,  
While Fancy lifts the veil between:

Ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!

I see, I see thee near.

I know thy hurried step, thy haggard  
eye!

Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly;  
For lo, what monsters in thy train appear!

Danger, whose limbs of giant mould  
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?  
Who stalks his round, a hideous form,  
Howling amidst the midnight storm,

Or throws him on the ridgy steep  
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep:  
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,  
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:  
And those the fiends, who, near allied,  
O'er Nature's wounds and wrecks pre-  
side;

While Vengeance in the lurid air  
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:  
On whom that ravening brood of Fate,  
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait;  
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,  
And look not madly wild, like thee?

Thou, who such weary lengths has  
pass'd,  
Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph, at  
last?

Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,  
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?  
Or in some hollow'd seat,

'Gainst which the big waves beat,  
Hear drowning seamen's cries in tem-  
pests brought,

Dark pow'r, with shudd'ring meek sub-  
mitted Thought?

Be mine, to read the visions old,  
Which thy awak'ning bards have told,  
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,  
Hold each strange tale devoutly true;  
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'eraw'd,  
In that thrice hallow'd eve abroad,  
When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,  
The pebbled beds permitted leave,  
And goblins haunt, from fire, or fen,  
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!

O thou whose spirit most possess'd  
 The sacred seat of Shakespeare's breast !  
 By all that from thy prophet broke,  
 In thy divine emotions spoke !  
 Hither again thy fury deal,  
 Teach me but once like him to feel;  
 His cypress wreath my meed decree,  
 And I, O Fear ! will dwell with thee.

### ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,  
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy  
 modest ear,  
 Like thy own solemn springs,  
 Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-  
 hair'd Sun  
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy  
 skirts,  
 With braid ethereal wove,  
 O'erhang his wavy bed :

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-  
 eyed bat,  
 With short shrill shriek flits by on  
 leathern wing;  
 Or where the beetle winds  
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,  
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless  
 hum;  
 Now teach me, maid composed  
 To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy  
 darkening vale  
 May not unseemly with its stillness suit;  
 As, musing slow, I hail  
 Thy genial loved return !

For when thy folding-star arising shows  
 His paly circlet, at his warning lamp,  
 The fragrant Hours, and Elves  
 Who slept in buds the day.

And many a Nymph who wreathes her  
 brows with sedge,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The water-nymphs, Naiads, are so crowned.

And sheds the freshening dew, and,  
 lovelier still,  
 The pensive Pleasures sweet,  
 Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy  
 scene;  
 Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,  
 Whose walls more awful nod  
 By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving  
 rain,  
 Prevent my willing feet, be mine the  
 hut,  
 That from the mountain's side,  
 Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd  
 spires;  
 And hears their simple bell, and marks  
 o'er all  
 Thy dewy fingers draw  
 The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as  
 oft he wont,  
 And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest  
 Eve !  
 While summer loves to sport  
 Beneath thy lingering light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with  
 leaves :  
 Or Winter yelling through the troublous  
 air,  
 Affrights thy shrinking train,  
 And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,  
 Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smil-  
 ing Peace,  
 Thy gentlest influence own,  
 And love thy favorite name !

### THE PASSIONS.

WHEN music, heavenly maid, was  
 young,  
 While yet in early Greece she sung,  
 The Passions oft to hear her shell,  
 Throng'd around her magic cell,

Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
 Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting:  
 By turns they felt the glowing mind  
 Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined;  
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,  
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,  
 From the supporting myrtles round  
 They snatch'd their instruments of  
 sound;

And, as they oft had heard apart,  
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
 Each (for Madness ruled the hour)  
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,  
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,  
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,  
 E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next, Anger rush'd: his eyes on fire  
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings:  
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,  
 And swept with hurried hand the  
 strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair  
 Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled;  
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air,  
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,  
 What was thy delighted measure?  
 Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,  
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance  
 hail!

Still would her touch the strain prolong;  
 And from the rocks, the woods, the  
 vale,

She call'd on Echo still, through all the  
 song:

And, where her sweetest theme she  
 chose,

A soft responsive voice was heard at  
 every close,

And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved  
 her golden hair.

And longer had she sung; — but with a  
 frown,

Revenge impatient rose:

He threw his blood-stain'd sword, in  
 thunder, down;

And, with a withering look,  
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,

And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of  
 woe!

And, ever and anon, he beat  
 The doubling drum, with furious heat;  
 And though sometimes, each dreary  
 pause between,  
 Dejected Pity, at his side,  
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,  
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,  
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd  
 bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were  
 fix'd;

Sad proof of thy distressful state;  
 Of differing themes the veering song  
 was mix'd;

And now it courted Love, now raving  
 call'd on Hate,

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,  
 Pale Melancholy sate retired,  
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,  
 In notes by distance made more sweet,  
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her  
 pensive soul:

And, dashing soft from rocks around,  
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;  
 Through glades and glooms the mingled  
 measure stole,

Or o'er some haunted stream, with  
 fond delay,

Round an holy calm diffusing,  
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,

In hollow murmurs died away,  
 But O! how alter'd was its sprightlier  
 tone,

When Cheerfulness, a nymph of heal-  
 thiest hue,

Her bow across her shoulder flung,  
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning  
 dew,

Blew an inspiring air, that dale and  
 thicket rung,

The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad  
 known!

The oak-crown'd sisters, and their  
 chaste-eyed Queen,<sup>1</sup>

Satyrs and Sylvan Boys were seen,  
 Peeping from forth their alleys green:

<sup>1</sup> The Dryads and Diana.

Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;  
 And Sport leapt up and seized his  
 beechen spear.  
 Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:  
 He, with viny crown advancing,  
 First to the lively pipe his hand ad-  
 dress'd;  
 But soon he saw the brisk-awakening  
 viol.  
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he  
 loved the best;  
 They would have thought who heard  
 the strain  
 They saw, in Tempé's vale, her native  
 maids,  
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,  
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,  
 While as his flying fingers kiss'd the  
 strings,  
 Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantas-  
 tic round:  
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone  
 unbound;  
 And he, amidst his frolic play,  
 As if he would the charming air repay,  
 Shook thousand odors from his dewy  
 wings.  
 O Music! sphere-descended maid,  
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!  
 Why, goddess, why, to us denied,  
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?  
 As, in that loved Athenian bower,  
 You learn'd an all-commanding power,  
 Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endear'd,  
 Can well recall what then it heard;  
 Where is thy native simple heart,  
 Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?  
 Arise, as in that elder time,  
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!  
 Thy wonders, in that god-like age,  
 Fill thy recording Sister's page —  
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,  
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,  
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,  
 Than all which charms this laggard  
 age;  
 E'en all at once together found,  
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound —  
 O bid our vain endeavor cease;  
 Revive the just designs of Greece:  
 Return in all thy simple state!  
 Confirm the tales her sons relate!

### DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb  
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring  
 Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,  
 And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear  
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;  
 But shepherd lads assemble here,  
 And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,  
 No goblins lead their nightly crew;  
 But female fays shall haunt the green,  
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew

The redbreast oft at evening hours  
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,  
 With hoary moss and gather'd flowers  
 To deck the ground where thou art  
 laid.

When howling winds and beating rain  
 In tempests shake the sylvan cell,  
 Or 'midst the chase upon the plain,  
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,  
 For thee the tear be duly shed;  
 Beloved till life can charm no more,  
 And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

### ODE TO MERCY.

#### STROPHE.

O THOU, who sit'st a smiling bride  
 By Valor's arm'd and awful side,  
 Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best  
 adored;

Who oft with songs, divine to hear,  
 Win'st from his fatal grasp the spear,  
 And hid'st in wreaths of flowers his  
 bloodless sword!

Thou who, amidst the deathful field,  
 By god-like chiefs alone beheld,  
 Oft with thy bosom bare art found,  
 Pleading for him the youth who sinks to  
 ground:

See, Mercy, see, with pure and loaded  
hands,  
Before thy shrine my country's genius  
stands,  
And decks thy altar still, though pierced  
with many a wound !

## ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom ev'n our joys provoke,  
The fiend of nature join'd his yoke,  
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his  
prey;  
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,  
O'ertook him on his blasted road,  
And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his  
rage away.

I see recoil his sable steeds,  
That bore him swift to savage deeds,  
Thy tender melting eyes they own;  
O maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,  
Where Justice bars her iron tower,  
To thee we build a roseate bower,  
Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and  
share our monarch's throne !

## ON THE DEATH OF THOMSON.

In yonder grave a Druid lies  
Where slowly winds the stealing wave !  
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,  
To deck its poet's sylvan grave !

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds  
His airy harp shall now be laid,  
That he whose heart in sorrow bleeds,  
May love through life the soothing  
shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,  
And, while its sounds at distance swell,  
Shall sadly seem in pity's ear  
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore  
When Thames in summer wreaths is  
drest,  
And oft suspend the dashing oar  
To bid his gentle spirit rest !

And oft as ease and health retire  
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,  
The friend shall view yon whitening  
spire,  
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,  
Ah ! what will every dirge avail ?  
Or tears with love and pity shed,  
That mourn beneath the gliding sail !

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye  
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering  
near ?  
With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,  
And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen  
tide  
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,  
Now waft me from the green hill's side  
Whose cold turf hides the buried  
friend !

And see, the fairy valleys fade,  
Dun night has veil'd the solemn view !  
Yet once again, dear parted shade,  
Meek nature's child, again adieu !

The genial meads assign'd to bless  
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom !  
Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress  
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay  
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes,  
O ! vales, and wild woods, shall he say,  
In yonder grave your Druid lies !

## THOMAS GRAY.

1716-1771.

[THOMAS GRAY was born in London on the 26th of December, 1716. His father is described as "a citizen and money-scrivener"; we should say nowadays, he was on the stock-exchange. He appears to have been a selfish, extravagant, and violent man. Mr. Antrobus, Gray's uncle on the mother's side, was one of the assistant masters at Eton, and at Eton, under his care, Gray was brought up. At Eton he formed a friendship with Horace Walpole, and with Richard West, whose father was Lord Chancellor of Ireland. At Cambridge Gray did not read mathematics and took no degree. He occupied himself with classical literature, history, and modern languages; several of his translations and Latin poems date from this time. He intended to read law; but a few months after his leaving Cambridge, Horace Walpole invited him to be his companion on a tour through France and Italy. The friends visited Paris, Florence, and Rome, and remained abroad together more than two years. Gray saw and noted much; on this journey were produced the best of his Latin poems. Walpole, however, the son of the Prime Minister, and rich, gave himself airs; a difference arose which made Gray separate from him and return alone to England. He was reconciled with Walpole a year or two later; but meanwhile his father died, in 1741; his mother went to live at Stoke, near Windsor; and Gray, with a narrow income of his own, gave up the law and settled himself in college at Cambridge. In 1742 he lost his friend West; the *Ode to the Spring* was written just before West's death; the *Ode on the Prospect of Eton*, the *Hymn to Adversity*, and the *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard*, were written not long after. The first of Gray's poems which appeared in print was the *Ode on the Prospect of Eton*, published in folio by Dodsley in 1747; "little notice," says Warton, "was taken of it." The *Elegy* was handed about in manuscript before its publication in 1750; it was popular instantly, and made Gray's reputation. In 1753 Gray lost his mother, to whom he owed everything, and whom he devotedly loved. In 1755 *The Progress of Poesy* was finished, and *The Bard* begun. The post of Poet-Laureate was offered to Gray in 1757, and declined by him. He applied to Lord Bute, in 1762, for the professorship of modern history at Cambridge, but in vain. Six years afterwards the professorship again became vacant, and the Duke of Grafton gave it to Gray without his applying for it. The year afterwards the Duke of Grafton was elected Chancellor of the University, and Gray composed for his installation the well-known *Ode for Music*. It was the last of his works. He talked of giving lectures as professor of history, but his health was bad, and his spirits were low; Gray was the most temperate of men, but he was full of hereditary gout. Travelling amused and revived him; he had made with much enjoyment journeys to Scotland, Wales, and the English Lakes, and in the last year of his life, 1771, he entertained a project of visiting Switzerland. But he was too unwell to make the attempt, and he remained at Cambridge. On the 24th of July, while at dinner in the College hall, he was seized with illness; convulsions came on, and on the 30th of July, 1771, at the age of fifty-four, Gray died. He was never married.]

## THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

## A PINDARIC ODE.

## I.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,  
And give to rapture all thy trembling  
strings.

From Helicon's harmonious springs  
A thousand rills their mazy progress  
take;

The laughing flowers that round them  
blow,

Drink life and fragrance as they flow.  
Now the rich stream of music winds  
along,

Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,  
Through verdant vales, and Ceres'  
golden reign:

Now rolling down the steep amain,  
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:

The rocks, and nodding groves, rebel-  
low to the roar.

Oh! sovereign of the willing soul,  
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing  
airs,

Enchanting shell! the sullen cares,  
And frantic passions, hear thy soft  
control:

On Thracia's hills the lord of war  
Has curb'd the fury of his car,  
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy  
command:

Perching on the scepter'd hand  
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd  
king

With ruffled plumes, and flagging  
wing:

Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber  
lie

The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,  
Temper'd to thy warbled lay,  
O'er Idalia's velvet-green  
The rosy-crown'd Loves are seen,  
On Cytherea's day,  
With antic Sports and blue-eyed Pleasures,

Frisking light in frolic measures;  
Now pursuing, now retreating,  
Now in circling troops they meet:  
To brisk notes in cadence beating,  
Glance their many-twinkling feet.  
Slow-melting strains their queen's approach declare.

Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay,  
With arms sublime that float upon the air;

In gliding state she wins her easy way:

O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move

The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

## II.

Man's feeble race what ills await,  
Labor and Penury, the racks of Pain,  
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,  
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!

The fond complaint, my song, disprove,

And justify the laws of Jove.

Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?

Night and all her sickly dews,  
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,

He gives to range the dreary sky:

Till down the eastern cliffs afar

Hyperion's march they spy, the glittering shafts of war.

In climes beyond the solar road,  
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,

The Muse has broke the twilight gloom

To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.

And oft, beneath the odorous shade  
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,  
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,

In loose numbers wildly sweet,  
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.

Her track, where'er the goddess roves,  
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,  
Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,  
Isles, that crown'd th' Ægean deep,  
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,  
Or where Mæander's amber waves  
In lingering labyrinths creep,  
How do your tuneful Echoes languish

Mute, but to the voice of anguish?

Where each old poetic mountain

Inspiration breathed around:

Every shade and hallow'd fountain

Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:

Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,

Left their Parnassus, for the Latian plains.

Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-power,

And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.

When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,

They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

## III.

Far from the Sun and summer-gale,  
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,

What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,  
To him the mighty mother did unveil

Her awful face: the dauntless child  
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled.

"This pencil take," she said, "whose colors clear



Richly paint the vernal year :  
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy !  
 This can unlock the gates of Joy ;  
 Of Horror that, and thrilling fears,  
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic  
 tears."

Nor second he; that rode sublime  
 Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,  
 The secrets of th' abyss to spy.  
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of place  
 and time :  
 The living throne, the sapphire-  
 blaze,  
 Where angels tremble, while they  
 gaze,  
 He saw; but, blasted with excess of  
 light,  
 Closed his eyes in endless night.  
 Behold, where Dryden's less presump-  
 tuous car,  
 Wide o'er the field of Glory bear  
 Two coursers of ethereal race,  
 With necks in thunder clothed, and  
 long-resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !  
 Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,  
 Scatters from her pictured urn  
 Thoughts that breathe, and words  
 that burn.  
 But ah ! 'tis heard no more —  
 Oh ! lyre divine, what daring spirit  
 Wakes thee now? Though he in-  
 herit  
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,  
 That the Theban eagle bear,  
 Sailing with supreme dominion  
 Through the azure deep of air :  
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would  
 run  
 Such forms as glitter in the Muse's  
 ray  
 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the  
 Sun :  
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his dis-  
 tant way  
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,  
 Beneath the good how far ! — but far  
 above the great.

## HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless pow'r,  
 Thou tamer of the human breast,  
 Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour  
 The bad affright, afflict the best !  
 Bound in thy adamant chain,  
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,  
 And purple tyrants vainly groan  
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and  
 alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth  
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,  
 To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,  
 And bade thee form her infant mind.  
 Stern rugged nurse ! thy rigid lore  
 With patience many a year she bore :  
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know  
 And from her own she learn'd to melt  
 at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly  
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,  
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless  
 Joy,  
 And leave us leisure to be good.  
 Light they disperse, and with them go  
 The summer Friend the flatt'ring Foe ;  
 By vain Prosperity received,  
 To her they vow their truth, and are  
 again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,  
 Immersed in rapt'rous thought profound,  
 And Melancholy, silent maid,  
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,  
 Still on thy solemn steps attend :  
 Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,  
 With Justice, to herself severe,  
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly pleas-  
 ing tear.

O, gently on thy suppliant's head,  
 Dread Goddess lay they chast'ning hand !  
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,  
 Nor circled with the vengeful band  
 (As by the impious thou art seen)  
 With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning  
 mien,  
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,  
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly  
 Poverty.

Thy form benign, O Goddess! wear,  
 Thy milder influence impart,  
 Thy philosophic train be there,  
 To soften, not to wound my heart.  
 The gen'rous spark extinct revive,  
 Teach me to love and to forgive,  
 Exact my own defects to scan,  
 What others are, to feel, and to know  
 myself a man.

*ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT  
 OF ETON COLLEGE.*

YE distant spires, ye antique tow'rs,  
 That crown the wat'ry glade,  
 Where grateful Science still adores  
 Her Henry's holy shade;  
 And ye, that from the stately brow  
 Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below  
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flow'rs  
 among  
 Wanders the hoary Thames along  
 His silver winding way.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!  
 Ah, fields beloved in vain!  
 Where once my careless childhood  
 stray'd,  
 A stranger yet to pain!  
 I feel the gales, that from ye blow,  
 A momentary bliss bestow,  
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
 My weary soul they seem to sooth,  
 And, redolent of joy and youth,  
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames (for thou hast  
 seen  
 Full many a sprightly race,  
 Disporting on thy margent green,  
 The paths of pleasure trace),  
 Who foremost now delight to cleave  
 With pliant arm thy glassy wave?  
 The captive linnet which enthrall?  
 What idle progeny succeed  
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
 Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on earnest business bent,  
 Their murm'ring labors ply  
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring con-  
 straint

To sweeten liberty:  
 Some bold adventurers disdain  
 The limits of their little reign,  
 And unknown regions dare descry,  
 Still as they run they look behind,  
 They hear a voice in every wind,  
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by Fancy fed,  
 Less pleasing when possess'd;  
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
 The sunshine of the breast;  
 Their buxom Health of rosy hue,  
 Wild Wit, Invention ever new,  
 And lively Cheer, of Vigor born;  
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,  
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,  
 The little victims play!  
 No sense have they of ills to come,  
 No care beyond to-day:  
 Yet see how all around them wait  
 The ministers of human fate,  
 And black Misfortune's baleful train!  
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand,  
 To seize their prey, the murd'rous band,  
 Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,  
 The vultures of the mind,  
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,  
 And Shame that skulks behind:  
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth,  
 Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,  
 That inly gnaws the secret heart,  
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,  
 Grim visaged comfortless Despair,  
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,  
 Then whirl the wretch from high,  
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,  
 And grinning Infamy.  
 The stings of Falsehood those shall try,  
 And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,  
 That mocks the tear it forced to flow;

And keen Remorse with blood defiled,  
And moody Madness laughing wild  
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath  
A grisly troop are seen,  
The painful family of Death,  
More hideous than their queen;  
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,  
That every lab'ring sinew strains,  
Those in the deeper vitals rage:  
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,  
That numbs the soul with icy hand,  
And slow consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,  
Condemn'd alike to groan;  
The tender for another's pain,  
Th' unfeeling for his own.  
Yet ah! why should they know their  
fate  
Since Sorrow never comes too late,  
And Happiness too swiftly flies;  
Thought would destroy their Paradise.  
No more; where ignorance is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wise.

*ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.*

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting  
day,  
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the  
lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his  
weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to  
me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on  
the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his dron-  
ing flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant  
folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled  
tower,  
The moping owl does to the moon com-  
plain

Of such, as wand'ring near her secret  
bow'r,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew  
tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a moul-  
d'ring heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing  
Morn,  
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-  
built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing  
horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their  
lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth  
shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her ev'ning care:  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to  
share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has  
broke:  
How jocund did they drive their team  
afield!  
How bow'd the woods beneath their  
sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful  
smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of  
Pow'r,  
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er  
gave,  
Await alike th' inevitable hour,  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the  
fault,  
If Mem'ry o'er their tombs no trophies  
raise,

Where through the long drawn aisle,  
and fretted vault,  
The pealing anthem swells the note of  
praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting  
breath?  
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent  
dust,  
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of  
death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial  
fire;  
Hands, that the rod of empire might  
have sway'd,  
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample  
page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er  
unroll;  
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean  
bear;  
Full many a flow'r is born to blush un-  
seen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert  
air.

Some village Hampden, that with daunt-  
less breast  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may  
rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's  
blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to com-  
mand,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,  
Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd  
alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes  
confin'd;

Forbade to wade through slaughter to  
a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on man-  
kind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth  
to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous  
shame,  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's  
flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble  
strife  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to  
stray;  
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their  
way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to pro-  
tect,  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless  
sculpture deck'd,  
Implores the pleasing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by th'  
unletter'd Muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply;  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er re-  
sign'd,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful  
day,  
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look be-  
hind?

On some fond breast the parting soul  
relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye re-  
quires;  
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature  
cries,  
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhon-  
or'd dead,

Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;  
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,

Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,  
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.  
 "There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
 Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;  
 Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,  
 Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn, I miss'd him on th' accustomed hill,  
 Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;  
 Another came, nor yet beside the rill,  
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,  
 Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne,  
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,  
 Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth,  
 A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:  
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
 Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:

He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear;  
 He gain'd from Heav'n, 'twas all he wish'd, a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode:  
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)  
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE BARD.

I. I.

"RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!  
 Confusion on thy banners wait;  
 Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,  
 They mock the air with idle state.

Helm, nor hauberck's twisted mail,  
 Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail  
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,  
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"

Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride  
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,  
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side

He wound with toilsome march his long array.  
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:  
 "To arms!" cried Mortimer, and crouch'd his quiv'ring lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow  
 Frowns o'er cold Conway's foaming flood,  
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,  
 With haggard eyes the poet stood;

(Loose his beard, and hoary hair  
 Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)

And with a master's hand, and prophet's  
fire,  
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.  
"Hark, how each giant oak, and desert  
cave,  
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice  
beneath!  
O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms  
they wave,  
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs  
breathe;  
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal  
day,  
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llew-  
ellyn's lay.

## I. 3.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,  
That hush'd the stormy main:  
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:  
Mountains, ye mourn in vain  
Modred, whose magic song  
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-  
topt head.  
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,  
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:  
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;  
The famish'd eagle screams, and  
passes by.  
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,  
Dear as the light that visits these sad  
eyes,  
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my  
heart,  
Ye died amidst your dying country's  
cries—  
No more I weep. They do not sleep.  
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,  
I see them sit, they linger yet,  
Avengers of their native land:  
With me in dreadful harmony they join,  
And weave with bloody hands the tissue  
of thy line.

## II. I.

"Weave the warp, and weave the  
woof,  
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.  
Give ample room, and verge enough  
The characters of hell to trace.  
Mark the year, and mark the night,  
When Severn shall re-echo with affright

The shrieks of death, thro' Berkely's  
roof that ring,  
Shrieks of an agonizing king.  
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting  
fangs,  
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled  
mate,  
From thee be born, who o'er thy  
country hangs  
The scourge of Heav'n. What Terrors  
round him wait!  
Amazement in his van, with Flight com-  
bin'd,  
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude  
behind.

## II. 2.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord!  
Low on his funeral couch he lies!  
No pitying heart, no eye, afford  
A tear to grace his obsequies.  
Is the sable warrior fled?  
Thy son is gone. He rests among the  
dead.  
The swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam  
were born.  
Gone to salute the rising morn.  
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr  
blows,  
While proudly riding o'er the azure  
realm  
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;  
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at  
the helm:  
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's  
sway,  
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his  
ev'ning prey.

## II. 3.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,  
The rich repast prepare,  
Rest of a crown, he yet may share the  
feast:  
Close by the regal chair  
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl  
A baleful smile upon their baffled  
guest.  
Heard ye the din of battle bray,  
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?  
Long years of havoc urge their des-  
tined course,

And thro' the kindred squadrons mow  
their way.

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting  
shame,  
With many a foul and midnight murder  
fed,

Revere his consort's faith, his father's  
fame,

And spare the meek usurper's holy head.  
Above, below, the rose of snow,

Twin'd with her blushing foe, we  
spread:

The bristled Boar in infant-gore  
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.

Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed  
loom,

Stamp we our vengeance deep, and  
ratify his doom.

III. 1.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate  
(Weave we the woof. The thread is  
spun.)

Half of thy heart we consecrate.  
(The web is wove. The work is done.)  
Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn  
Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to  
mourn:

In yon bright track, that fires the west-  
ern skies,

They melt, they vanish from my eyes.  
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snow-  
don's height

Descending slow their glittering skirts  
unroll?

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!  
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!  
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.  
All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's  
issue, hail!

III. 2.

"Girt with many a baron bold  
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;  
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen  
old

In bearded majesty, appear.  
In the midst a form divine!

Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-  
line;

Her lion-port, her awe-commanding  
face,

Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.

What strings symphonious tremble in  
the air,

What strains of vocal transport round  
her play!

Hear from the grave, great Taliessin,  
hear;

They breathe a soul to animate thy  
clay.

Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she  
sings,

Waves in the eye of heav'n her many-  
color'd wings.

III. 3.

"The verse adorn again  
Fierce War, and faithful Love,  
And Truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.  
In buskin'd measures move  
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,  
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing  
breast.

A voice, as of the cherub-choir,  
Gales from blooming Eden bear;  
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,  
That lost in long futurity expire.

Fond impious man, think'st thou yon  
sanguine cloud,

Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd  
the orb of day?

To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,  
And warms the nations with redoubled  
ray.

Enough for me; with joy I see  
The different doom our fates assign.  
Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care,  
To triumph, and to die, are mine."

He spoke, and headlong from the moun-  
tain's height

Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to  
endless night.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,  
Fair Venus' train, appear,

Disclose the long-expecting flowers,  
And wake the purple year!

The Attic warbler pours her throat,  
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,

The untaught harmony of spring:

While, whispering pleasure as they fly,  
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky  
Their gathered fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches  
stretch

A broader, browner shade,  
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech  
O'er-canopies the glade,  
Beside some water's rushy brink  
With me the Muse shall sit, and think  
(At ease reclined in rustic state)  
How vain the ardor of the crowd,  
How low, how little are the proud,  
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;  
The panting herds repose:  
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air  
The busy murmur glows!  
The insect-youth are on the wing,  
Eager to taste the honied spring,  
And float amid the liquid noon:  
Some lightly o'er the current skim,

Some show their gaily-gilded trim  
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye  
Such is the race of Man:  
And they that creep, and they that fly,  
Shall end where they began.  
Alike the Busy and the Gay  
But flutter thro' life's little day,  
In Fortune's varying colors drest:  
Brushed by the hand of rough Mischance  
Or chilled by Age, their airy dance  
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,  
The sportive kind reply:  
Poor moralist! and what art thou?  
A solitary fly!  
Thy joys no glittering female meets,  
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,  
No painted plumage to display:  
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;  
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—  
We frolic while 'tis May.



## OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1728-1774.

[BORN at Pallas, county of Longford, Ireland, on the 10th of November, 1728; died in his chambers in Brick Court, London, on the 4th of April, 1774. *The Traveller* was published in December, 1764; *The Deserted Village*, May, 1770. The ballad *The Hermit* first appeared in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, 1776. *The Haunch of Venison*, written about 1771, was first published after its author's death, 1776; *Retaliation*, Goldsmith's last work, was also of posthumous publication, 1774.]

### THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the  
plain,  
Where health and plenty cheer'd the  
laboring swain,  
Where smiling spring its earliest visit  
paid  
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms  
delay'd;  
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and  
ease,  
Seats of my youth, when every sport  
could please;  
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,  
Where humble happiness endear'd each  
scene;

How often have I paus'd on every  
charm,  
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,  
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent church that topt the neigh-  
b'ring hill,  
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath  
the shade,  
For talking age and whispering lovers  
made!  
How often have I blest the coming day,  
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,  
And all the village train, from labor free,  
Led up their sports beneath the spread-  
ing tree,



While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
 The young contending as the old survey'd;  
 And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,  
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;  
 And still as each repeated pleasure tired,  
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired.  
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown,  
 By holding out, to tire each other down;  
 The swain mistrustless of his smutt'd face,  
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place;  
 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,  
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove —  
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,  
 With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil to please;  
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,  
 These were thy charms — But all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,  
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;  
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,  
 And desolation saddens all thy green:  
 One only master grasps the whole domain,  
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;  
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,  
 But, chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way;  
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,  
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;  
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,  
 And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.

Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,  
 And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall;  
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,  
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,  
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;  
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;  
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made;  
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
 When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
 When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;  
 For him light labor spread her wholesome store,  
 Just gave what life required, but gave no more:  
 His best companions, innocence and health,  
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train  
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;  
 Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,  
 Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose:  
 And every want to luxury allied,  
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.  
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,  
 Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,  
 Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,  
 Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green;

These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,  
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

—

*RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME AND INFANCY.*

SWEET Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,  
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.  
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,  
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,  
And, many a year elapsed, return to view  
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,  
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,  
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,  
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—  
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,  
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;  
To husband out life's taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:  
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,  
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,  
Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;  
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue,  
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,  
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,  
Retreats from care that never must be mine,  
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,  
A youth of labor with an age of ease;  
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!  
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,  
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;  
No surly porter stands in guilty state,  
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;  
But on he moves to meet his latter end,  
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;  
Sink to the grave with unperceived decay,  
While resignation gently slopes the way;  
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,  
His heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when, oft at ev'ning's close,  
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose:  
There, as I past with careless steps and slow,  
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;  
The swain, responsive as the milkmaid sung,  
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,  
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
The playful children just let loose from school,  
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,  
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;  
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,  
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.  
But now the sounds of population fail,

No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the  
gale,  
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way  
tread,  
But all the blooming flush of life is fled.  
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,  
That feebly bends beside the plashy  
spring;  
She, wretched matron, forced in age,  
for bread,  
To strip the brook with mantling cresses  
spread,  
To pick her wint'ry faggot from the  
thorn,  
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till  
morn;  
She only left of all the harmless train,  
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

#### THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the  
garden smiled  
And still where many a garden flower  
grows wild;  
There, where a few torn shrubs the  
place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion  
rose.  
A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a  
year;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly  
race,  
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to  
change his place;  
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying  
hour;  
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to  
prize,  
More bent to raise the wretched than to  
rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant  
train,  
He chid their wand'rings, but relieved  
their pain;  
The long remember'd beggar was his  
guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged  
breast;

The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer  
proud,  
Claim'd kindred there, and had his  
claims allow'd;  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;  
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sor-  
row done,  
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how  
fields were won.  
Pleased with his guests, the good man  
learn'd to glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;  
Careless their merits or their faults to  
scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his  
pride,  
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's  
side;  
But in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt  
for all;  
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the  
skies;  
He tried each art, reproved each dull  
delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the  
way.

Beside the bed where parting life was  
laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns  
dismay'd,  
The rev'rend champion stood. At his  
control,  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling  
soul;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch  
to raise,  
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd  
praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected  
grace,  
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;  
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double  
sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remained  
to pray.

The service past, around the pious man,  
 With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;  
 Even children follow'd, with endearing  
 wile,  
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good  
 man's smile.  
 His ready smile a parent's warmth ex-  
 prest,  
 Their welfare pleased him, and their  
 cares distress;  
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs  
 were given,  
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in  
 heaven.  
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves  
 the storm,  
 Though round its breast the rolling  
 clouds are spread,  
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

---

*THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER  
 AND THE VILLAGE INN.*

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts  
 the way,  
 With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,  
 There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to  
 rule,  
 The village master taught his little  
 school;  
 A man severe he was, and stern to view,  
 I knew him well, and every truant knew;  
 Well had the boding tremblers learn'd  
 to trace  
 The day's disasters in his morning face;  
 Full well they laugh'd with counter-  
 feited glee  
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;  
 Full well the busy whisper circling  
 round,  
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he  
 frown'd;  
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,  
 The love he bore to learning was in  
 fault;  
 The village all declared how much he  
 knew;  
 'Twas certain he could write, and cypher  
 too;

Lands he could measure, terms and tides  
 presage,  
 And even the story ran that he could  
 gauge:  
 In arguing, too, the parson own'd his  
 skill,  
 For even though vanquish'd, he could  
 argue still;  
 While words of learned length, and  
 thund'ring sound,  
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged  
 around,  
 And still they gazed, and still the won-  
 der grew,  
 That one small head could carry all he  
 knew.

But past is all his fame. The very  
 spot  
 Where many a time he triumph'd, is  
 forgot.  
 Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on  
 high,  
 Where once the sign-post caught the  
 passing eye,  
 Low lies that house where nut-brown  
 draughts inspired,  
 Where gray-beard mirth and smiling  
 toil retired,  
 Where village statesmen talk'd with  
 looks profound,  
 And news much older than their ale  
 went round.  
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace  
 The parlor splendors of that festive  
 place;  
 The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded  
 floor,  
 The varnish'd clock that click'd behind  
 the door;  
 The chest contrived a double debt to  
 pay,  
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by  
 day;  
 The pictures placed for ornament and  
 use,  
 The twelve good rules, the royal game  
 of goose;  
 The hearth, except when winter chill'd  
 the day,  
 With aspen boughs and flowers and 'en-  
 nel gay,

While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for  
show,  
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a  
row.

Vain transitory splendor! could not  
all  
Reprive the tott'ring mansion from its  
fall?  
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more im-  
part  
An hour's importance to the poor man's  
heart.

### THE EXILES.

WHERE, then, ah! where shall poverty  
reside,  
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous  
pride?  
If to some common's fenceless limits  
stray'd,  
He drives his flock to pick the scanty  
blade,  
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth  
divide,  
And even the bare-worn common is  
denied.

If to the city sped, what waits him  
there?  
To see profusion that he must not share;  
To see ten thousand baneful arts com-  
bined  
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;  
To see each joy the sons of pleasure  
know,  
Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe.  
Here, while the courtier glitters in bro-  
cade,  
There the pale artist plies the sickly  
trade;  
Here while the proud their long-drawn  
pomps display,  
There the black gibbet glooms beside  
the way;  
The dome where pleasure holds her mid-  
night reign,  
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous  
train;  
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing  
square,

The rattling chariots clash, the torches  
glare.

Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er  
annoy!

Sure these denote one universal joy! —  
Are these thy serious thoughts? ah, turn  
thine eyes

Where the poor houseless shivering  
female lies.

She once, perhaps, in village plenty  
bless'd,

Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd;  
Her modest looks the cottage might  
adorn,

Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath  
the thorn.

Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue  
fled,

Near her betrayer's door she lays her  
head,

And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking  
from the shower

With heavy heart deplores that luckless  
hour,

When, idly first, ambitious of the town,  
She left her wheel, and robes of country  
brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the  
loveliest train,

Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?  
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger

led,  
At proud men's doors they ask a little  
bread!

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary  
scene,

Where half the convex world intrudes  
between,

Through torrid tracts with fainting steps  
they go,

Where wild Altama murmurs to their  
woe.

Far different there from all that charm'd  
before,

The various terrors of that horrid shore;  
Those blazing suns that dart a down-  
ward ray,

And fiercely shed intolerable day;  
Those matted woods where birds forget

to sing,

But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;  
 Those poisonous fields with rank luxu-  
 riance crown'd,  
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death  
 around;  
 Where at each step the stranger fears  
 to wake  
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful  
 snake;  
 Where crouching tigers wait their hap-  
 less prey,  
 And savage men more murderous still  
 than they;  
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,  
 Ming'ling the ravaged landscape with the  
 skies.  
 Far different these from every former  
 scene,  
 The cooling brook, the grassy-vested  
 green;  
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,  
 That only shelter'd thefts of harmless  
 love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd  
 that parting day,  
 That call'd them from their native walks  
 away;  
 When the poor exiles, every pleasure  
 past,  
 Hung round the bowers, and fondly  
 look'd their last,  
 And took a long farewell, and wish'd in  
 vain  
 For seats like these beyond the western  
 main;  
 And shuddering still to face the distant  
 deep,  
 Return'd and wept, and still return'd to  
 weep!  
 The good old sire, the first, prepared to  
 go  
 To new-found worlds, and wept for  
 others' woe:  
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,  
 He only wish'd for worlds beyond the  
 grave.  
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,  
 The fond companion of his helpless  
 years,  
 Silent went next, neglectful of her  
 charms,

And left a lover's for a father's arms.  
 With louder plaints the mother spoke  
 her woes,  
 And bless'd the cot where every pleasure  
 rose;  
 And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with  
 many a tear,  
 And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly  
 dear;  
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend  
 relief  
 In all the silent manliness of grief. —  
 O luxury; thou cursed by Heaven's  
 decree,  
 How ill exchanged are things like these  
 for thee!  
 How do thy potions, with insidious joy,  
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!  
 Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness  
 grown,  
 Boast of a florid vigor not their own;  
 At every draught more large and large  
 they grow,  
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;  
 Till sapp'd their strength, and every part  
 unsound,  
 Down, down they sink, and spread a  
 ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,  
 And half the business of destruction  
 done;  
 Even now, methinks, as pondering here  
 I stand,  
 I see the rural Virtues leave the land.  
 Down where yon anchoring vessel  
 spreads the sail,  
 That idly waiting flaps with every gale,  
 Downward they move, a melancholy  
 band,  
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the  
 strand.  
 Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,  
 And kind connubial Tenderness, are  
 there:  
 And Piety with wishes placed above,  
 And steady Loyalty and faithful Love.  
 And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest  
 maid,  
 Still first to fly where sensual joys  
 invade;  
 Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,

To catch the heart, or strike for honest  
fame;  
Dear charming nymph, neglected and  
decried,  
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;  
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my  
woe,  
Thou found'st me poor at first, and  
keep'st me so:  
Thou guide by which the nobler arts  
excel,  
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well.

### THE TRAVELLER.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,  
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;  
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian  
boor  
Against the houseless stranger shuts the  
door;  
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,  
A weary waste expanding to the skies:  
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,  
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to  
thee:  
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless  
pain,  
And drags at each remove a lengthen-  
ing chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest  
friend,  
And round his dwelling guardian saints  
attend;  
Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful  
guests retire  
To pause from toil, and trim their eve-  
ning fire:  
Bless'd that abode, where want and pain  
repair,  
And every stranger finds a ready chair;  
Bless'd be those feasts with simple plenty  
crown'd,  
Where all the ruddy family around  
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never  
fail,  
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;  
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,  
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to  
share,  
My prime of life in wandering spent and  
care;  
Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue  
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with  
the view:  
That, like the circle bounding earth and  
skies,  
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;  
My fortune leads to traverse realms  
alone,  
And find no spot of all the world my  
own.

Even now, where Alpine solitudes  
ascend,  
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend:  
And, placed on high, above the storm's  
career,  
Look downward where an hundred  
realms appear;  
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending  
wide,  
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's  
humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around  
combine,  
Amidst the store, should thankless pride  
repine?  
Say, should the philosophic mind dis-  
dain  
That good which makes each humbler  
bosom vain?  
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it  
can,  
These little things are great to little  
man;  
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind  
Exults in all the good of all mankind.  
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and  
splendor crown'd;  
Ye fields, where summer spreads pro-  
fusion round;  
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy  
gale;  
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery  
vale;  
For me your tributary stores combine;  
Creation's heir, the world, the world is  
mine!

As some lone miser, visiting his store,  
 Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts  
 it o'er:  
 Hoards after hoards his rising raptures  
 fill,  
 Yet still he sighs, for hoards are want-  
 ing still;  
 Thus to my breast alternate passions  
 rise,  
 Pleased with each good that Heaven to  
 man supplies;  
 Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,  
 To see the hoard of human bliss so  
 small;  
 And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to  
 find  
 Some spot to real happiness consign'd,  
 Where my worn soul, each wandering  
 hope at rest,  
 May gather bliss, to see my fellows  
 bless'd.

But where to find that happiest spot  
 below,  
 Who can direct, when all pretend to  
 know?  
 The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone  
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his  
 own;  
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,  
 And his long nights of revelry and  
 ease;  
 The naked negro, panting at the line,  
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy  
 wine,  
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid  
 wave,  
 And thanks his gods for all the good  
 they gave.  
 Such is the patriot's boast where'er we  
 roam,  
 His first, best country, ever is at home.  
 And yet, perhaps, if countries we com-  
 pare,  
 And estimate the blessings which they  
 share,  
 Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom  
 find  
 An equal portion dealt to all mankind:  
 As different good, by art or nature given,  
 To different nations makes their bless-  
 ings even.

#### CHARACTER OF THE ITALIANS.

FAR to the right, where Appenine  
 ascends,  
 Bright as the summer, Italy extends:  
 Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's  
 side,  
 Woods over woods in gay theatric pride:  
 While oft some temple's mouldering tops  
 between  
 With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the  
 breast,  
 The sons of Italy were surely bless'd.  
 Whatever fruits in different climes are  
 found,  
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the  
 ground;  
 Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,  
 Whose bright succession decks the  
 varied year;  
 Whatever sweets salute the northern  
 sky  
 With vernal lives, that blossom but to  
 die;  
 These here disporting, own the kindred  
 soil,  
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's  
 toil;  
 While sea-born gales their gelid wings  
 expand  
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling  
 land.

But small the bliss that sense alone  
 bestows,  
 And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.  
 In florid beauty groves and fields appear,  
 Man seems the only growth that dwindle  
 here.  
 Contrasted faults through all his manners  
 reign;  
 Though poor, luxurious; though submis-  
 sive, vain;  
 Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet  
 untrue;  
 And even in penance planning sins  
 anew.  
 All evils here contaminate the mind,  
 That opulence departed leaves behind;  
 For wealth was theirs, not far removed  
 the date,



When commerce proudly flourish'd  
 through the state;  
 At her command the palace learn'd to  
 rise,  
 Again the long-fall'n column sought the  
 skies,  
 The canvas glow'd, beyond e'en Nature  
 warm,  
 The pregnant quarry teem'd with human  
 form:  
 Till, more unsteady than the southern  
 gale,  
 Commerce on other shores display'd her  
 sail;  
 While nought remain'd of all that riches  
 gave,  
 But towns unmann'd, and lords without  
 a slave:  
 And late the nation found, with fruitless  
 skill,  
 Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here sup-  
 plied  
 By arts, the splendid wrecks of former  
 pride;  
 From these the feeble heart and long-  
 fall'n mind  
 An easy compensation seem to find.  
 Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp  
 array'd,  
 The pasteboard triumph and the caval-  
 cade:  
 By sports like these are all their cares  
 beguiled;  
 The sports of children satisfy the child:  
 Each nobler aim, repress'd by long con-  
 trol,  
 Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;  
 While low delights, succeeding fast be-  
 hind,  
 In happier meanness occupy the mind:  
 As in those domes, where Cæsars once  
 bore sway,  
 Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,  
 There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,  
 The shelter-seeking peasant builds his  
 shed;  
 And, wondering man could want the  
 larger pile,  
 Exults, and owns his cottage with a  
 smile.

#### CHARACTER OF THE SWISS.

My soul turn from them; — turn we to  
 survey  
 Where rougher climes a nobler race dis-  
 play,  
 Where the bleak Swiss their stormy man-  
 sion tread,  
 And force a churlish soil for scanty  
 bread;  
 No product here the barren hills afford  
 But man and steel, the soldier and his  
 sword:  
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks  
 array,  
 But winter lingering chills the lap of  
 May;  
 No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's  
 breast,  
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms  
 invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread  
 a charm,  
 Redress the clime, and all its rage dis-  
 arm.  
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his  
 feasts though small,  
 He sees his little lot the lot of all;  
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,  
 To shame the meanness of his humble  
 shed;  
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet  
 deal,  
 To make him loathe his vegetable meal;  
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and  
 toil,  
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the  
 soil.  
 Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short  
 repose,  
 Breathes the keen air, and carols as he  
 goes;  
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,  
 Or drives his venturous ploughshare to  
 the steep;  
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracks  
 mark the way,  
 And drags the struggling savage into  
 day.  
 At night returning, every labor sped,  
 He sits him down the monarch of a  
 shed;

Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round  
surveys  
His children's looks, that brighten at the  
blaze;  
While his loved partner, boastful of her  
hoard,  
Displays her cleanly platter on the  
board:  
And, haply too, some pilgrim thither  
led,  
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds im-  
part,  
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;  
And ev'n those hills, that round his man-  
sion rise,  
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund sup-  
plies:  
Dear is that shed to which his soul con-  
forms,  
And dear that hill which lifts him to the  
storms;  
And as a child, when scaring sounds  
molest,  
Clings close and closer to the mother's  
breast,  
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's  
roar,  
But bind him to his native mountains  
more.

#### CHARACTER OF THE FRENCH.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners  
reign,  
I turn; and France displays her bright  
domain.  
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social  
ease,  
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world  
can please,  
How often have I led thy sporting choir,  
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmur-  
ing Loire,  
Where shading elms along the margin  
grew,  
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr  
flew;  
And haply, though my harsh touch  
falt'ring still,

But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the  
dancers' skill,  
Yet would the village praise my won-  
drous power,  
And dance forgetful of the noon-tide hour.  
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days  
Have led their children through the  
mirthful maze;  
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic  
lore,  
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of three-  
score.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms  
display,  
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:  
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind  
endear,  
For honor forms the social temper here.  
Honor, that praise which real merit  
gains,  
Or even imaginary worth obtains,  
Here passes current; paid from hand to  
hand,  
It shifts in splendid traffic round the  
land:  
From courts to camps, to cottages it  
strays,  
And all are taught an avarice of praise;  
They please, are pleased, they give to  
get esteem,  
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what  
they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss  
supplies,  
It gives their follies also room to rise:  
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly  
sought,  
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought,  
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,  
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.  
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,  
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools  
impart;  
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,  
And trims her robe of frieze with copper  
lace;  
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily  
cheer,  
To boast one splendid banquet once a  
year;

The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,  
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

### CONCLUSION OF THE TRAVELLER.

HAVE we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,  
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?  
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,  
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste;  
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,  
Lead stern depopulation in her train,  
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,  
In barren solitary pomp repose?  
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,  
The smiling long-frequented village fall?  
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,  
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,  
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,  
To traverse climes beyond the western main;  
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,  
And Niagara stuns with thun'dring sound?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays  
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways;  
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,  
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;  
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,  
And all around distressful yells arise,  
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,  
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,

Casts a long look where England's glories shine,  
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find  
That bliss which only centres in the mind;  
Why have I stray'd, from pleasure and repose,  
To seek a good each government bestows?  
In every government, though terrors reign,  
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,  
How small of all that human hearts endure,  
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!  
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,  
Our own felicity we make or find.  
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,  
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.  
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,  
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,  
To men remote from power but rarely known,  
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

### EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,  
And guide my lonely way  
To where yon taper cheers the vale  
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,  
With fainting steps and slow;  
Where wilds, unmeasurably spread,  
Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,  
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;  
For yonder faithless phantom flies  
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want  
My door is open still;  
And though my portion is but scant,  
I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share  
Whate'er my cell bestows;  
My rushy couch and frugal fare,  
My blessing, and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free  
To slaughter I condemn;  
Taught by that Power that pities me,  
I learn to pity them.

"But from the mountain's grassy side  
A guiltless feast I bring;  
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,  
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego,  
All earth-born cares are wrong;  
Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,  
His gentle accents fell;  
The modest stranger lowly bends,  
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure  
The lonely mansion lay;  
A refuge to the neighboring poor,  
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch  
Required a master's care;  
The wicket, opening with a latch,  
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire  
To take their evening rest,  
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,  
And cheer'd his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,  
And gaily press'd, and smiled;  
And, skill'd in legendary lore,  
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,  
Its tricks the kitten tries;

The cricket chirrups in the hearth,  
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart  
To soothe the stranger's woe;  
For grief was heavy at his heart,  
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,  
With answering care oppress:  
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,  
"The sorrows of thy breast?"

"From better habitations spurn'd,  
Reluctant dost thou rove?  
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,  
Or unregarded love?"

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings  
Are trifling, and decay;  
And those who prize the paltry things,  
More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,  
A charm that lulls to sleep:  
A shade that follows wealth or fame,  
But leaves the wretch to weep?"

"And love is still an emptier sound,  
The modern fair one's jest;  
On earth unseen, or only found  
To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,  
And spurn the sex," he said:  
But while he spoke, a rising blush  
His love-lorn guest betrayed.

Surprised he sees new beauties rise,  
Swift mantling to the view;  
Like colors o'er the morning skies,  
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,  
Alternate spread alarms;  
The lovely stranger stands confest  
A maid in all her charms!

And, "Ah, forgive a stranger rude,  
A wretch forlorn," she cried;  
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude  
Where heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,  
Whom love has taught to stray;  
Who seeks for rest, and finds despair  
Companion of her way.

"My father lived beside the Tyne,  
A wealthy lord was he;  
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;  
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,  
Unnumber'd suitors came;  
Who praised me for imputed charms,  
And felt, or feign'd, a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd  
With richest proffers strove;  
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,  
But never talked of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,  
No wealth nor power had he;  
Wisdom and worth were all he had,  
But these were all to me.

"The blossom opening to the day,  
The dews of heaven refined,  
Could naught of purity display,  
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossom on the tree,  
With charms inconstant shine;  
Their charms were his, but, woe is me,  
Their constancy was mine!

"For still I tried each fickle art,  
Importunate and vain:

And while his passion touch'd my heart,  
I triumph'd in his pain.

"Till quite dejected with my scorn,  
He left me to my pride;  
And sought a solitude forlorn,  
In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,  
And well my life shall pay;  
I'll seek the solitude he sought,  
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there forlorn, despairing, hid,  
I'll lay me down and die;  
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,  
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, Heaven!" the hermit cried,  
And clasp'd her to his breast:  
The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide—  
'Twas Edwin's self that prest!

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,  
My charmer, turn to see  
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,  
Restored to love and thee!

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,  
And every care resign:  
And shall we never, never part,  
My life—my all that's mine?

"No, never from this hour to part,  
We'll live and love so true;  
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,  
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

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## WILLIAM COWPER.

1731-1800.

[WILLIAM COWPER was born at the rectory, Great Berkhamstead, Nov. 26, 1731. His father, the rector of the parish, was a nephew of Lord Chancellor Cowper; his mother was Ann Donne, of the family of Dr. John Donne, the celebrated Dean of St. Paul's. Cowper was educated at a private school, and afterwards at Westminster, where Vincent Bourne was a master, and Warren Hastings, Robert Lloyd, Colman, and Churchill were among the boys. After leaving Westminster he became a member of the Middle Temple, and was articled to a solicitor, a Mr. Chapman, one of his fellow-clerks being Thurlow, afterwards Lord Chancellor. During his three years under Mr. Chapman he saw much of the family of his uncle, Ashley Cowper, with one of whose daughters, Theodora, he formed a deep attachment. Another daughter, Harriet, afterwards Lady Hesketh, was in the latter years of his life one of his warmest friends. The engagement of marriage with

Theodora was not sanctioned by her father; and this disappointment, with other troubles, seems to have greatly affected Cowper, and to have prepared the way for the first attack of insanity, which took place in 1763. The immediate cause was the excitement occasioned by his appointment to two clerkships in the House of Lords, at the hands of his uncle, Major Cowper. His malady was intensified by the injudicious handling he received from his cousin, Martin Madan, a strong Calvinist, and it was only after a stay of fifteen months under the care of the amiable physician and verse-writer, Dr. Nathaniel Cotton, at St. Albans, that he recovered. He did not resume work in London, but went to live at Huntingdon. There he fell in with the Unwins, and there began their lifelong intimacy. After Mr. Unwin's death (1767) Cowper removed with Mrs. Unwin to Olney, where they remained till 1786. The peace of Cowper's life at Olney was shaken in 1773 by a second attack of melancholia, which lasted for sixteen months. Before and after that time he corresponded freely with many friends; he joined with John Newton, curate-in-charge at Olney, in composing the *Olney Hymns* (published, 1779); but it was not till December, 1780, that he began seriously to write poetry, having deserted the art since the days of his early love-verses to "Delia." His first volume, containing *Table Talk, Conversation, Retirement*, and the other didactic poems, was published in 1782; his second, containing *The Task, Tirocinium*, and among others the ballad of *John Gilpin* (which had been published in a newspaper, and had become famous through the recitations of Henderson, the actor), appeared in 1785. The subjects of both *John Gilpin* and *The Task* were suggested to Cowper by Lady Austen, a fascinating person, who for some years was on intimate terms with him and Mrs. Unwin. Afterwards he began his translation of Homer, which was completed and published in 1791. The last years of his life, from 1791 to 1800, were years of great misery. Mrs. Unwin was paralytic from 1791 to her death in 1796; he himself was suffering from hopeless dejection, regarding himself, as he had done since his first attack, as an outcast from God. He died at East Dereham, in Norfolk, April 25, 1800.]

### RELISH OF FAIR PROSPECT.

[From *The Task*, Book I. *The Sofa*.]

OH! may I live exempted (while I live  
 Guiltless of pampered appetite obscene)  
 From pangs arthritic that infest the toe  
 Of libertine excess. The Sofa suits  
 The gouty limb, 'tis true; but gouty limb,  
 Though on a Sofa, may I never feel:  
 For I have loved the rural walk through  
 lanes  
 Of grassy swarth, close cropped by nib-  
 bling sheep  
 And skirted thick with intertexture firm  
 Of thorny boughs; have loved the rural  
 walk  
 O'er hills, through valleys, and by riv-  
 ers' brink,  
 E'er since a truant boy I passed my  
 bounds  
 To enjoy a ramble on the banks of  
 Thames;  
 And still remember, nor without regret,  
 Of hours that sorrow since has much  
 endeared,  
 How oft, my slice of pocket store con-  
 sumed,  
 Still hungering, penniless, and far from  
 home,  
 I fed on scarlet hips and stony haws,  
 Or blushing crabs, or berries that em-  
 boss

The bramble, black as jet, or sloes austere.

Hard fare! but such as boyish appetite  
 Disdains not, nor the palate undepraved  
 By culinary arts, unsavory deems.

No Sofa then awaited my return,  
 Nor Sofa then I needed. Youth repairs  
 His wasted spirits quickly, by long toil  
 Incurring short fatigue; and though our  
 years,

As life declines, speed rapidly away,  
 And not a year but pilfers as he goes,  
 Some youthful grace that age would  
 gladly keep,

A tooth or auburn lock, and by degrees  
 Their length and color from the locks  
 they spare,

The elastic spring of an unwearied foot  
 That mounts the stile with ease, or leaps  
 the fence,

That play of lungs, inhaling and again  
 Respiring freely the fresh air, that makes  
 Swift pace or steep ascent no toil to me,  
 Mine have not pilfered yet; nor yet im-  
 paired

My relish of fair prospect: scenes that  
 soothed

Or charmed me young, no longer young,  
 I find

Still soothing and of power to charm  
 me still.

And witness, dear companion of my  
 walks,

Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive  
 Fast locked in mine, with pleasure such  
 as love,  
 Confirmed by long experience of thy  
 worth  
 And well-tried virtues, could alone inspire,  
 Witness a joy that thou hast doubled long.  
 Thou knowest my praise of nature most  
 sincere,  
 And that my raptures are not conjured  
 up  
 To serve occasions of poetic pomp,  
 But genuine, and art partner of them all.  
 How oft upon yon eminence our pace  
 Has slackened to a pause, and we have  
 borne  
 The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that  
 it blew,  
 While admiration, feeding at the eye,  
 And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.  
 Thence with what pleasure have we just  
 discerned  
 The distant plough slow moving, and  
 beside  
 His laboring team, that swerved not  
 from the track,  
 The sturdy swain diminished to a boy.  
 Here Ouse, slow winding through a  
 level plain  
 Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled  
 o'er,  
 Conducts the eye along his sinuous  
 course  
 Delighted. There, fast rooted in their  
 bank,  
 Stand, never overlooked, our favorite  
 elms,  
 That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;  
 While far beyond, and overthwart the  
 stream,  
 That, as with molten glass, inlays the  
 vale,  
 The sloping land recedes into the  
 clouds;  
 Displaying on its varied side the grace  
 Of hedge-row beauties numberless,  
 square tower,  
 Tall spire, from which the sound of  
 cheerful bells

Just undulates upon the listening ear;  
 Groves, heaths, and smoking villages  
 remote.  
 Scenes must be beautiful which, daily  
 viewed,  
 Please daily, and whose novelty survives  
 Long knowledge and the scrutiny of  
 years:  
 Praise justly due to those that I describe.

---

*CRAZY KATE. THE GIPSIES.*

THERE often wanders one, whom  
 better days  
 Saw better clad, in cloak of satin  
 trimmed  
 With lace, and hat with splendid riband  
 bound.  
 A serving-maid was she, and fell in love  
 With one who left her, went to sea, and  
 died.  
 Her fancy followed him through foam-  
 ing waves  
 To distant shores, and she would sit and  
 weep  
 At what a sailor suffers; fancy too,  
 Delusive most where warmest wishes  
 are,  
 Would oft anticipate his glad return,  
 And dream of transports she was not to  
 know.  
 She heard the doleful tidings of his  
 death,  
 And never smiled again. And now she  
 roams  
 The dreary waste; there spends the  
 livelong day,  
 And there, unless when charity forbids,  
 The livelong night. A tattered apron  
 hides,  
 Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a  
 gown  
 More tattered still; and both but ill  
 conceal  
 A bosom heaved with never-ceasing  
 sighs.  
 She begs an idle pin of all she meets,  
 And hoards them in her sleeve; but  
 needful food,  
 Though pressed with hunger oft, or  
 comelier clothes,

Though pinched with cold, asks  
never. — Kate is crazed.

I see a column of slow-rising smoke  
O'er top the lofty wood that skirts the  
wild.

A vagabond and useless tribe there eat  
Their miserable meal. A kettle, slung  
Between two poles upon a stick trans-  
verse,

Receives the morsel; flesh obscene of  
dog,

Or vermin, or, at best, of cock purloined  
From his accustomed perch. Hard-  
faring race!

They pick their fuel out of every hedge,  
Which, kindled with dry leaves, just  
saves unquenched

The spark of life. The sportive wind  
blows wide

Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny  
skin,

The vellum of the pedigree they claim.  
Great skill have they in palmistry, and  
more

To conjure clean away the gold they  
touch,

Conveying worthless dross into its  
place;

Loud when they beg, dumb only when  
they steal.

Strange! that a creature rational, and  
cast

In human mould, should brutalize by  
choice

His nature, and, though capable of arts  
By which the world might profit and  
himself,

Self banished from society, prefer  
Such squalid sloth to honorable toil!  
Yet even these, though, feigning sickness  
oft,

They swathe the forehead, drag the  
limping limb,

And vex their flesh with artificial sores,  
Can change their whine into a mirthful  
note

When safe occasion offers; and with  
dance,

And music of the bladder and the bag,  
Beguile their woes, and make the woods  
resound.

Such health and gaiety of heart enjoy

The houseless rovers of the sylvan world;  
And breathing wholesome air, and wan-  
dering much,

Need other physic none to heal the  
effects

Of loathsome diet, penury, and cold.

### ENGLAND.

[From Book II. *The Timepiece*.]

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love  
thee still,

My country! and, while yet a nook is  
left

Where English minds and manners may  
be found,

Shall be constrained to love thee.  
Though thy clime

Be fickle, and thy year, most part, de-  
formed

With dripping rains, or withered by a  
frost,

I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies  
And fields without a flower, for warmer  
France

With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's  
groves

Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle  
bowers.

To shake thy senate, and from heights  
sublime

Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire  
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task;  
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake  
Thy joys and sorrows with as true a  
heart

As any thunderer there. And I can feel  
Thy follies too, and with a just disdain  
Frown at effeminates, whose very looks  
Reflect dishonor on the land I love.

How, in the name of soldiership and  
sense,

Should England prosper, when such  
things, as smooth

And tender as a girl, all-essenced o'er  
With odors, and as profligate as sweet,  
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,  
And love when they should fight, —  
when such as these

Presume to lay their hand upon the ark  
Of her magnificent and awful cause?



Time was when it was praise and boast  
 enough  
 In every clime, and travel where we  
 might,  
 That we were born her children; praise  
 enough  
 To fill the ambition of a private man,  
 That Chatham's language was his mother  
 tongue,  
 And Wolfe's great name compatriot  
 with his own.  
 Farewell those honors, and farewell with  
 them  
 The hope of such hereafter! They have  
 fallen  
 Each in his field of glory: one in arms,  
 And one in council—Wolfe upon the  
 lap  
 Of smiling Victory that moment won,  
 And Chatham, heart-sick of his country's  
 shame!  
 They made us many soldiers. Chatham  
 still  
 Consulting England's happiness at home,  
 Secured it by an unforgiving frown  
 If any wronged her. Wolfe, where'er  
 he fought,  
 Put so much of his heart into his act,  
 That his example had a magnet's force,  
 And all were swift to follow whom all  
 loved.  
 Those suns are set. Oh, rise some other  
 such!  
 Or all that we have left is empty talk  
 Of old achievements, and despair of new.

#### AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.

[From Book III., *The Garden*.]

I WAS a stricken deer that left the  
 herd  
 Long since; with many an arrow deep  
 infixed  
 My panting side was charged, when I  
 withdrew  
 To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.  
 There was I found by One who had  
 Himself  
 Been hurt by the archers: In His side He  
 bore,

And in His hands and feet, the cruel  
 scars.  
 With gentle force soliciting the darts,  
 He drew them forth, and healed and  
 bade me live.  
 Since then, with few associates, in remote  
 And silent woods I wander, far from  
 those  
 My former partners of the peopled scene;  
 With few associates, and not wishing  
 more.  
 Here much I ruminate, as much I may,  
 With other views of men and manners  
 now  
 Than once, and others of a life to come.  
 I see that all are wanderers, gone astray  
 Each in his own delusions; they are lost  
 In chase of fancied happiness, still wooed  
 And never won. Dream after dream  
 ensues,  
 And still they dream that they shall still  
 succeed,  
 And still are disappointed. Rings the  
 world  
 With the vain stir. I sum up half man-  
 kind,  
 And add two-thirds of the remaining half,  
 And find the total of their hopes and fears  
 Dreams, empty dreams.

#### THE POST. THE FIRESIDE IN WINTER.

[From Book IV., *The Winter Evening*.]

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn! O'er  
 yonder bridge,  
 That with its wearisome but needful  
 length  
 Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the  
 moon  
 Sees her unwrinkled face reflected  
 bright,  
 He comes, the herald of a noisy world,  
 With spattered boots, strapped waist,  
 and frozen locks,  
 News from all nations lumbering at his  
 back.  
 True to his charge, the close-packed  
 load behind,  
 Yet careless what he brings, his one  
 concern

Is to conduct it to the destined inn,  
 And having dropped the expected bag  
     — pass on.  
 He whistles as he goes, light-hearted  
 wretch,  
 Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of  
 grief  
 Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to  
 some,  
 To him indifferent whether grief or joy.  
 Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,  
 Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet  
 With tears that trickled down the writer's  
 cheeks  
 Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,  
 Or charged with amorous sighs of absent  
 swains,  
 Or nymphs responsive, equally affect  
 His horse and him, unconscious of them  
 all.  
 But oh the important budget! ushered in  
 With such heart-shaking music, who can  
 say  
 What are its tidings? have our troops  
 awaked?  
 Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,  
 Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic  
 wave?  
 Is India free? and does she wear her  
 plumed  
 And jewelled turban with a smile of  
 peace,  
 Or do we grind her still? The grand  
 debate,  
 The popular harangue, the tart reply,  
 The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,  
 And the loud laugh — I long to know  
 them all;  
 I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers  
 free,  
 And give them voice and utterance once  
 again.  
 Now stir the fire, and close the shutters  
 fast,  
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa  
 round,  
 And while the bubbling and loud hissing  
 urn  
 Throws up a steamy column, and the  
 cups  
 That cheer but not inebriate, wait on  
 each,

So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

O Winter! ruler of the inverted year,  
 Thy scattered air with sleet like ashes  
 filled,  
 Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy  
 cheeks  
 Fringed with a beard made white with  
 other snows  
 Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt  
 in clouds,  
 A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy  
 throne  
 A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,  
 But urged by storms along its slippery  
 way;  
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seemest,  
 And dreaded as thou art. Thou holdest  
 the sun  
 A prisoner in the yet undawning east,  
 Shortening his journey between morn  
 and noon,  
 And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,  
 Down to the rosy west; but kindly still  
 Compensating his loss with added hours  
 Of social converse and instructive ease,  
 And gathering, at short notice, in one  
 group  
 The family dispersed, and fixing thought,  
 Not less dispersed by daylight and its  
 cares.  
 I crown thee King of intimate delights,  
 Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happi-  
 ness,  
 And all the comforts that the lowly roof  
 Of undisturbed retirement, and the  
 hours  
 Of long uninterrupted evening know.  
 No rattling wheels stop short before  
 these gates;  
 No powdered pert, proficient in the art  
 Of sounding an alarm, assaults these  
 doors  
 Till the street rings; no stationary steeds  
 Cough their own knell, while, heedless  
 of the sound,  
 The silent circle fan themselves, and  
 quake:  
 But here the needle plies its busy task,  
 The pattern grows, the well-depicted  
 flower,

Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,  
 Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves,  
 and sprigs,  
 And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,  
 Follow the nimble finger of the fair;  
 A wreath that cannot fade, of flowers  
 that blow  
 With most success when all besides  
 decay.  
 The poet's or historian's page, by one  
 Made vocal for the amusement of the  
 rest;  
 The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of  
 sweet sounds  
 The touch from many a trembling chord  
 shakes out;  
 And the clear voice symphonious, yet  
 distinct,  
 And in the charming strife triumphant  
 still;  
 Beguile the night, and set a keener edge  
 On female industry: the threaded steel  
 Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task pro-  
 ceeds.

### SNOW.

I SAW the woods and fields at close of  
 day  
 A variegated show; the meadows green,  
 Though faded; and the lands, where  
 lately waved  
 The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,  
 Upturned so lately by the forceful share:  
 I saw far off the weedy fallows smile  
 With verdure not unprofitable, grazed  
 By flocks, fast feeding, and selecting  
 each  
 His favorite herb; while all the leafless  
 groves  
 That skirt the norizon, wore a sable hue,  
 Scarce noticed in the kindred dusk of  
 eve.  
 To-morrow brings a change, a total  
 change!  
 Which even now, though silently per-  
 formed  
 And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face  
 Of universal nature undergoes.  
 Fast falls a fleecy shower: the downy  
 flakes

Descending, and, with never-ceasing  
 lapse,  
 Softly alighting upon all below,  
 Assimilate all objects. Earth receives  
 Gladly the thickening mantle, and the  
 green  
 And tender blade that feared the chill-  
 ing blast  
 Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.  
 In such a world, so thorny, and where  
 none

Finds happiness unblighted, or, if found,  
 Without some thistly sorrow at its side,  
 It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin  
 Against the law of love, to measure lots  
 With less distinguished than ourselves,  
 that thus

We may with patience bear our moder-  
 ate ills,  
 And sympathize with others, suffering  
 more.

Ill fares the traveller now, and he that  
 stalks

In ponderous boots beside his reeking  
 team.

The wain goes heavily, impeded sore  
 By congregated loads adhering close  
 To the clogged wheels; and in its slug-  
 gish pace

Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow.  
 The toiling steeds expand the nostril  
 wide,

While every breath, by respiration  
 strong

Forced downward, is consolidated soon  
 Upon their jutting chests. He, formed  
 to bear

The pelting brunt of the tempestuous  
 night,

With half-shut eyes and puckered  
 cheeks, and teeth

Presented bare against the storm, plods  
 on.

One hand secures his hat, save when  
 with both

He brandishes his pliant length of whip,  
 Resounding oft, and never heard in  
 vain.

O happy! and in my account, denied  
 That sensibility of pain with which  
 Refinement is endued, thrice happy  
 thou.

Thy frame, robust and hardy, feels indeed  
 The piercing cold, but feels it unimpaired.  
 The learnèd finger never need explore  
 Thy vigorous pulse; and the unhealthful east,  
 That breathes the spleen, and searches every bone  
 Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee.  
 Thy days roll on exempt from household care;  
 The wagon is thy wife; and the poor beasts  
 That drag the dull companion to and fro,  
 Thine helpless charge, dependent on thy care.  
 Ah, treat them kindly! rude as thou appearest,  
 Yet show that thou hast mercy, which the great,  
 With needless hurry whirled from place to place,  
 Humane as they would seem, not always show.

---

*EARLY LOVE OF THE COUNTRY AND OF POETRY.*

BUT slighted as it is, and by the great  
 Abandoned, and, which still I more regret,  
 Infected with the manners and the modes  
 It knew not once, the country wins me still.  
 I never framed a wish, or formed a plan,  
 That flattered me with hopes of earthly bliss,  
 But there I laid the scene. There early strayed  
 My fancy, ere yet liberty of choice  
 Had found me, or the hope of being free.  
 My very dreams were rural, rural too  
 The firstborn efforts of my youthful muse,  
 Sportive, and jingling her poetic bells

Ere yet her ear was mistress of their powers.  
 No bard could please me but whose lyre was tuned  
 To Nature's praises. Heroes and their feats  
 Fatigued me, never weary of the pipe  
 Of Tityrus, assembling, as he sang,  
 The rustic throng beneath his favorite beech.  
 Then Milton had indeed a poet's charms:  
 New to my taste, his Paradise surpassed  
 The struggling efforts of my boyish tongue  
 To speak its excellence; I danced for joy.  
 I marvelled much that, at so ripe an age  
 As twice seven years, his beauties had then first  
 Engaged my wonder, and admiring still,  
 And still admiring, with regret supposed  
 The joy half lost because not sooner found.  
 Thee too, enamored of the life I loved,  
 Pathetic in its praise, in its pursuit  
 Determined, and possessing it at last  
 With transports such as favored lovers feel,  
 I studied, prized, and wished that I had known,  
 Ingenious Cowley! and though now reclaimed  
 By modern lights from an erroneous taste,  
 I cannot but lament thy splendid wit  
 Entangled in the cobwebs of the schools;  
 I still revere thee, courtly though retired,  
 Though stretched at ease in Chertsey's silent bowers,  
 Not unemployed, and finding rich amends  
 For a lost world in solitude and verse.

---

*MEDITATION IN WINTER.*

[From Book VI. *The Winter Walk at Noon.*]

THE night was winter in his roughest mood,

The morning sharp and clear. But now  
 at noon,  
 Upon the southern side of the slant  
 hills,  
 And where the woods fence off the  
 northern blast,  
 The season smiles, resigning all its rage,  
 And has the warmth of May. The  
 vault is blue  
 Without a cloud, and white without a  
 speck  
 The dazzling splendor of the scene be-  
 low.  
 Again the harmony comes o'er the vale,  
 And through the trees I view the em-  
 battled tower  
 Whence all the music. I again per-  
 ceive  
 The soothing influence of the wafted  
 strains,  
 And settle in soft musings as I tread  
 The walk, still verdant, under oaks and  
 elms,  
 Whose outspread branches overarch the  
 glade.  
 The roof, though moveable through all  
 its length  
 As the wind sways it, has yet well suf-  
 ficed,  
 And intercepting in their silent fall  
 The frequent flakes, has kept a path for  
 me.  
 No noise is here, or none that hinders  
 thought.  
 The redbreast warbles still, but is content  
 With slender notes, and more than half  
 suppressed:  
 Pleased with his solitude, and flitting  
 light  
 From spray to spray, where'er he rests  
 he shakes  
 From many a twig the pendant drops of  
 ice,  
 That tinkle in the withered leaves be-  
 low.  
 Stillness, accompanied with sounds so  
 soft,  
 Charms more than silence. Meditation  
 here  
 May think down hours to moments.  
 Here the heart  
 May give a useful lesson to the head,

And learning wiser grow without his  
 books.  
 Knowledge and wisdom, far from being  
 one,  
 Have oftentimes no connexion. Knowledge  
 dwells  
 In heads replete with thoughts of other  
 men,  
 Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.  
 Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,  
 The mere materials with which wisdom  
 builds,  
 Till smoothed and squared and fitted to  
 its place,  
 Does but encumber whom it seems to en-  
 rich.  
 Knowledge is proud that he has learned  
 so much;  
 Wisdom is humble that he knows no  
 more.  
 Books are not seldom talismans and  
 spells,  
 By which the magic art of shrewder wits  
 Holds an unthinking multitude en-  
 thrall'd.  
 Some to the fascination of a name  
 Surrender judgment hoodwinked.  
 Some the style  
 Infatuates, and through labyrinths and  
 wilds  
 Of error leads them, by a tune entranced.  
 While sloth seduces more, too weak to  
 bear  
 The insupportable fatigue of thought,  
 And swallowing therefore, without pause  
 or choice,  
 The total grist unsifted, husks and all.  
 But trees, and rivulets whose rapid  
 course  
 Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,  
 And sheepwalks populous with bleating  
 lambs,  
 And 'anes in which the primrose ere her  
 time  
 Peeps through the moss that clothes the  
 hawthorn root,  
 Deceive no student. Wisdom there,  
 and Truth,  
 Not shy as in the world, and to be won  
 By slow solicitation, seize at once  
 The roving thought, and fix it on them-  
 selves.

*THE POET IN THE WOODS.*

HERE unmolested, through whatever  
sign  
The sun proceeds, I wander; neither  
mist,  
Nor freezing sky nor sultry, checking me,  
Nor stranger intermeddling with my joy.  
Even in the spring and playtime of  
the year,  
That calls the unwonted villager abroad  
With all her little ones, a sportive train,  
To gather kingcups in the yellow mead,  
And prink their hair with daisies, or to  
pick  
A cheap but wholesome salad from the  
brook,  
These shades are all my own. The  
timorous hare,  
Grown so familiar with her frequent  
guest,  
Scarce shuns me; and the stockdove  
unalarm'd  
Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor sus-  
pends  
His long love-ditty for my near approach.  
Drawn from his refuge in some lonely  
elm  
That age or injury has hollowed deep,  
Where on his bed of wool and matted  
leaves  
He has outslept the winter, ventures  
forth  
To frisk awhile, and bask in the warm  
sun,  
The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of  
play.  
He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird,  
Ascends the neighboring beech; there  
whisks his brush,  
And perks his ears, and stamps and  
scolds aloud,  
With all the prettiness of feigned alarm,  
And anger insignificantly fierce.

*EPITAPH ON A HARE.*

HERE lies, whom hound did ne'er pur-  
sue,  
Nor swifter greyhound follow,  
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,  
Nor ear heard huntsman's halloo;

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,  
Who, nursed with tender care,  
And to domestic bounds confined,  
Was still a wild Jack hare.

Though duly from my hand he took  
His pittance every night,  
He did it with a jealous look,  
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,  
And milk, and oats, and straw;  
Thistles, or lettuces instead,  
With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,  
On pippins' russet peel,  
And, when his juicy salads failed,  
Sliced carrot pleased him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,  
Whereon he loved to bound,  
To skip and gambol like a fawn,  
And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at evening hours,  
For then he lost his fear,  
But most before approaching showers,  
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round-rolling  
moons  
He thus saw steal away,  
Dozing out all his idle noons,  
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humor's sake,  
For he would oft beguile  
My heart of thoughts that made it  
ache,  
And force me to a smile.

But now beneath this walnut shade  
He finds his long last home,  
And waits, in snug concealment laid,  
Till gentler Puss shall come.

He, still more agèd, feels the shocks,  
From which no care can save,  
And, partner once of Tiney's box,  
Must soon partake his grave.

*ON THE DEATH OF MRS.  
THROCKMORTON'S BULLFINCH.*

Ye Nymphs, if e'er your eyes were red  
With tears o'er hapless favorites shed,  
Oh share Maria's grief!  
Her favorite, even in his cage  
(What will not hunger's cruel rage?)  
Assassinated by a thief.

Where Rhenus strays his vines among  
The egg was laid from which he sprung;  
And though by nature mute,  
Or only with a whistle blessed,  
Well-taught, he all the sounds expressed  
Of flageolet or flute.

The honors of his ebon poll  
Were brighter than the sleekest mole,  
His bosom of the hue  
With which Aurora decks the skies,  
When piping winds shall soon arise  
To sweep away the dew.

Above, below, in all the house,  
Dire foe alike of bird and mouse,  
No cat had leave to dwell;  
And Bully's cage supported stood  
On props of smoothest-shaven wood,  
Large built and latticed well.

Well latticed, — but the grate, alas!  
Not rough with wire of steel or brass,  
For Bully's plumage sake,  
But smooth with wands from Ouse's side,  
With which, when neatly peeled and  
dried,  
The swains their baskets make.

Night veiled the pole; all seemed secure;  
When, led by instinct sharp and sure,  
Subsistence to provide,  
A beast forth sallied on the scout,  
Long backed, long tailed, with whiskered  
snout,  
And badger-colored hide.

He, entering at the study door,  
Its ample area 'gan explore;  
And something in the wind  
Conjectured, sniffing round and round,  
Better than all the books he found,  
Food chiefly for the mind.

Just then, by adverse fate impressed,  
A dream disturbed poor Bully's rest;  
In sleep he seemed to view  
A rat fast clinging to the cage,  
And screaming at the sad presage,  
Awoke and found it true.

For, aided both by ear and scent,  
Right to his mark the monster went, —  
Ah, Muse! forbear to speak  
Minute the horrors that ensued;  
His teeth were strong, the cage was  
wood. —  
He left poor Bully's beak.

Oh, had he made that too his prey!  
That beak, whence issued many a lay  
Of such mellifluous tone,  
Might have repaid him well, I wote,  
For silencing so sweet a throat,  
Fast stuck within his own.

Maria weeps, — the Muses mourn; —  
So, when by Bacchanalians torn,  
On Thracian Hebrus' side  
The tree-enchanter Orpheus fell,  
His head alone remained to tell  
The cruel death he died.

*ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL  
GEORGE.*

[Written when the news arrived.]

TOLL for the brave!  
The brave that are no more!  
All sunk beneath the wave,  
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,  
Whose courage well was tried,  
Had made the vessel heel,  
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,  
And she was overset;  
Down went the Royal George,  
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!  
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;  
His last sea-fight is fought;  
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;  
No tempest gave the shock;  
She sprang no fatal leak;  
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;  
His fingers held the pen,  
When Kempenfelt went down  
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,  
Once dreaded by our foes!  
And mingle with our cup  
The tears that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,  
And she may float again  
Full charged with England's thunder,  
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,  
His victories are o'er;  
And he and his eight hundred  
Shall plough the wave no more.

#### *THE ACQUIESCENCE OF PURE LOVE.*

[From the French of Madame Guyon.]

LOVE! if Thy destined sacrifice am I,  
Come, slay thy victim, and prepare  
Thy fires;  
Plunged in the depths of mercy, let me die  
The death which every soul that lives  
desires!

I watch my hours, and see them fleet  
away;  
The time is long that I have languished  
here;  
Yet all my thoughts Thy purposes obey,  
With no reluctance, cheerful and sin-  
cere.

To me 'tis equal, whether Love ordain  
My life or death, appoint me pain or  
ease:  
My soul perceives no real ill in pain;  
In ease or health no real good she sees.

One Good she covets, and that Good  
alone;  
To choose Thy will, from selfish bias  
free;  
And to prefer a cottage to a throne,  
And grief to comfort, if it pleases  
Thee.

That we should bear the cross is Thy  
command,  
Die to the world, and live to self no  
more;  
Suffer, unmoved, beneath the rudest  
hand,  
As pleased when shipwrecked as when  
safe on shore.

#### *ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.*

OH, that those lips had language! Life  
has passed  
With me but roughly since I heard thee  
last.

Those lips are thine—thy own sweet  
smile I see,  
The same that oft in childhood solaced  
me;  
Voice only fails, else how distinct they  
say,  
“Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears  
away!”

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes  
(Blessed be the art that can immortal-  
ize,

The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim  
To quench it) here shines on me still the  
same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,  
O welcome guest, though unexpected  
here!

Who bidst me honor with an artless song,  
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,  
I will obey, not willingly alone,  
But gladly, as the precept were her own:  
And, while that face renews my filial  
grief,

Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,  
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,  
A momentary dream that thou art she.



My mother! when I learnt that thou  
wast dead,  
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I  
shed?  
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing  
son,  
Wretch even then life's journey just  
begun?  
Perhaps thou gavest me, though un-  
felt, a kiss:  
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in  
bliss—  
Ah, that maternal smile! It answers—  
Yes.  
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,  
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,  
And, turning from my nursery window,  
drew  
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!  
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou  
art gone  
Adieus and farewells are a sound un-  
known.  
May I but meet thee on that peaceful  
shore,  
The parting word shall pass my lips no  
more!  
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my  
concern,  
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.  
What ardently I wished I long believed,  
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.  
By expectation every day beguiled,  
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.  
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and  
went,  
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,  
I learned at last submission to my lot;  
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er  
forgot.  
Where once we dwelt our name is  
heard no more,  
Children not thine have trod my nursery  
floor;  
And where the gardener Robin, day by  
day,  
Drew me to school along the public way,  
Delighted with my bauble coach, and  
wrapped  
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet  
capped,  
'Tis now become a history little known,

That once we called the pastoral house  
our own.  
Short-lived possession! but the record  
fair  
That memory keeps, of all thy kindness  
there,  
Still outlives many a storm that has  
effaced  
A thousand other themes less deeply  
traced.  
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,  
That thou mightst know me safe and  
warmly laid;  
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,  
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;  
The fragrant waters on my cheek be-  
stowed  
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone  
and glowed;  
All this, and more endearing still than  
all,  
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no  
fall,  
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and  
brakes  
That humor interposed too often makes;  
All this still legible in memory's page,  
And still to be so to my latest age,  
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay  
Such honors to thee as my numbers  
may;  
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,  
Not scorned in heaven, though little  
noticed here.  
Could Time, his flight reversed, re-  
store the hours,  
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued  
flowers,  
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,  
I pricked them into paper with a pin  
(And thou wast happier than myself  
the while,  
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my  
head and smile),  
Could those few pleasant days again  
appear,  
Might one wish bring them, would I  
wish them here?  
I would not trust my heart—the dear  
delight  
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I  
might.—

But no — what here we call our life is  
such

So little to be loved, and thou so much,  
That I should ill requite thee to constrain  
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's  
coast

(The storms all weathered and the ocean  
crossed)

Shoots into port at some well-havened  
isle,

Where spices breathe, and brighter  
seasons smile,

There sits quiescent on the floods that  
show

Her beauteous form reflected clear  
below,

While airs impregnated with incense  
play

Around her, fanning light her streamers  
gay;

So thou, with sails how swift! hast  
reached the shore,

"Where tempests never beat nor billows  
roar."

And thy loved consort on the dangerous  
tide

Of life long since has anchored by thy  
side.

But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,  
Always from port withheld, always dis-  
tressed —

Me howling blasts drive devious, tem-  
pest tost,

Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and  
compass lost,

And day by day some current's thwart-  
ing force

Sets me more distant from a prosperous  
course.

Yet, oh, the thought that thou art safe,  
and he!

That thought is joy, arrive what may to  
me.

My boast is not, that I deduce my birth  
From loins enthroned and rulers of the  
earth;

But higher far my proud pretensions  
rise —

The son of parents passed into the skies!  
And now, farewell — Time unrevoked  
has run

His wonted course, yet what I wished is  
done.

By contemplation's help, not sought in  
vain,

I seem to have lived my childhood o'er  
again;

To have renewed the joys that once were  
mine,

Without the sin of violating thine:

And, while the wings of Fancy still are  
free,

And I can view this mimic show of thee,  
Time has but half succeeded in his  
theft —

Thyself removed, thy power to soothe  
me left.

#### THE POPLAR FIELD.

THE poplars are felled; farewell to the  
shade,

And the whispering sound of the cool  
colonnade;

The winds play no longer and sing in  
the leaves,

Nor Ouse on his bosom their image re-  
ceives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I first  
took a view

Of my favorite field, and the bank where  
they grew;

And now in the grass behold they are  
laid,

And the tree is my seat that once lent  
me a shade!

The blackbird has fled to another re-  
treat,

Where the hazels afford him a screen  
from the heat,

And the scene where his melody charmed  
me before

Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no  
more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,  
And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,

With a turf on my breast, and a stone  
at my head,

Ere another such grove shall arise in its  
stead.

'Tis a sight to engage me, if anything  
can,  
To muse on the perishing pleasures of  
man;  
Though his life be a dream, his enjoy-  
ments, I see,  
Have a being less durable even than he.<sup>1</sup>

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TO MARY.

THE twentieth year is well nigh past,  
Since first our sky was overcast;  
Ah, would that this might be the last!  
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,  
I see thee daily weaker grow;  
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,  
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,  
For my sake restless heretofore,  
Now rust disused, and shine no more,  
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil  
The same kind office for me still,  
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,  
My Mary!

But well thou playedst the housewife's  
part,  
And all thy threads with magic art  
Have wound themselves about this heart,  
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem  
Like language uttered in a dream;  
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,  
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,  
Are still more lovely in my sight  
Than golden beams of orient light,  
My Mary!

<sup>1</sup> *Note to Ed. of 1803.* Mr. Cowper afterwards altered the last stanza in the following manner:—

"The change both my heart and my fancy employs,  
I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys;  
Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,  
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we."

For, could I view nor them nor thee,  
What sight worth seeing could I see?  
The sun would rise in vain for me,  
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,  
Thy hands their little force resign;  
Yet, gently prest, press gently mine,  
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,  
That now at every step thou movest  
Upheld by two, yet still thou lovest,  
My Mary!

And still to love, though prest with ill,  
In wintry age to feel no chill,  
With me is to be lovely still,  
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,  
How oft the sadness that I show  
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,  
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast  
With much resemblance of the past,  
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,  
My Mary!

---

THE CASTAWAY.

OBSCUREST night involved the sky,  
The Atlantic billows roared,  
When such a destined wretch as I,  
Washed headlong from on board,  
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,  
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast  
Than he with whom he went,  
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast  
With warmer wishes sent.  
He loved them both, but both in vain,  
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,  
Expert to swim, he lay;  
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,  
Or courage die away;  
But waged with death a lasting strife,  
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted : nor his friends had failed

To check the vessel's course,  
But so the furious blast prevailed,  
That, pitiless perforce,  
They left their outcast mate behind,  
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succor yet they could afford;  
And such as storms allow,  
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,  
Delayed not to bestow.  
But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,  
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seemed, could he  
Their haste himself condemn;  
Aware that flight, in such a sea,  
Alone could rescue them;  
Yet bitter felt it still to die  
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour  
In ocean, self-upheld;  
And so long he, with unspent power,  
His destiny repelled;  
And ever, as the minutes flew,  
Entreated help, or cried "Adieu!"

At length, his transient respite past,  
His comrades, who before  
Had heard his voice in every blast,  
Could catch the sound no more :  
For then, by toil subdued, he drank  
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him ; but the page  
Of narrative sincere,  
That tells his name, his worth, his age,  
Is wet with Anson's tear :  
And tears by bards or heroes shed  
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,  
Descanting on his fate,  
To give the melancholy theme  
A more enduring date :  
But misery still delights to trace  
Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allayed,  
No light propitious shone,  
When, snatched from all effectual aid,  
We perished, each alone :  
But I beneath a rougher sea,  
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

### THE DOVES.

REAS'NING at every step he treads,  
Man yet mistakes his way,  
While meaner things, whom instinct  
leads,  
Are rarely known to stray.

One silent eve I wander'd late,  
And heard the voice of love ;  
The turtle thus address'd her mate,  
And sooth'd the list'ning dove :

Our mutual bond of faith and truth  
No time shall disengage,  
Those blessings of our early youth  
Shall cheer our latest age.

While innocence without disguise,  
And constancy sincere,  
Shall fill the circles of those eyes,  
And mine can read them there ;

Those ills that wait on all below,  
Shall ne'er be felt by me,  
Or gently felt and only so,  
As being shared with thee.

When lightnings flash among the trees,  
Or kites are hov'ring near,  
I fear lest thee alone they seize,  
And know no other fear.

'Tis then I feel myself a wife,  
And press thy wedded side,  
Resolved an union form'd for life.  
Death never shall divide.

But oh ! if fickle and unchaste  
(Forgive a transient thought)  
Thou couldst become unkind at last,  
And scorn thy present lot,

No need of lightnings from on high,  
Or kites with cruel beak,  
Denied th' endearments of thine eye  
This widow'd heart would break.

Thus sang the sweet sequester'd bird,  
Soft as the passing wind,  
And I recorded what I heard,  
A lesson for mankind.

## BOADICEA.

WHEN the British warrior queen,  
Bleeding from the Roman rods,  
Sought, with an indignant mien,  
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak  
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;  
Every burning word he spoke  
Full of rage, and full of grief.

"Princess! if our aged eyes  
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,  
'Tis because resentment ties  
All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish — write that word  
In the blood that she has spilt;  
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,  
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renown'd,  
Tramples on a thousand states;  
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground —  
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise,  
Heedless of a soldier's name;  
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,  
Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs  
From the forests of our land,  
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,  
Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew  
Thy posterity shall sway;  
Where his eagles never flew,  
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,  
Pregnant with celestial fire,  
Bending as he swept the chords  
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,  
Felt them in her bosom glow;  
Rush'd to battle, fought, and died;  
Dying hurl'd them at the foe.

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud,  
Heaven awards the vengeance due;  
Empire is on us bestow'd,  
Shame and ruin wait for you."

## ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

I AM monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute;  
From the centre all round to the sea,  
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.  
O Solitude, where are the charms  
That sages have seen in thy face?  
Better dwell in the midst of alarms  
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach;  
I must finish my journey alone;  
Never hear the sweet music of speech —  
I start at the sound of my own.  
The beasts that roam over the plain  
My form with indifference see;  
They are so unacquainted with men,  
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,  
Divinely bestow'd upon man;  
O had I the wings of a dove,  
How soon would I taste you again!  
My sorrows I then might assuage  
In the ways of religion and truth;  
Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold  
Resides in that heavenly word!  
More precious than silver and gold,  
Or all that this earth can afford.  
But the sound of the church-going bell  
These valleys and rocks never heard —  
Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,  
Or smiled when a Sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,  
Convey to this desolate shore  
Some cordial endearing report  
Of a land I shall visit no more.  
My friends, do they now and then send  
A wish or a thought after me?  
O tell me I yet have a friend,  
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!  
 Compared with the speed of its flight,  
 The tempest itself lags behind,  
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.  
 When I think of my own native land,  
 In a moment I seem to be there;  
 But, alas! recollection at hand  
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest;  
 The beast is laid down in his lair;  
 Even here is a season of rest,  
 And I to my cabin repair.  
 There's mercy in every place;  
 And mercy, encouraging thought!  
 Gives even affliction a grace,  
 And reconciles man to his lot.



## JAMES BEATTIE.

1735-1803.

[JAMES BEATTIE was born at Laurencekirk in 1735, and died at Aberdeen in 1803. He published his first volume of poems in 1761, *The Judgment of Paris* in 1765, and *Some Lines on the Proposed Monument to Churchill* in 1766. The first part of *The Minstrel* appeared in 1770, the second in 1774.]

EDWIN.

[From *The Minstrel*.]

THERE liv'd in gothic days, as legends  
 tell,

A shepherd-swain, a man of low de-  
 gree;  
 Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland  
 might dwell,  
 Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady.  
 But he, I ween, was of the north coun-  
 trie:

A nation fam'd for song, and beauty's  
 charms;  
 Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though  
 free;  
 Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;  
 Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention  
 made,  
 On Scotia's mountains fed his little  
 flock;

The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never  
 sway'd;

An honest heart was almost all his  
 stock;

His drink the living water from the  
 rock:

The milky dams supplied his board,  
 and lent

Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's  
 shock;

And he, though oft with dust and  
 sweat besprent,  
 Did guide and guard their wander-  
 ings, wheresoe'er they went.

From labor health, from health content-  
 ment springs,  
 Contentment opes the source of every  
 joy;

He envied not, he never thought of,  
 kings;

Nor from those appetites sustain'd  
 annoy,  
 That chance may frustrate, or indulgence  
 cloy:

Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes  
 beguil'd;

He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor  
 mistress coy,

For on his vows the blameless Phoebe  
 smil'd,

And her alone he lov'd, and lov'd her  
 from a child.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'er-  
 cast,  
 Nor blasted were their wedded days  
 with strife;

Each season, look'd delightful, as it  
 past,

To the fond husband, and the faithful  
 wife;

Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life

They never roam'd; secure beneath  
the storm  
Which in ambition's lofty land is rife,  
Where peace and love are canker'd  
by the worm  
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious  
to deform.

The wight, whose tales these artless  
lines unfold,  
Was all the offspring of this humble  
pair:

His birth no oracle or seer foretold:  
No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,  
Nor aught that might a strange event  
declare.

You guess each circumstance of Ed-  
win's birth;  
The parent's transport, and the parent's  
care;  
The gossip's prayer for wealth, and  
wit, and worth;  
And one long summer-day of indo-  
lence and mirth.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy;  
Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his  
infant eye:

Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor  
toy,  
Save one short pipe of rudest min-  
strelsy.

Silent, when glad; affectionate, though  
shy;

And now his look was most demurely  
sad,

And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none  
knew why;

The neighbors star'd and sigh'd, yet  
bless'd the lad;

Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and  
some believ'd him mad.

But why should I his childish feats dis-  
play?

Concourse, and noise, and toil he ever  
fled;

Nor car'd to mingle in the clamorous  
fray

Of squabbling imps, but to the forest  
sped,

Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's  
head;

Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd  
stream

To deep untrodden groves his footsteps  
led,

There would he wander wild, till  
Phœbus' beam,

Shot from the western cliff, releas'd  
the weary team.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or  
speed,

To him nor vanity nor joy could  
bring:

His heart, from cruel sport estrang'd,  
would bleed

To work the woe of any living thing,  
By trap or net, by arrow or by sling;

These he detested, those he scorn'd  
to wield;

He wish'd to be the guardian, not the  
king,

Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field:  
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody  
joy might yield.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in won-  
der, roves

Beneath the precipice o'erhung with  
pine;

And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling  
groves,

From cliff to cliff the foaming tor-  
rents shine:

While waters, woods, and winds, in  
concert join,

And Echo swells the chorus to the  
skies.

Would Edwin this majestic scene resign  
For aught the huntsman's puny craft  
supplies?

Ah! no: he better knows great  
Nature's charms to prize.

And oft he trac'd the uplands, to  
survey,

When o'er the sky advanc'd the kind-  
ling dawn,

The crimson cloud, blue main, and  
mountain gray,

And lake, dim gleaming on the  
smoky lawn;

Far to the west the long long vale with-  
drawn,

Where twilight loves to linger for a while;  
 And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,  
 And villager abroad at early toil. —  
 But lo! the sun appears! and heaven,  
 earth, ocean, smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to climb,  
 When all in mist the world below was lost:

What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,

Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,  
 And view th' enormous waste of vapor tost

In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,  
 Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd!

And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,  
 Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,  
 Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene:

In darkness, and in storm, he found delight;

Nor less, than when on ocean-wave serene

The southern sun diffus'd his dazzling shene,

Even sad vicissitude amus'd his soul:  
 And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,

And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,

A sigh, a tear so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

EDWIN'S MEDITATIONS IN  
 AUTUMN.

"O YE wild groves, O where is now your bloom!"

(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought)

"Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,  
 Of late so grateful in the hour of drought!

Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought

To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?

Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?

For now the storm howls mournful through the brake,

And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

"Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,

And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty crown'd!

Ah! see, th' unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,

Have all the solitary vale imbrown'd;

Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound,

The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray:

And, hark! the river, bursting every mound,

Down the vale thunders; and with wasteful sway,

Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter'd rocks away.

"Yet such the destiny of all on earth;  
 So flourishes and fades majestic man!

Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,

And fostering gales a while the nursing fan:

O smile, ye heavens, serene; ye mildews wan,

Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,

Nor lessen of his life the little span:

Borne on the swift, though silent wings of Time,

Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

"And be it so. Let those deplore their doom.



Whose hope still grovels in this dark  
sojourn :  
But lofty souls, who look beyond the  
tomb,  
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how  
they mourn.  
Shall Spring to these sad scenes no  
more return?  
Is yonder wave the sun's eternal  
bed? —  
Soon shall the orient with new lustre  
burn,  
And spring shall soon her vital in-  
fluence shed,  
Again attune the grove, again adorn  
the mead.

"Shall I be left abandon'd in the dust,  
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower  
revive,  
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,  
Bid him, though doom'd to perish,  
hope to live?  
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive  
With disappointment, penury, and  
pain? —  
No: Heaven's immortal spring shall  
yet arrive  
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,  
Bright through th' eternal year of  
Love's triumphant reign."

This truth sublime his simple sire had  
taught,  
In sooth, 'twas almost all the shepherd  
knew,  
No subtle nor superfluous lore he sought,  
Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pur-  
sue: —  
"Let man's own sphere" (quoth he)  
"confine his view;  
Be man's peculiar work his sole de-  
light."  
And much, and oft, he warn'd him to  
eschew  
Falsehood and guile, and aye main-  
tain the right,  
By pleasure unseduc'd, unaw'd by  
lawless might.

"And from the prayer of Want, and  
plaint of Woe,

O never, never turn away thine ear;  
Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,  
Ah! what were man, should Heaven  
refuse to hear!  
To others do (the law is not severe)  
What to thyself thou wishest to be  
done.  
Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents  
dear,  
And friends, and native land; nor  
those alone;  
All human weal and woe learn thou  
to make thine own."

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### MORNING.

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell?  
The wild-brook babbling down the  
mountain side;  
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's sim-  
ple bell;  
The pipe of early shepherd dim de-  
scribed  
In the lone valley; echoing far and  
wide  
The clamorous horn along the cliffs  
above;  
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;  
The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love,  
And the full choir that wakes the uni-  
versal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark;  
Crown'd with her pail the tripping  
milkmaid sings;  
The whistling ploughman stalks afield;  
and, hark!  
Down the rough slope the ponderous  
wagon rings;  
Thro' rustling corn the hare astonish'd  
springs;  
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy  
hour;  
The partridge bursts away on whirr-  
ing wings;  
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd  
bower,  
And shrill lark carols clear from her  
aërial tower.

*EDWIN'S FANCIES AT EVENING.*

WHEN the long-sounding curfew from  
 afar  
 Loaded with loud lament the lonely  
 gale,  
 Young Edwin, lighted by the evening  
 star,  
 Lingered and listening wander'd  
 down the vale.  
 There would he dream of graves, and  
 corpses pale;  
 And ghosts, that to the charnel-dungeon  
 throng,  
 And drag a length of clanking chain,  
 and wail,  
 Till silenced by the owl's terrific song,  
 Or blast that shrieks by fits the shud-  
 dering aisles along.

O when the setting moon, in crimson  
 died,  
 Hung o'er the dark and melancholy  
 deep,  
 To haunted stream, remote from man  
 he hied,  
 Where Fays of yore their revels wont  
 to keep;  
 And there let Fancy roam at large, till  
 sleep  
 A vision brought to his entranced sight.  
 And first, a wildly-murmuring wind  
 'gan creep  
 Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers  
 bright,

With instantaneous gleam, illumed the  
 vault of Night.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch  
 Arose; the trumpet bids the valves  
 unfold;  
 And forth a host of little warriors march,  
 Grasping the diamond lance, and targe  
 of gold.  
 Their look was gentle, their demeanor  
 bold,  
 And green their helms, and green their  
 silk attire.  
 And here and there, right venerably old,  
 The long-robed minstrels wake the warb-  
 ling wire,  
 And some with mellow breath the mar-  
 tial pipe inspire.

With merriment, and song, and timbrels  
 clear,  
 A troop of dames from myrtle bowers  
 advance:  
 The little warriors doff the targe and  
 spear,  
 And loud enlivening strains provoke  
 the dance.  
 They meet, they dart away, they wheel  
 askance  
 To right, to left, they thrid the flying maze;  
 Now bound aloft with vigorous spring,  
 then glance  
 Rapid along; with many-color'd rays  
 Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing  
 forests blaze.



## THOMAS CHATTERTON.

1752-1770.

[BORN at Bristol, 1752. Son of a sexton and parish schoolmaster, and died by suicide before he had completed his eighteenth year, London, 1770. In this brief interval he gave proof of powers unsurpassed in one so young, and executed a number of forgeries almost without parallel for ingenuity and variety. His avowed compositions are very inferior to the forgeries, a fact that Scott explains by supposing that in the forgeries all his powers must have been taxed to the utmost to support the deception.]

*ON RESIGNATION.*

O GOD, whose thunder shakes the sky,  
 Whose eye this atom globe surveys,  
 To thee, my only rock, I fly,  
 Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,  
 The shadows of celestial light,  
 Are past the powers of human skill;  
 But what the Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,  
When anguish swells the dewy tear,  
To still my sorrows, own thy power,  
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but thee,  
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,  
Omniscience could the danger see,  
And mercy look the cause away.

Then, why, my soul, dost thou complain?  
Why drooping seek the dark recess?  
Shake off the melancholy chain,  
For God created all to bless.

But, ah! my breast is human still;  
The rising sigh, the falling tear,  
My languid vitals' feeble rill,  
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,  
I'll thank the infliction of the blow,  
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind  
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,  
Which on my sinking spirit steals,  
Will vanish at the morning light,  
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.



## MRS. BARBAULD.

1743-1825.

[ANNA LÆTITIA AIKIN, was born at Kibworth Harcourt, in Leicestershire, 1743. Published *Poems*, 1773; *Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose* by J. and A. L. Aikin, 1773. Married Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, 1774. Published *Poetical Epistle to Mr. Wilberforce*, 1791; *Hymns in Prose for Little Children*, 1811. Died at Stoke Newington, March 9, 1825.]

## ODE TO SPRING.

SWEET daughter of a rough and stormy  
sire,  
Hoar Winter's blooming child; delightful  
Spring!

Whose unshorn locks with leaves  
And swelling buds are crowned;

From the green islands of eternal youth,  
Crowned with fresh blooms and ever  
springing shade;

Turn, hither turn thy step,  
O thou, whose powerful voice

More sweet than softest touch of Doric  
reed,

Or Lydian flute, can soothe the madding  
winds,

And through the stormy deep  
Breathe thine own tender calm.

Thee, best beloved! the virgin train await  
With songs and festal rites, and joy to rove

Thy blooming wilds among,  
And vales and dewy lawns,

With untired feet; and cull thy earliest  
sweet,

To weave fresh garlands for the glow-  
ing brow

Of him, the favored youth  
That prompts their whispered sigh.

Unlock thy copious stores, — those ten-  
der showers

That drop their sweetness on the infant  
buds;

And silent dews that swell  
The milky ear's green stem,

And feed the flowering osier's early  
shoots;

And call those winds which through the  
whispering boughs

With warm and pleasant breath  
Salute the blowing flowers.

Now let me sit beneath the whitening  
thorn

And mark thy spreading tints steal o'er  
the dale,

And watch with patient eye  
Thy fair unfolding charms.

O nymph, approach! while yet the  
temperate sun

With bashful forehead through the cool  
moist air

Throws his young maiden beams,  
And with chaste kisses wooes

The earth's fair bosom; while the  
streaming veil

Of lucid clouds with wind and frequent  
shade

Protects thy modest blooms  
From his severer blaze.

Sweet is thy reign, but short: — the red  
dog-star

Shall scorch thy tresses, and the mower's  
scythe

Thy greens, thy flowerets all  
Remorseless shall destroy.

Reluctant shall I bid thee then fare-  
well:

For O not all that Autumn's lap con-  
tains,

Nor Summer's ruddiest fruits,  
Can aught for thee atone,

Fair Spring! whose simplest promise  
more delights

Than all their largest wealth, and through  
the heart

Each joy and new-born hope  
With softest influence breathes.

# LIFE.

*"Animula, vagula, blandula."*

LIFE! I know not what thou art,  
But know that thou and I must part;  
And when, or how, or where we met,  
I own to me's a secret yet.

But this I know, when thou art fled  
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,

No clod so valueless shall be

As all that then remains of me.

O whither, whither dost thou fly,  
Where bend unseen thy trackless course,

And in this strange divorce,  
Ah, tell where I must seek this com-  
pound I?

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame

From whence thy essence came

Dost thou thy flight pursue, when  
freed

From matter's base encumbering  
weed?

Or dost thou, hid from sight,

Wait, like some spell-bound knight,  
Through blank oblivious years the ap-  
pointed hour

To break thy trance and reassume thy  
power?

Yet canst thou without thought or feel-  
ing be?

O say what art thou when no more thou'rt  
thee?

Life! we've been long together,

Through pleasant and through cloudy  
weather;

'Tis hard to part when friends are  
dear;

Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;

Then steal away, give little warning,

Choose thine own time;

Say not Good night, but in some brighter  
clime

Bid me Good morning.

## SIR WILLIAM JONES.

1746-1794.

[An Indian judge and learned oriental writer. Born in London in 1746, and died at Calcutta, 1794. In 1764 entered University College, Oxford, where he made great acquisitions in oriental languages and literature; in 1783 appointed a judge in the Supreme Court of Calcutta, where he attained to great distinction, and gained the admiration of the most learned men in India; in 1799 his works were collected and published in six volumes, and his life by Lord Teignmouth in one volume in 1804.]

AN ODE, IN IMITATION OF  
ALCÆUS.

WHAT constitutes a state?  
Not high-raised battlement or labor'd mound,  
Thick wall or moated gate;  
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd;  
Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,  
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;  
Not starr'd and spangled courts,  
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride.  
No: men, high-minded men,  
With powers as far above dull brutes endured  
In forest, brake, or den,  
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;  
Men who their duties know,  
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,  
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,  
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:  
These constitute a state,  
And sovereign Law, that state's collected will,  
O'er thrones and globes elate  
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill;  
Smit by her sacred frown,  
The fiend Discretion like a vapor sinks,  
And e'en the all-dazzling Crown  
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.  
Such was this heaven-loved isle,  
Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore!

No more shall Freedom smile?  
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?  
Since all must life resign,  
Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,  
'Tis folly to decline,  
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

## A PERSIAN SONG OF HAFIZ.

SWEET maid, if thou would'st charm my sight,  
And bid these arms thy neck enfold;  
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,  
Would give thy poet more delight  
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,  
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,  
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,  
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:  
Tell them, their Eden cannot show  
A stream so clear as Roccnabad,  
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

O! when these fair perfidious maids  
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,  
Their dear destructive charms display,  
Each glance my tender breast invades  
And robs my wounded soul of rest,  
As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:  
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,  
New lustre to those charms impart?  
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,  
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,  
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate: ah! change the  
 theme,  
 And talk of odors, talk of wine,  
 Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:  
 'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;  
 To love and joy thy thoughts confine,  
 Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,  
 That even the chaste Egyptian dame  
 Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy:  
 For her how fatal was the hour,  
 When to the banks of Nilus came  
 A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear  
 (Youth should attend when those advise  
 Whom long experience renders sage):

While music charms the ravish'd ear;  
 While sparkling cups delight our eyes,  
 Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard?  
 And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:  
 Can aught be cruel from thy lip?  
 Yet say, how fell that bitter word  
 From lips which streams of sweetness fill,  
 Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,  
 Whose accents flow with artless ease,  
 Like orient pearls at random strung:  
 Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;  
 But oh! far sweeter, if they please  
 The nymph for whom these notes are  
 sung!



## LADY ANNE LINDSAY.

1750-1825.

[Daughter of James Lindsay, fifth Earl of Balcarres. Born Dec. 8, 1750. Married, 1793, to Sir Andrew Barnard, Librarian to George III. Died May 8, 1825.]

### AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and  
 the kye come hame,  
 When a' the world to rest are gane,  
 The waes o' my heart fa' in showers  
 frae my e'e,  
 While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought  
 me for his bride;  
 But saving a crown, he had naething  
 else beside.

To make the crown a pound, my Jamie  
 gaed to sea;  
 And the crown and the pound were  
 baith for me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only  
 twa,

When my father brak his arm, and the  
 cow was stown awa';

My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie  
 at the sea,

And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin  
 me.

My father couldna work, and my mother  
 couldna spin;

I toiled day and night, but their bread  
 I couldna win;

Auld Rob maintained them baith, and,  
 wi' tears in his e'e,

Said, Jennie, for their sakes, oh marry me!

My heart it said nay; I looked for  
 Jamie back;

But the wind it blew high, and the ship  
 it was a wrack;

His ship it was a wrack — why didna  
 Jamie dee?

Or why do I live to cry, Wae's me?

My father urgit sair: my mother didna  
 speak;

But she looked in my face till my heart  
 wad like to break :  
 They gie'd him my hand, but my heart  
 was at the sea;  
 Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman  
 to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only  
 four,  
 When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at  
 the door,  
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna  
 think it he —  
 Till he said, I'm come hame to marry  
 thee.

O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle  
 did we say;  
 We took but ae kiss, and I bade him  
 gang away :  
 I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like  
 to dee;  
 And why was I born to say, Wae's me?  
 I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to  
 spin;  
 I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad  
 be a sin;  
 But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,  
 For auld Robin Gray he is kind unto  
 me.

## GEORGE CRABBE.

1754-1832.

[GEORGE CRABBE was born at Aldborough in Suffolk, of poor parents, on the 24th of December, 1754. He was apprenticed in his fourteenth year to a surgeon at Wickham Brook, near Bury St. Edmunds, and after completing his term, actually practised at Aldborough. He was not however successful in his profession, and being reduced to great extremities, he determined to go to London, and to devote himself to literature, for which he had at an early age discovered a strong bent. For a long time he sought in vain for patronage, but was at length fortunate enough to attract the attention of Burke, through whose kindly influence *The Library* (1781) was favorably received by the public. In the same year he took orders, and two years later published *The Village*, after first submitting it to the revision of Johnson. This work at once established his reputation; but instead of following up his success, for the period of twenty-four years he published but one poem, *The Newspaper* (1785), and devoted himself almost entirely to parish work. In 1807 appeared *The Parish Register*, which was succeeded in 1810 by *The Borough*, in 1812 by *Tales in Verse*, and in 1819 by *Tales of the Hall*. This was his last poetical work, though his death did not take place till February 3, 1832, thirteen years later.]

### THE VILLAGE AS IT IS.

[From *The Village*, Book I.]

FLED are those times, when in harmonious strains,  
 The rustic poet praised his native plains :  
 No shepherds now, in smooth alternate verse,  
 Their country's beauty, or their nymph's rehearse;  
 Yet still for these we frame the tender strain,  
 Still in our lays fond Corydons complain,  
 And shepherd's boys their amorous pains reveal,

The only pains, alas! they never feel.  
 On Mincio's banks, in Cæsar's bounteous reign,  
 If Tityrus found the golden age again,  
 Must sleepy bards the flattering dream prolong,  
 Mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song?  
 From Truth and Nature shall we widely stray,  
 Where Virgil, not where fancy, leads the way?  
 No; cast by fortune on a frowning coast,  
 Which neither groves nor happy valleys boast;

Where other cares than those the Muse  
 relates,  
 And other shepherds dwell with other  
 mates;  
 By such examples taught, I paint the  
 cot,  
 As Truth will paint it and as bards will  
 not:  
 Nor you, ye poor, of lettered scorn  
 complain,  
 To you the smoothest song is smooth in  
 vain;  
 O'ercome by labor, and bowed down  
 by time,  
 Feel you the barren flattery of a rhyme?  
 Can poets soothe you, when you pine  
 for bread,  
 By winding myrtles round your ruin'd  
 shed? —  
 Can their light tales your weighty griefs  
 o'erpower,  
 Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome  
 hour?  
 Lo! where the heath, with withering  
 brake grown o'er,  
 Lends the light turf that warms the  
 neighboring poor;  
 From thence a length of burning sand  
 appears,  
 Where the thin harvest waves its  
 withered ears;  
 Rank weeds, that every art and care  
 defy,  
 Reign o'er the land and rob the blighted  
 rye:  
 There thistles stretch their prickly arms  
 afar,  
 And to the ragged infant threaten war;  
 There poppies nodding, mock the hope  
 of toil;  
 There the blue bugloss paints the sterile  
 soil;  
 Hardy and high, above the tender sheaf,  
 The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf;  
 O'er the young shoot the charlock  
 throws a shade,  
 And clasping tares cling round the  
 sickly blade;  
 With mingled tints the rocky coasts  
 abound,  
 And a sad splendor vainly shines  
 around.

### THE CONVICT'S DREAM.

[From *The Borough*, Letter xxiii.]

YES! e'en in sleep the impressions all  
 remain,  
 He hears the sentence and he feels the  
 chain:  
 He sees the judge and jury — when he  
 shakes,  
 And loudly cries "Not guilty!" and  
 awakes:  
 Then chilling tremblings o'er his body  
 creep,  
 Till worn-out nature is compelled to  
 sleep.  
 Now comes the dream again: it  
 shows each scene  
 With each small circumstance that comes  
 between,  
 The call to suffering, and the very  
 deed —  
 There crowds go with him, follow, and  
 precede;  
 Some heartless shout, some pity, all  
 condemn,  
 While he in fancied envy looks at them:  
 He seems the place for that sad act to  
 see,  
 And dreams the very thirst which then  
 will be:  
 A priest attends — it seems the one he  
 knew  
 In his best days, beneath whose care he  
 grew.  
 At this his terrors take a sudden flight,  
 He sees his native village with delight;  
 The home, the chamber, where he once  
 arrayed  
 His youthful person; where he knelt  
 and prayed:  
 Then too the comfort he enjoyed at  
 home,  
 The days of joy; the joys themselves  
 are come; —  
 The hours of innocence; the timid look  
 Of his loved maid, when first her hand  
 he took,  
 And told his hope; her trembling joy  
 appears,  
 Her forced reserve and his retreating  
 fears.



All now is present; 'tis a moment's gleam,  
Of former sunshine — stay delightful dream!  
Let them within his pleasant garden walk,  
Give him her arm, of blessings let them talk.  
Yes! all are with him now, and all the while  
Life's early prospects and his Fanny's smile:  
Then come his sister and his village friend,  
And he will now the sweetest moments spend  
Life has to yield; — No! never will he find  
Again on earth such pleasure in his mind:  
He goes through shrubby walks these friends among,  
Love in their looks and honor on the tongue:  
Nay, there's a charm beyond what nature shows,  
The bloom is softer and more sweetly glows.  
Pierced by no crime and urged by no desire  
For more than true and honest hearts require,  
They feel the calm delight, and thus proceed  
Through the green lane — then linger in the mead;  
Stray o'er the heath in all its purple bloom,  
And pluck the blossoms where the wild bees hum;  
Then through the broomy bound with ease they pass,  
And press the sandy sheep-walk's slender grass,  
Where dwarfish flowers among the gorse are spread,  
And the lamb browses by the linnet's bed;  
Then 'cross the bounding brook they make their way  
O'er its rough bridge — and there behold the bay!

The ocean smiling to the fervid sun —  
The waves that faintly fall and slowly run —  
The ships at distance and the boats at hand;  
And now they walk upon the seaside sand,  
Counting the number and what kind they be,  
Ships softly sinking in the sleepy sea;  
Now arm in arm, now parted, they behold  
The glittering waters on the shingles rolled;  
The timid girls, half dreading their design,  
Dip the small foot in the retarded brine,  
And search for crimson weeds, which spreading flow,  
Or lie like pictures on the sand below;  
With all those bright red pebbles, that the sun  
Through the small waves so softly shines upon.  
And those live lucid jellies which the eye  
Delights to trace as they swim glittering by:  
Pearl shells and rubied star-fish they admire,  
And will arrange above the parlor fire —  
Tokens of bliss! Oh! horrible! a wave  
Roars as it rises — Save me, Edward! save!  
She cries: — Alas! the watchman on his way  
Calls, and lets in — truth, terror, and the day!

#### STROLLING PLAYERS.

[From *The Borough*, Letter xii.]

SAD happy race! Soon raised and soon depressed,  
Your days all passed in jeopardy and jest;  
Poor without prudence, with afflictions vain,  
Not warned by misery, not enriched by gain:  
Whom justice, pitying, chides from place to place,

A wandering, careless, wretched, merry  
 race,  
 Who cheerful looks assume, and play  
 the parts  
 Of happy rovers with repining hearts;  
 Then cast off care, and, in the mimic  
 pain  
 Of tragic woe, feel spirits light and vain,  
 Distress and hope — the mind's, the  
 body's, wear,  
 The man's affliction and the actor's  
 tear :  
 Alternate times of fasting and excess  
 Are yours, ye smiling children of dis-  
 tress.  
 Slaves though ye be, your wandering  
 freedom seems,  
 And with your varying views and rest-  
 less schemes,  
 Your griefs are transient, as your joys  
 are dreams.

—  
 THE FOUNDER OF THE ALMS-  
 HOUSE.

[From *The Borough*, Letter xiii.]

LEAVE now our streets, and in yon plain  
 behold  
 Those pleasant seats for the reduced  
 and old;  
 A merchant's gift, whose wife and  
 children died;  
 When he to saving all his powers ap-  
 plied;  
 He wore his coat till bare was every  
 thread,  
 And with the meanest fare his body fed.  
 He had a female cousin, who with care  
 Walked in his steps, and learned of him  
 to spare;  
 With emulation and success they strove,  
 Improving still, still seeking to improve,  
 As if that useful knowledge they would  
 gain —  
 How little food would human life sus-  
 tain :  
 No pauper came their table's crumbs to  
 crave;  
 Scraping they lived, but not a scrap they  
 gave:

When beggars saw the frugal merchant  
 pass,  
 It moved their pity and they said "Alas !  
 Hard is thy fate, my brother," and they  
 felt  
 A beggar's pride as they that pity dealt.  
 The dogs, who learn of man to scorn  
 the poor,  
 Barked him away from every decent  
 door;  
 While they who saw him bare but  
 thought him rich,  
 To show respect or scorn they knew not  
 which.  
 But while our merchant seemed so  
 base and mean,  
 He had his wanderings, sometimes not  
 unseen;  
 To scenes of various woe he nightly  
 went,  
 And serious sums in healing misery  
 spent;  
 Oft has he cheered the wretched at a  
 rate  
 For which he daily might have dined on  
 plate;  
 He has been seen — his hair all silver  
 white,  
 Shaking and shivering — as he stole by  
 night,  
 To feed unenvied on his still delight.  
 A twofold taste he had; to give and  
 spare,  
 Both were his duties, and had equal  
 care,  
 It was his joy to sit at home and fast,  
 Then send a widow and her boys repast :  
 Tears in his eyes would spite of him ap-  
 pear,  
 But he from other eyes has kept the  
 tear :  
 All in a wintry night from far he came  
 To soothe the sorrows of a suffering  
 dame,  
 Whose husband robb'd him, and to  
 whom he meant  
 A lingering but reforming punish-  
 ment:  
 Home then he walked, and found his  
 anger rise  
 When fire and rushlight met his troubled  
 eyes;

But these extinguished, and his prayer  
addressed  
To Heaven in hope, he calmly sank to  
rest.

### A STORM ON THE EAST COAST.

[From *The Borough*, Letter i.]

VIEW now the winter storm! above, one  
cloud,  
Black and unbroken, all the skies o'er-  
shroud:  
The unwieldy porpoise through the day  
before  
Had rolled in view of boding men on  
shore;  
And sometimes hid and sometimes  
showed his form,  
Dark as the cloud and furious as the  
storm.  
All where the eye delights yet dreads  
to roam,  
The breaking billows cast the flying foam  
Upon the billows rising — all the deep  
Is restless change; the waves so swelled  
and steep,  
Breaking and sinking, and the sunken  
swells,  
Nor one, one moment, in its station  
dwells:  
But nearer land you may the billows  
trace,  
As if contending in their watery chase;  
May watch the mightiest till the shoal  
they reach,  
Then break and hurry to their utmost  
stretch;  
Curled as they come, they strike with  
furious force,  
And then, reflowing, take their grating  
course,  
Raking the rounded flints, which ages  
past  
Rolled by their rage, and shall to ages  
last.

Far off the petrel in the troubled way  
Swims with her brood, or flutters in the  
spray;  
She rises often, often drops again,  
And sports at ease on the tempestuous  
main.  
High o'er the restless deep, above the  
reach  
Of gunners' hope, vast flocks of wild-  
duck stretch;  
Far as the eye can glance on either side,  
In a broad space and level line they  
glide;  
All in their wedge-like figures from the  
north  
Day after day, flight after flight, go  
forth.  
In-shore their passage tribes of sea-gulls  
urge,  
And drop for prey within the sweeping  
surge;  
Oft in the rough opposing blast they fly  
Far back, then turn and all their force  
apply,  
While to the storm they give their com-  
plaining cry;  
Or clap the sleek white pinion on the  
breast,  
And in the restless ocean dip for rest.  
Darkness begins to reign; the louder  
wind  
Appals the weak, and awes the firmer  
mind;  
But frights not him whom evening and  
the spray  
In part conceal — yon prowler on his  
way;  
Lo, he has something seen; he runs  
apace,  
As if he fear'd companion in the chase;  
He sees his prize, and now he turns  
again,  
Slowly and sorrowing — "Was your  
search in vain?"  
Gruffly he answers, "'Tis a sorry sight!  
A seaman's body: there'll be more to-  
night!"

## CHARLES DIBDIN.

1745-1814.

[BORN at Southampton, 1745. An English actor, dramatist, and distinguished sea-song writer, educated for the church, but going to London at the age of sixteen, he produced an opera called *The Shepherd's Artifice*, which was brought out at Covent Garden. In 1778 he was appointed musical manager at Covent Garden. He wrote no less than 900 songs according to some and 1200 according to others, many of which became very popular. In 1805 he retired from public life, and received a pension of £200 per annum. Died at Pentonville in 1814.]

*BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.*

BLOW high, blow low, let tempests tear,  
The main-mast by the board;  
My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,  
And love well stored,  
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,  
The roaring winds, the raging sea,  
In hopes on shore  
To be once more  
Safe moored with thee!

Aloft while mountains high we go,  
The whistling winds that scud along,  
And surges roaring from below,  
Shall my signal be,  
To think on thee;  
And this shall be my song:  
Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night when all the crew  
The memory of their former lives  
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,  
And drink their sweethearts and their wives,  
I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee;  
And as the ship rolls on the sea,  
The burden of my song shall be —  
Blow high, blow low, &c.

*THE TAR FOR ALL WEATHERS.*

I SAIL'D from the Downs in the "Nancy,"  
My jib how she smack'd through the breeze!  
She's a vessel as tight to my fancy  
As ever sail'd on the salt seas.  
So adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,

Our girls and our dear native shore!  
For if some hard rock we should split on,  
We shall never see them any more.  
But sailors were born for all weathers,  
Great guns let it blow, high or low,  
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,  
And where the gale drives we must go.

When we enter'd the Straits of Gibraltar

I verily thought she'd have sunk,  
For the wind began so for to alter,  
She yaw'd just as tho' she was drunk.  
The squall tore the mainsail to shivers,  
Helm a-weather, the hoarse boatswain cries;

Brace the foresail athwart, see she quivers,

As through the rough tempest she flies.

But sailors were born for all weathers,  
Great guns let it blow, high or low,  
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,  
And where the gale drives we must go.

The storm came on thicker and faster,  
As black just as pitch was the sky,  
When truly a doleful disaster  
Befel three poor sailors and I.  
Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handsail,

By a blast that came furious and hard,  
Just while we were furling the mainsail,  
Were every soul swept from the yard.  
But sailors were born for all weathers,  
Great guns let it blow, high or low,  
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,  
And where the gale drives we must go.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick cried peccavi,  
 As for I, at the risk of my neck,  
 While they sank down in peace to old  
 Davy,  
 Caught a rope, and so landed on deck.  
 Well, what would you have? We were  
 stranded,  
 And out of a fine jolly crew  
 Of three hundred that sail'd, never  
 landed  
 But I and, I think, twenty-two.  
 But sailors were born for all weathers,  
 Great guns let it blow, high or low,  
 Our duty keeps us to our tethers,  
 And where the gale drives we must  
 go.

### LOVELY NAN.

SWEET is the ship that under sail  
 Spreads her white bosom to the gale;  
 Sweet, oh! sweet's the flowing can;  
 Sweet to poise the laboring oar,  
 That tugs us to our native shore,  
 When the boatswain pipes the barge  
 to man;  
 Sweet sailing with a favoring breeze;  
 But, oh! much sweeter than all these,  
 Is Jack's delight — his lovely Nan.

The needle, faithful to the north,  
 To show of constancy the worth,  
 A curious lesson teaches man;  
 The needle, time may rust — a squall  
 Capsize the binnacle and all,  
 Let seamanship do all it can;  
 My love in worth shall higher rise:  
 Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize  
 My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the bilboes I was penned  
 For serving of a worthless friend,  
 And every creature from me ran;  
 No ship performing quarantine  
 Was ever so deserted seen;  
 None hailed me — woman, child, or  
 man:

But though false friendship's sails were  
 furled,  
 Though cut adrift by all the world,  
 I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,  
 Love truth and merit to defend,  
 To moan their loss who hazard ran;  
 I love to take an honest part,  
 Love beauty with a spotless heart,  
 By manners love to show the man;  
 To sail through life by honor's breeze:  
 'Twas all along of loving these  
 First made me doat on lovely Nan.

### TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom  
 Bowling,  
 The darling of our crew;  
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,  
 For Death has broach'd him to.  
 His form was of the manliest beauty,  
 His heart was kind and soft;  
 Faithful below he did his duty,  
 But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,  
 His virtues were so rare;  
 His friends were many and true-hearted,  
 His Poll was kind and fair:  
 And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,  
 Ah, many's the time and oft!  
 But mirth is turned to melancholy,  
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,  
 When He, who all commands,  
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,  
 The word to pipe all hands.  
 Thus Death, who kings and tars dis-  
 patches,  
 In vain Tom's life has doffed;  
 For though his body's under hatches,  
 His soul is gone aloft.

## WILLIAM BLAKE.

1757-1827.

[WILLIAM BLAKE was born in London at No. 28, Broad Street, Golden Square, on the 28th November, 1757; he died in Fountain Court, Strand, on the 12th of August, 1827. His *Poetical Sketches* were published in 1783, and the *Songs of Innocence* in 1787. In 1787 was also published *The Book of Thel*; and this was followed in 1790 by *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, in 1791 by *The French Revolution*, and in 1793 by *The Gates of Paradise*, the *Visions of the Daughters of Albion*, and the *America*. The *Songs of Experience*, designed as a companion series to the earlier *Songs of Innocence*, were issued in 1794. Of the later productions of the poet nearly all belonged to the class of prophetic books. To the year 1794 belong the *Europe* and *The Book of Urizen*; in 1795 appeared *The Song of Los* and *The Book of Abania*, and in 1804 the *Jerusalem* and the *Milton*.]

## TO THE EVENING STAR.

THOU fair-haired Angel of the Evening,  
Now whilst the sun rests on the moun-  
tains, light  
Thy bright torch of love—thy radiant  
crown  
Put on, and smile upon our evening  
bed!  
Smile on our loves; and while thou  
drawest the  
Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy sil-  
ver dew  
On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes  
In timely sleep. Let thy West Wind  
sleep on  
The lake; speak silence with thy glim-  
mering eyes  
And wash the dusk with silver.—Soon,  
full soon,  
Dost thou withdraw; then the wolf  
rages wide,  
And the lion glares through the dun  
forest,  
The fleeces of our flocks are covered  
with  
Thy sacred dew; protect them with  
thine influence!

## SONG.

How sweet I roamed from field to field,  
And tasted all the summer's pride;  
Till I the Prince of Love beheld,  
Who in the sunny beams did glide.  
He showed me lilies for my hair,  
And blushing roses for my brow;

And led me through his gardens fair,  
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May-dews my wings were  
wet,  
And Phœbus fired my vocal rage;  
He caught me in his silken net,  
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,  
Then laughing sports and plays with  
me,  
Then stretches out my golden wing,  
And mocks my loss of liberty.

## SONG.

MY silks and fine array,  
My smiles and languished air,  
By love are driven away;  
And mournful lean Despair  
Brings me yew to deck my grave:  
Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heaven  
When springing buds unfold;  
Oh, why to him was't given  
Whose heart is wintry cold?  
His breast is love's all-worshipped tomb  
Where all love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade,  
Bring me a winding sheet;  
When I my grave have made,  
Let winds and tempest beat;  
Then down I'll lie as cold as clay.  
True love doth pass away!

## SONG.

MEMORY, hither come

And tune your merry notes;

And while upon the wind

Your music floats,

I'll pore upon the stream

Where sighing lovers dream,

And fish for fancies as they pass

Within the watery glass.

I'll drink of the clear stream,

And hear the linnet's song,

And there I'll lie and dream

The day along;

And when night comes I'll go

To places fit for woe,

Walking along the darkened valley,

With silent Melancholy.

## TO THE MUSES.

WHETHER on Ida's shady brow,

Or in the chambers of the East,

The chambers of the Sun that now

From ancient melody have ceased;

Whether in Heaven ye wander fair,

Or the green corners of the Earth,

Or the blue regions of the air,

Where the melodious winds have  
birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove

Beneath the bosom of the sea,

Wandering in many a coral grove;

Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry:

How have you left your ancient love

That bards of old enjoyed in you!

The languid strings do scarcely move,

The sound is forced, the notes are few.

## INTRODUCTION.

[From *Songs of Innocence*.]

PIPING down the valleys wild,

Piping songs of pleasant glee,

On a cloud I saw a child,

And he laughing said to me:—

"Pipe a song about a lamb:"

So I piped with merry cheer.

"Piper, pipe that song again:"

So I piped; he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,

Sing thy songs of happy cheer:"

So I sung the same again,

While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write

In a book that all may read"—

So he vanished from my sight;

And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,

And I stained the water clear,

And I wrote my happy songs,

Every child may joy to hear.

## NIGHT.

THE sun descending in the west,

The evening star does shine;

The birds are silent in their nest,

And I must seek for mine.

The moon, like a flower

In heaven's high bower,

With silent delight

Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy grove,

Where flocks have ta'en delight;

Where lambs have nibbled, silent move

The feet of angels bright:

Unseen they pour blessing,

And joy without ceasing,

On each bud and blossom,

On each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,

Where birds are covered warm;

They visit caves of every beast,

To keep them all from harm.

If they see any weeping

That should have been sleeping,

They pour sleep on their head,

And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey

They pitying stand and weep,

Seeking to drive their thirst away,  
And keep them from the sheep.  
But if they rush dreadful  
The angels most heedful  
Receive each mild spirit  
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes  
Shall flow with tears of gold:  
And pitying the tender cries,  
And walking round the fold,  
Saying: "Wrath by His meekness,  
And by His health sickness,  
Are driven away  
From our immortal day.

And now beside thee, bleating lamb,  
I can lie down and sleep,  
Or think on Him who bore thy name,  
Graze after thee, and weep.  
For, washed in life's river,  
My bright mane for ever  
Shall shine like the gold  
As I guard o'er the fold."

---

### THE LAMB.

LITTLE lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee,  
Gave thee life and bade thee feed  
By the stream and o'er the mead;  
Gave thee clothing of delight,  
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;  
Gave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice?  
Little lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;  
Little lamb, I'll tell thee.  
He is called by thy name,  
For He calls himself a Lamb;  
He is meek and He is mild,  
He became a little child.  
I a child and thou a lamb,  
We are called by His name.  
Little lamb, God bless thee!  
Little lamb, God bless thee!

### THE TIGER.

TIGER, tiger, burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? and what dread  
feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? What dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their  
spears,  
And watered heaven with their tears,  
Did He smile His work to see?  
Did He who made the lamb, make  
thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

---

### THE ANGEL.

I DREAMT a dream! What can it  
mean?  
And that I was a maiden queen,  
Guarded by an angel mild;  
Witless woe was ne'er beguiled.

And I wept both night and day,  
And he wiped my tears away;  
And I wept both day and night,  
And hid from him my heart's delight.



So he took his wings and fled;  
Then the morn blushed rosy red;  
I dried my tears and armed my fears  
With ten thousand shields and spears.

Soon my angel came again:  
I was armed, he came in vain;  
For the time of youth was fled,  
And gray hairs were on my head.

## ROBERT BURNS.

1759-1796.

[ROBERT BURNS was born 25th January, 1759 "the hindmost year but ane" of George the Second's reign, in a cottage built by his father, two miles south of Ayr, and close to Alloway Kirk, that relic of nondescript architecture to which his genius has lent almost as worldwide an interest as that which makes Vaucluse a place of pilgrimage to all nations. Eldest son of William Burness, of a Kincardineshire family of small farmers, market gardener and overseer of a small estate in the neighborhood of Ayr, and afterwards tenant of Lochlie and Mount Oliphant, small Ayrshire farms, Burns received an education which ultimately included a sound acquaintance with English grammar, a little mathematics, mensuration, French, and a smattering of Latin. At work on his father's farm from an early age till he was twenty-three, he tried then to establish himself in business as a flax-dresser in Irvine, but returned in a short time to his father's house with empty pockets and with a character hitherto blameless deteriorated by some new companionships. After the death of his father, a specimen of industry and integrity never rewarded in this life, his brother Gilbert and he took the farm of Mossgiel near Mauchline (1784), which also turned out to be a bad bargain. To escape troubles in which his youthful and characteristic follies involved him, especially with the father of his future partner in life, "Bonnie Jean," he accepted an appointment to a clerkship in Jamaica; but on the point of starting on the voyage he had his footsteps turned towards Edinburgh by the success of his volume of poems (Kilmarnock, 1786), and by the patronage, literary and aristocratic, which it immediately secured for him. With the proceeds of a second edition of the volume (Edinburgh, 1787), amounting to £500 or £600, he established himself on the farm of Ellisland near Dumfries. Unsuccessful once more in this tenancy he became an exciseman to eke out his income, and finally in that capacity, unfortunately both for his health and for his reputation, removed to Dumfries, where he died in 1796.]

### BONNIE DOON.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon  
How can ye bloom sae fair!  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird  
That sings upon the bough;  
Thou minds me o' the happy days  
When my fause Luve was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird  
That sings beside thy mate;  
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,  
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon  
To see the woodbine twine,  
And ilka bird sang o' its love;  
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
Frae aff its thorny tree;  
And my fause luvver staw the rose,  
But left the thorn wi' me.

### MARY MORISON.

O MARY, at thy window be,  
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!  
Those smiles and glances let me see  
That make the miser's treasure poor:  
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,  
A weary slave frae sun to sun,  
Could I the rich reward secure,  
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string  
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',  
To thee my fancy took its wing, —

I sat, but neither heard nor saw;  
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,  
 And yon the toast of a' the town,  
 I sigh'd, and said amang them a',  
 "Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace  
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee?  
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,  
 Whase only faut is loving thee?  
 If love for love thou wilt nae gie,  
 At least be pity to me shown;  
 A thought ungentle canna be  
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

### HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks and braes and streams around  
 The castle o' Montgomery,  
 Green be your woods, and fair your  
 flowers,  
 Your waters never drumlie!  
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,  
 And there the langest tarry;  
 For there I took the last fareweel  
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green  
 birk,  
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,  
 As underneath their fragrant shade  
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!  
 The golden hours on angel wings  
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
 For dear to me as light and life  
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace  
 Our parting was fu' tender;  
 And pledging aft to meet again,  
 We tore oursels asunder;  
 But, O! fell Death's untimely frost,  
 That nipt my flower sae early!  
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the  
 clay,  
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,  
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!

And closed for aye the sparkling glance  
 That dwelt on me sae kindly;  
 And mouldering now in silent dust  
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!  
 But still within my bosom's core  
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

### EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

May, 1786.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,  
 A something to have sent you,  
 Tho' it should serve nae ither end  
 Than just a kind memento;  
 But how the subject-theme may gang,  
 Let time and chance determine;  
 Perhaps it may turn out a sang,  
 Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,  
 And Andrew dear, believe me,  
 Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,  
 And muckle they may grieve ye:  
 For care and trouble set your thought,  
 Ev'n when your end's attained;  
 And a' your views may come to nought,  
 Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

I'll no say, men are villains a';  
 The real, hardened wicked,  
 Wha hae nae check but human law,  
 Are to a few restricket;  
 But, och! mankind are unco weak,  
 An' little to be trusted;  
 If self the wavering balance shake,  
 It's rarely right adjusted!

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,  
 Their fate we shouldna censure,  
 For still the important end of life  
 They equally may answer;  
 A man may hae an honest heart,  
 Tho' poortith<sup>1</sup> hourly stare him;  
 A man may tak a neibor's part,  
 Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

Aye free, aff-han' your story tell,  
 When wi' a bosom crony;

<sup>1</sup> fall.

<sup>2</sup> poverty.

But still keep something to yoursel  
 Ye scarcely tell to ony.  
 Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can  
 Frae critical dissection;  
 But keek<sup>1</sup> thro' ev'ry other man,  
 Wi' sharpened, sly inspection.

The sacred lowe<sup>2</sup> o' weel-placed love,  
 Luxuriantly indulge it;  
 But never tempt th' illicit rove,  
 Tho' naething should divulge it;  
 I wave the quantum o' the sin,  
 The hazard o' concealing;  
 But, och! it hardens a' within,  
 And petrifies the feeling!

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,  
 Assiduous wait upon her;  
 And gather gear by ev'ry wile  
 That's justified by honor;  
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,  
 Nor for a train attendant;  
 But for the glorious privilege  
 Of being independent.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip,  
 To haud the wretch in order;  
 But where ye feel your honor grip,  
 Let that aye be your border;  
 Its slightest touches, instant pause—  
 Debar a' side pretences;  
 And resolutely keep its laws,  
 Uncaring consequences.

The great Creator to revere,  
 Must sure become the creature;  
 But still the preaching cant forbear,  
 And ev'n the rigid feature;  
 Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,  
 Be complaisance extended;  
 An atheist-laugh's a poor exchange  
 For Deity offended!

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,  
 Religion may be blinded;  
 Or, if she gie a random sting,  
 It may be little minded;  
 But when on life we're tempest-driv'n—  
 A conscience but<sup>3</sup> a canker,  
 A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,  
 Is sure a noble anchor!

<sup>1</sup> peep.      <sup>2</sup> flame.      <sup>3</sup> without.

Adieu, dear amiable Youth!  
 Your heart can ne'er be wanting!  
 May prudence, fortitude, and truth,  
 Erect your brow undaunting!  
 In ploughman phrase, "God send you  
 speed,"  
 Still daily to grow wiser;  
 And may you better reck the rede,<sup>1</sup>  
 Than ever did th' Adviser!

---

*O MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED, RED  
 ROSE.*

O my Luve's like a red, red rose  
 That's newly sprung in June:  
 O my Luve's like the melodie  
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.  
 As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
 So deep in love am I:  
 And I will love thee still, my dear,  
 Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my Dear,  
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
 I will love thee still, my dear,  
 While the sands o' life shall run.  
 And fare thee weel, my only Luve!  
 And fare thee weel a while!  
 And I will come again, my Luve,  
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

---

*AULD LANG SYNE.*

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And never brought to mind?  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And days o' lang syne?

*Chorus.*

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne.

<sup>1</sup> heed the counsel.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,  
 And surely I'll be mine;  
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet  
 For auld lang syne.  
     For auld, &c.

We twa hae run about the braes,  
 And pu'd the gowans fine;  
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot  
 Sin' auld lang syne.  
     For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn,  
 From morning sun till dine;  
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
 Sin' auld lang syne.  
     For auld, &c.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,<sup>1</sup>  
 And gie's a hand o' thine;  
 And we'll tak a right guid-willie  
 waught,<sup>2</sup>  
     For auld lang syne.  
     For auld, &c.

### OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

TUNE—"Miss Admiral Gordon's  
 Strathspey."

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,  
 I dearly like the west,  
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,  
 The lassie I lo'e best;  
 There wild woods grow, and rivers row,  
 And mony a hill between;  
 By day and night my fancy's flight  
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
 I see her sweet and fair;  
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
 I hear her charm the air:  
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs  
 By fountain, shaw,<sup>3</sup> or green;  
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,  
 But minds me o' my Jean.

<sup>1</sup> companion.   <sup>2</sup> draught.   <sup>3</sup> wood.

### TAM O'SHANTER.

A TALL.

*Of Brownie and of Bogilie full is this  
 Buke.*

GAWIN DOUGLAS

WHEN chapman billies<sup>1</sup> leave the street,  
 And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,  
 As market-days are wearing late,  
 An' folk begin to tak the gate;<sup>2</sup>  
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,<sup>3</sup>  
 An' getting fou and unco happy,  
 We thinkna on the lang Scots miles,  
 The mosses, waters, slaps,<sup>4</sup> and styles,  
 That lie between us and our hame,  
 Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,  
 Gathering her brows like gathering  
 storm,

Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.  
 This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,  
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter:  
 (Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses  
 For honest men and bonnie lasses).

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,  
 As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!  
 She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,<sup>5</sup>  
 A blethering, blustering, drunken bled-  
 lum;<sup>6</sup>

That frae November till October,  
 Ae market-day thou was na sober;  
 That ilka melder,<sup>7</sup> wi' the miller,  
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;  
 That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,  
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on:  
 That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sun-  
 day,

Thou drank wi' Kirkton<sup>8</sup> Jean till Mon-  
 day.  
 She prophesied that, late or soon,  
 Thou wad be found deep drowned in  
 Doon;

Or catch'd wi' warlocks<sup>9</sup> in the mirk,<sup>10</sup>  
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,<sup>11</sup>  
 To think how many counsels sweet,

<sup>1</sup> pedlar fellows.

<sup>2</sup> road.

<sup>3</sup> ale.

<sup>4</sup> gaps in fences.

<sup>5</sup> blockhead.

<sup>6</sup> idle talker.

<sup>7</sup> grinding lot.

<sup>8</sup> Kirkton is the distinctive name of a village  
 in which the parish kirk stands.

<sup>9</sup> wizards.

<sup>10</sup> dark.

<sup>11</sup> makes me weep.

How many lengthen'd, sage advices,  
The husband frae the wife despises !

But to our tale : Ae market night,  
Tam had got planted unco right,  
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,  
Wi' reaming swats,<sup>1</sup> that drank divinely;  
And at his elbow, Souter Johnie,  
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony :  
Tam lo'ed him like a very brither;  
They had been fou for weeks thegither.  
The night drave on wi' sangs and clat-  
ter;

And ay the ale was growing better :  
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,  
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious :  
The souter<sup>2</sup> tauld his queerest stories;  
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus :  
The storm without might rair and rustle,  
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,  
E'en drowned himself amang the nappy !  
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,  
The minutes winged their way wi' pleas-  
ure :

Kings may be blest, but Tam was  
glorious,

O'er a' the ills o' life victorious !

But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow falls in the river,  
A moment white — then melts for ever;  
Or like the borealis race,  
That flit ere you can point their place;  
Or like the rainbow's lovely form  
Evanishing amid the storm.

Nae man can tether time or tide ; —  
The hour approaches Tam maun ride ;  
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-  
stane,

That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ;  
And sic a night he taks the road in,  
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ;  
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast ;  
The speedy gleams the darkness  
swallow'd ;

Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bel-  
low'd :

That night, a child might understand,  
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,

<sup>1</sup> frothing ale.

<sup>2</sup> shoemaker.

A better never lifted leg,  
Tam skelpit<sup>1</sup> on thro' dub and mire,  
Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;  
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bon-  
net ;

Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots  
sonnet ;

Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent  
cares,

Lest boggles catch him unawares ;  
Kirk Alloway was drawing nigh,  
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,  
Where in the snaw the chapman  
smooored ;<sup>2</sup>

And past the birks<sup>3</sup> and meikle<sup>4</sup> stane,  
Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-  
bane ;

And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,  
Where hunters fand the murdered bairn ;

And near the thorn, aboon the well,  
Whare Mungo's mither hanged hersel.

Before him Doon pours all his floods ;  
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods ;

The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;  
Near and more near the thunders roll :

When, glimmering thro' the groaning  
trees,

Kirk Alloway seemed in a bleeze ;  
Thro' ilka bore<sup>5</sup> the beams were glancing ;

And loud resounded mirth and danc-  
ing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn !  
What dangers thou canst make us scorn !

Wi' tippenny, we fear, nae evil ;

Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil !

The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's nod-  
dle,

Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.

But Maggie stood right sair astonished,  
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,

She ventured forward on the light ;

And, wow ! Tam saw an unco sight !

Warlocks and witches in a dance ;

Nae cotillion brent new frae France,

But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and  
reels,

Put life and mettle in their heels.

At winnock-bunker<sup>6</sup> in the east,

There sat old Nick, in shape o' beast ;

<sup>1</sup> hurried. <sup>2</sup> smothered. <sup>3</sup> birches.

<sup>4</sup> big. <sup>5</sup> hole in the wall. <sup>6</sup> window-seat.

A towzie<sup>1</sup> tyke, black, grim, and large,  
To gie them music was his charge:  
He screw'd the pipes and gart<sup>2</sup> them  
skirl.<sup>3</sup>

Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—  
Coffins stood round, like open presses,  
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;  
And by some devilish cantrip<sup>4</sup> slight  
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—  
By which heroic Tam was able  
To note upon the haly table,  
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;<sup>5</sup>  
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;  
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,  
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;  
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red rusted;  
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;  
A garter, which a babe had strangled;  
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,  
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,  
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;  
Wi' mair of horrible and awfu',  
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amazed and  
curious,

The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:  
The piper loud and louder blew;  
The dancers quick and quicker flew;  
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they  
cleekit,

Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,  
And coost her duddies<sup>6</sup> to the wark,  
And linket<sup>7</sup> at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam, had thae been  
queans

A' plump and strapping in their teens;  
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie<sup>8</sup> flannen,  
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder  
linnen!<sup>9</sup>

Thir<sup>10</sup> breeks o' mine, my only pair,  
That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,  
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,<sup>11</sup>  
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,  
Rigwoodie hags, wad spean<sup>12</sup> a foal,  
Lowping and flinging on a crummock,<sup>13</sup>  
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

<sup>1</sup> shaggy.

<sup>2</sup> forced.

<sup>3</sup> scream.

<sup>4</sup> magic.

<sup>5</sup> irons.

<sup>6</sup> clothes.

<sup>7</sup> linked.

<sup>8</sup> greasy.

<sup>9</sup> The manufacturing term for a fine linen,  
woven in a reed of 1700 divisions. — *Cromek.*

<sup>10</sup> these. <sup>11</sup> loins. <sup>12</sup> wean. <sup>13</sup> short staff.

But Tam kend what was what fu'  
brawlie,

There was ae winsome wench and walie,  
That night enlisted in the core,  
(Lang after kend on Carrick shore;  
For mony a beast to dead she shot,  
And perished mony a bonnie boat,  
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,<sup>1</sup>  
And kept the country-side in fear,)  
Her cutty<sup>2</sup> sark, o' Paisley harn,<sup>3</sup>  
That, while a lassie, she had worn,  
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,  
It was her best, and she was vauntie. —  
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,  
That sark she coft<sup>4</sup> for her wee Nannie,  
Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a 'her riches,)  
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun  
cour;

Sic flights are far beyond her power;  
To sing how Nannie lap and flang  
(A souple jade she was, and strang),  
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitched,  
And thought his very een enriched;  
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,  
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and  
main:

Till first ae caper, syne<sup>5</sup> anither,  
Tam tint<sup>6</sup> his reason a' thegither,  
And roars out, "Weeldone, Cutty-sark!"  
And in an instant all was dark;  
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,  
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,<sup>7</sup>  
When plundering herds assail their  
byke;<sup>8</sup>

As open pussie's mortal foes,  
When, pop! she starts before their nose;  
As eager runs the market-crowd,  
When, "Catch the thief!" resounds  
aloud;

So Maggie runs, the witches follow,  
Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hol-  
low.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy  
fairin!

In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!  
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!

<sup>1</sup> barley.

<sup>2</sup> short.

<sup>3</sup> very coarse linen.

<sup>4</sup> ought.

<sup>5</sup> then.

<sup>6</sup> lost.

<sup>7</sup> bustle.

<sup>8</sup> hive.

Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!  
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,  
 And win the key-stane<sup>1</sup> of the brig;  
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,  
 A running stream they darena cross.  
 But ere the key-stane she could make,  
 The fient<sup>2</sup> a tail she had to shake!  
 For Nannie, far before the rest,  
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,  
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;<sup>3</sup>  
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle —  
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,  
 But left behind her ain gray tail:  
 The carlin claut her by the rump,  
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,  
 Ilk man and mother's son, tak heed;  
 Whene'er to drink you are inclined,  
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,  
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,  
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

### JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 When we were first acquent,  
 Your locks were like the raven,  
 Your bonnie brow was brent<sup>4</sup>  
 But now your brow is beld, John,  
 Your locks are like the snaw;  
 But blessings on your frosty pow,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 We clamb the hill thegither;  
 And monie a canty day, John,  
 We've had wi' ane anither:  
 Now we maun totter down, John,  
 But hand in hand we'll go,  
 And sleep thegither at the foot,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

<sup>1</sup> It is a well-known fact, that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream. It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with bogles whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back. — R. B.

<sup>2</sup> deuce (fiend).    <sup>3</sup> aim.    <sup>4</sup> smooth.

### THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ., OF AYR.

*Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful  
 smile,  
 The short but simple annals of the Poor.*  
 GRAY.

My loved, my honoured, much respected  
 friend!  
 No mercenary bard his homage pays:  
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish  
 end,  
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and  
 praise:  
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,  
 The lowly train in life's sequestered  
 scene;  
 The native feelings strong, the guileless  
 ways;  
 What Aiken in a cottage would have  
 been;  
 Ah! though his worth unknown, far  
 happier there I ween.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry  
 sugh<sup>1</sup>;  
 The short'ning winter-day is near a  
 close;  
 The miry beasts retreating frae the  
 pleugh;  
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their  
 repose;  
 The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes, —  
 This night his weekly moil is at an end,  
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and  
 his hoes,  
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to  
 spend,  
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course  
 does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,  
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;  
 Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin,  
 stacher<sup>2</sup> thro',  
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin<sup>3</sup> noise  
 an' glee.

<sup>1</sup> whistling sound.    <sup>2</sup> stagger.    <sup>3</sup> fluttering.

His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnilie,  
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wife's  
smile,

The lispin infant prattling on his knee,  
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,  
An' makes him quite forget his labor  
an' his toil.

Belyve,<sup>1</sup> the elder bairns come drapping  
in,

At service out, among the farmers  
roun';<sup>2</sup>

Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some  
tentie<sup>3</sup> rin

A cannie errand to a neebor town:  
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman  
grown,

In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in  
her e'e,

Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw  
new gown,

Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,  
To help her parents dear, if they in  
hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned brothers and sisters  
meet,

An' each for other's welfare kindly  
spiers:<sup>4</sup>

The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed  
fleet;

Each tells the uncoss<sup>5</sup> that he sees or  
hears;

The parents, partial, eye their hopeful  
years,

Anticipation forward points the view.  
The mother, wi' her needle an' her  
sheers,

Gars<sup>6</sup> auld claes look amaisht as weel's the  
new;

The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

<sup>1</sup> by and by.

<sup>2</sup> Although the "Cotter," in the Saturday Night, is an exact copy of my father in his manners, his family devotions, and exhortations, yet the other parts of the description do not apply to our family. None of us ever were "At service out among the neebors roun'." Instead of our depositing our "sair-won penny-fee" with our parents, my father labored hard, and lived with the most rigid economy, that he might be able to keep his children at home. — *Gilbert Burns to Dr. Currie*, Oct. 24, 1800.

<sup>3</sup> attentively.

<sup>5</sup> news.

<sup>4</sup> enquires.

<sup>6</sup> makes.

Their master's an' their mistress's com-  
mand,

The younkers a' are warned to obey;  
And mind their labors wi' an eydent<sup>1</sup>  
hand,

And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk<sup>2</sup> or  
play:

"And oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway,  
And mind your duty, duly, morn and  
night!

Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,  
Implore His counsel and assisting  
might:

They never sought in vain that sought  
the Lord aright!"

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the  
door;

Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the  
same,

Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the  
moor,

To do some errands, and convoy her  
hame.

The wily mother sees the conscious  
flame

Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her  
cheek;

Wi' heart-struck anxious care, inquires  
his name,

While Jenny haffins<sup>3</sup> is afraid to speak;  
Weel pleased the mother hears, it's nae  
wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him  
ben;<sup>4</sup>

A strappan youth; he takes the mother's  
eye;

Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;  
The father cracks<sup>5</sup> of horses, pleughs,  
and kye.

The youngster's artless heart o'erflows  
wi' joy,

But, blate<sup>6</sup> and laithfu',<sup>7</sup> scarce can wee  
behave;

The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, ca  
spy

What makes the youth sae bashfu' an'  
sae grave;

<sup>1</sup> diligent.

<sup>4</sup> into the room.

<sup>6</sup> bashful.

<sup>2</sup> dally.

<sup>3</sup> half.

<sup>5</sup> talks.

<sup>7</sup> sheepish.



Weel pleased to think her bairn's re-  
spected like the lave.<sup>1</sup>

O happy love! where love like this is  
found!

O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond  
compare!

I've paced much this weary, mortal  
round,

And sage experience bids me 'this  
declare—

"If Heaven a draught of heavenly  
pleasure spare,

One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest

pair,  
In other's arms breathe out the tender  
tale,

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents  
the evening gale!"

Is there, in human form, that bears a  
heart

A wretch! a villain! lost to love and  
truth!

That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring  
art,

Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting  
youth?

Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling  
smooth!

Are honor, virtue, conscience, all  
exiled?

Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,  
Points to the parents fondling o'er their  
child?

Then paints the ruined maid, and their  
distraction wild!

But now the supper crowns their simple  
board,

The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's  
food:

The sowpe their only hawkie<sup>2</sup> does  
afford,

That 'yont the hallan<sup>3</sup> snugly chows her  
cood;

The dame brings forth in complimental  
mood,

To grace the lad, her weel-hained<sup>4</sup> keb-  
buck,<sup>5</sup> fell,

<sup>1</sup> the rest.    <sup>2</sup> cow.    <sup>3</sup> partition wall.  
<sup>4</sup> well-saved.    <sup>5</sup> cheese.

An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;  
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell  
How 'twas a towmond<sup>1</sup> auld, sin' lint  
was i' the bell.<sup>2</sup>

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious  
face,

They, round the ingle, form a circle  
wide;

The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,  
The big ha'-Bible,<sup>3</sup> ance his father's  
pride:

His bonnet reverently is laid aside,  
His lyart haffets<sup>4</sup> wearing thin an' bare;  
Those strains that once did sweet in  
Zion glide,

He wales<sup>5</sup> a portion with judicious care;  
And "Let us worship God!" he says,  
with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple  
guise;

They tune their hearts, by far the  
noblest aim:

Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling  
measures rise,

Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the  
name;

Or noble "Elgin" beats<sup>6</sup> the heavenward  
flame,

The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:  
Compared with these, Italian trills are  
tame;

The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures  
raise;

Nae unison hae they with our Creator's  
praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred  
page,

How Abram was the friend of God on  
high;

Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage  
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;

Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie  
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's aveng-  
ing ire;

Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing  
cry;

<sup>1</sup> a twelvemonth.    <sup>2</sup> Since the flax was in  
flower.    <sup>3</sup> hall-Bible.    <sup>4</sup> gray side locks.  
<sup>5</sup> chooses.    <sup>6</sup> feeds.

Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;  
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred  
lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the  
theme,  
How guiltless blood for guilty man was  
shed;  
How He, who bore in Heaven the  
second name,  
Had not on earth whereon to lay His  
head:  
How His first followers and servants  
sped;  
The precepts sage they wrote to many a  
land:

How he, who lone in Patmos banished,  
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;  
And heard great Babylon's doom pro-  
nounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eter-  
nal King,  
The saint, the father, and the husband  
prays:  
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant  
wing,"<sup>1</sup>  
That thus they all shall meet in future  
days:

There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,  
Together hymning their Creator's praise,  
In such society, yet still more dear;  
While circling time moves round in an  
eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's  
pride,  
In all the pomp of method, and of art,  
When men display to congregations  
wide  
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!  
The Power, incensed, the pageant will  
desert,  
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal  
stole;  
But haply, in some cottage far apart,  
May hear, well pleased, the language of  
the soul;  
And in His book of life the inmates  
poor enrol.

<sup>1</sup> Pope's *Windsor Forest*. — R. B.

Then homeward all take off their several  
way;

The youngling cottagers retire to rest:  
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,  
And proffer up to Heaven the warm  
request,  
That He, who stills the raven's clamorous  
nest,  
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,  
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the  
best,  
For them, and for their little ones pro-  
vide;  
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace  
divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's  
grandeur springs,  
That makes her loved at home, revered  
abroad:

Princes and lords are but the breath of  
kings;

"An honest man's the noblest work of  
God:"

And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly  
road,

The cottage leaves the palace far behind;  
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous  
load,

Disguising oft the wretch of human  
kind,

Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness  
refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!  
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven  
is sent!

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
Be blest with health, and peace, and  
sweet content!

And, oh, may Heaven their simple lives  
prevent

From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!  
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be  
rent,

A virtuous populace may rise the while,  
And stand a wall of fire around their  
much-loved Isle.

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide  
That streamed thro' Wallace's undaunted  
heart;

Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,  
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,  
(The patriot's God peculiarly Thou art,  
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)

O never, never Scotia's realm desert;  
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,  
In bright succession raise, her ornament  
and guard!

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*ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD, BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF FAMILY DISTRESS.*

SWEET floweret, pledge o' meikle love,  
And ward o' mony a prayer,  
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,  
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair.

November hirples<sup>1</sup> o'er the lea,  
Chill on thy lovely form;  
And gane, alas! the shelt'ring tree  
Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He, who gives the rain to pour,  
And wings the blast to blow,  
Protect thee frae the driving show'r,  
The bitter frost and snaw.

May He, the friend of woe and want,  
Who heals life's various stounds,<sup>2</sup>  
Protect and guard the mother plant,  
And heal her cruel wounds.

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,  
Fair on the summer morn:  
Now, feebly bends she in the blast,  
Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem  
Unscathed by ruffian hand!  
And from thee many a parent stem  
Arise to deck our land!

<sup>1</sup> creeps.

<sup>2</sup> heart-pangs.

*FAREWELL TO NANCY.*

Æ fond kiss, and then we sever!  
Æ farewell, alas, for ever!  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge  
thee!

Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.  
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,  
While the star of hope she leaves him?  
Me, nae cheerful twinkle lights me;  
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,  
Naething could resist my Nancy;  
But to see her, was to love her;  
Love but her, and love for ever.  
Had we never loved sae kindly,  
Had we never loved sae blindly,  
Never met — or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted!

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!  
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!  
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure.  
Æ fond kiss, and then we sever;  
Æ farewell, alas, for ever!  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge  
thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

---

*LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.*

Now nature hangs her mantle green  
On every blooming tree,  
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white  
Out o'er the grassy lea:  
Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,  
And glads the azure skies;  
But nought can glad the weary wight  
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,  
Aloft on dewy wing;  
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,  
Makes woodland echoes ring;  
The mavis mild wi' many a note,  
Sings drowsy day to rest:

In love and freedom they rejoice,  
Wi' care nor thrall oppress.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,  
The primrose down the brae;  
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,  
And milk-white is the slae;  
The meanest hind in fair Scotland  
May rove their sweets amang;  
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,  
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,  
Where happy I hae been;  
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,  
As blythe lay down at e'en:  
And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,  
And monie a traitor there;  
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,  
And never ending care.

My son! my son! may kinder stars  
Upon thy fortune shine;  
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,  
That ne'er wad blink on mine!  
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,  
Or turn their hearts to thee:  
And where thou meet'st thy mother's  
friend  
Remember him for me!

Oh! soon, to me, may summer suns  
Nae mair light up the morn!  
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds  
Wave o'er the yellow corn!  
And in the narrow house o' death  
Let winter round me rave;  
And the next flowers that deck the  
spring  
Bloom on my peaceful grave!

### TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN  
APRIL, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,  
Thou's met me in an evil hour;  
For I maun crush amang the stoure  
Thy slender stem:  
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,  
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,  
The bonnie Lark, companion meet!  
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!  
Wi' spreckl'd breast,  
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet  
The purpling east.

Could blew the bitter-biting north  
Upon thy early, humble birth;  
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth  
Amid the storm,  
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth  
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,  
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun  
shield,  
But thou, beneath the random bield<sup>1</sup>  
O' clod, or stane,  
Adorns the histie<sup>2</sup> stibble-field,  
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,  
Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
In humble guise;  
But now the share uptears thy bed,  
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,  
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!  
By love's simplicity betray'd,  
And guileless trust,  
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid  
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,  
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!  
Unskilful he to note the card  
Of prudent lore,  
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,  
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,  
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,  
By human pride or cunning driv'n  
To mis'ry's brink,  
Till, wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,  
He, ruin'd, sink!

<sup>1</sup> shelter.

<sup>2</sup> dry.

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,  
That fate is thine — no distant date;  
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,  
Full on thy bloom,  
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,  
Shall be thy doom!

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE  
PLOUGH IN NOVEMBER.

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,  
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!  
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,  
Wi' bickering brattle!<sup>1</sup>  
I wad be laith<sup>2</sup> to rin an' chase thee,  
Wi' murdering pattle!<sup>3</sup>

I'm truly sorry man's dominion  
Has broken nature's social union,  
An' justifies that ill opinion,  
Which makes thee startle  
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,  
An' fellow mortal!

I doubt na, whiles, but thou mayst thief;  
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!  
A daimen-icker<sup>4</sup> in a thrave<sup>5</sup>  
'S a sma' request:  
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,<sup>6</sup>  
And never miss't.

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!  
Its silly wa's the winds are strewin!  
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,  
O' foggage green!  
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,  
Baith snell<sup>7</sup> an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,  
An' weary winter comin fast,  
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,  
Thou thought to dwell,  
Till crash! the cruel coulter pass'd  
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,  
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!  
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,  
But house or hald,

To thole the winter's sleety dribble,  
An' cranreuch<sup>1</sup> cauld!

But, mousie, thou art no thy lane,<sup>2</sup>  
In proving foresight may be vain:  
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men  
Gang aft a-gley,<sup>3</sup>  
An' leave us nought but grief and pain,  
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!  
The present only toucheth thee;  
But, och! I backward cast my e'e  
On prospects drear!  
An' forward, tho' I canna see,  
I guess an' fear.

THE BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,  
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,  
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,  
Let him draw near;  
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,  
And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,  
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among  
That weekly this area throng,  
O, pass not by!  
But, with a frater-feeling strong,  
Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man whose judgment clear,  
Can others teach the course to steer,  
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career  
Wild as the wave;  
Here pause — and, thro' the starting tear,  
Survey this grave.

The poor Inhabitant below  
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,  
And keenly felt the friendly glow,  
And softer flame;  
But thoughtless follies laid him low,  
And stain'd his name!

<sup>1</sup> hurry.      <sup>2</sup> loth.      <sup>3</sup> plough staff.

<sup>4</sup> ear of corn.      <sup>5</sup> twenty-four sheaves.

<sup>6</sup> the rest.      <sup>7</sup> biting.

<sup>1</sup> hoar frost.      <sup>2</sup> thyself alone.      <sup>3</sup> wrong.

Reader, attend — whether thy soul  
 Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,  
 Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,  
   In low pursuit;  
 Know, prudent, cautious, *self-control*  
   Is wisdom's root.

—  
 TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,  
 Thou lov'st to greet the early morn,  
 Again thou usher'st in the day  
   My Mary from my soul was torn.  
 O Mary! dear departed shade!  
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
   Hear'st thou the groans that rend his  
   breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,  
   Can I forget the hallow'd grove,  
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,  
   To live one day of parting love?  
 Eternity will not efface  
   Those records dear of transports past;  
 Thy image at our last embrace;  
   Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
   O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning  
   green;  
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,  
   Twined amorous round the raptured  
   scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
   The birds sang love on every spray,—  
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west  
   Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory  
   wakes,  
   And fondly broods with miser care!  
 Time but th' impression deeper makes  
   As streams their channels deeper  
   wear.  
 My Mary, dear departed shade!  
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
   Hear'st thou the groans that rend his  
   breast?

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,  
   That hangs his head, and a' that?  
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,  
   And dare be poor for a' that!  
   For a' that, and a' that,  
     Our toils obscure, and a' that;  
   The rank is but the guinea stamp;  
   The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,  
   Wear hoddin-gray and a' that;  
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their  
   wine,  
   A man's a man, for a' that.  
   For a' that, and a' that,  
     Their tinsel show, and a' that:  
   The honest man, tho' ne'er sae poor,  
     Is King o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,  
   Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;  
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
   He's but a coof for a' that:  
   For a' that, and a' that,  
     His riband, star, and a' that,  
   The man, of independent mind,  
     He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can mak a belted knight,  
   A marquis, duke, and a' that;  
 But a honest man's aboon his might,  
   Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!  
   For a' that, and a' that,  
     Their dignities, and a' that,  
   Their pith o' sense, and pride o'  
   worth,  
     Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
   As come it will for a' that,  
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the  
   earth,  
   May bear the gree, and a' that;  
   For a' that, and a' that,  
     It's coming yet, for a' that;  
   That man to man, the world o'er,  
     Shall brother be for a' that.

*BANNOCKBURN.*

## ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;  
 Welcome to your gory bed,  
 Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;  
 See the front o' battle lower:  
 See approach proud Edward's pow'—  
 Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?  
 Wha would fill a coward's grave?  
 Wha sae base as be a slave?  
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and law  
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
 Free-man stand, or free-man fa'?  
 Let him on wi' me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!  
 By your sons in servile chains!  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!  
 Tyrants fall in every foe!  
 Liberty's in every blow!  
 Let us do, or die!

*A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.*

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,  
 Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,  
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,  
 All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,  
 In a' its crimson glory spread,  
 And drooping rich the dewy head,  
 It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest  
 A little linnet fondly prest,  
 The dew sat chilly on her breast  
 Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,  
 The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,  
 Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,  
 Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,  
 On trembling string, or vocal air,  
 Shall sweetly pay the tender care  
 That tents thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,  
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,  
 And bless the parent's evening ray  
 That watch'd thy early morning.

*AFTON WATER.*

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among the  
 green braes,  
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy  
 praise:  
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring  
 stream,  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not  
 her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds  
 thro' the glen,  
 Ye wild-whistling blackbirds in yon  
 thorny den,  
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy scream-  
 ing forbear;  
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering  
 fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbor-  
 ing hills,  
 Far mark'd by the courses of clear,  
 winding rills;  
 There daily I wander, as noon rises  
 high,  
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in  
 my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green  
 valleys below,  
 Where wild in the woodlands the prim-  
 roses blow;

There, oft as the mild evening weeps  
over the lea,  
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary  
and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how gently it  
glides,  
And winds by the cot where my Mary  
resides:  
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet  
lave,  
As, gath'ring sweet flow'rets, she stems  
thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy  
green braes,  
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of  
my lays;  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring  
stream;  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not  
her dream.

#### COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

TUNE — "*Gin a Body meet a Body.*"

Gin a body meet a body,  
Comin' thro' the rye;  
Gin a body kiss a body,  
Need a body cry?  
Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,  
Nane they say, hae I!  
Yet a' the lads they smile at me  
When comin' thro' the rye.  
Amang the train there is a swain  
I dearly lo'e mysel';  
But whaur his hame, or what his name,  
I dinna care to tell.

Gin a body meet a body,  
Comin' frae the town;  
Gin a body greet a body,  
Need a body frown?  
Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,  
Nane, they say, hae I!  
Yet a' the lads they smile at me,  
When comin' thro' the rye.  
Amang the train there is a swain  
I dearly lo'e mysel';  
But whaur his hame, or what his name,  
I dinna care to tell.

#### O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR.

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,  
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;  
And I a bird to shelter there,  
When wearied on my little wing:

How I wad mourn, when it was torn  
By autumn wild, and winter rude!  
But I wad sing on wanton wing,  
When youthfu' May its bloom re-  
new'd.

O gin my love were yon red rose  
That grows upon the castle wa',  
And I mysel' a drap o' dew,  
Into her bonny breast to fa'!

Oh! there beyond expression blest,  
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;  
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,  
Till fley'd awa' by Phoebus' light.

#### MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O!

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star  
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;  
And owsen frae the furrow'd field  
Return sae dowf and wearie, O!  
Down by the burn, where scented birks  
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,  
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O!

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,  
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,  
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,  
My ain kind dearie, O!  
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,  
And I were ne'er sae wearie, O,  
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O!

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,  
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo,  
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,  
Along the burn to steer, my jo;  
Gie me the hour o' gloamin' gray,  
It maks my heart sae cheery, O,  
To meet thee on the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O!



## WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

1762-1850.

[THE REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES was born at King's Sutton in 1762. His chief work is his *Sonnets*, first published in 1789. He died at Salisbury in 1850.]

## THE CLIFF.

As slow I climb the cliff's ascending side,  
 Much musing on the track of terror  
 past,  
 When o'er the dark wave rode the  
 howling blast,  
 Pleased I look back, and view the tran-  
 quil tide  
 That laves the pebbled shores; and now  
 the beam  
 Of evening smiles on the gray battle-  
 ment,  
 And yon forsaken tow'r that time has  
 rent:  
 The lifted oar far off with silver gleam  
 Is touched, and the hushed billows  
 seem to sleep.  
 Soothed by the scene e'en thus on  
 sorrow's breast  
 A kindred stillness steals, and bids  
 her rest;  
 Whilst sad airs stilly sigh along the  
 deep,  
 Like melodies that mourn upon the  
 lyre,  
 Waked by the breeze, and as they  
 mourn, expire.

## BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

Ye holy tow'rs that shade the wave-worn  
 steep,  
 Long may ye rear your aged brows  
 sublime,  
 Though hurrying silent by, relentless  
 time  
 Assail you, and the wintry whirlwind  
 sweep.  
 For, far from blazing grandeur's crowded  
 halls,  
 Here Charity has fixed her chosen  
 seat;

Oft listening tearful when the wild  
 winds beat  
 With hollow bodings round your ancient  
 walls;  
 And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour  
 Of midnight, when the moon is hid  
 on high,  
 Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost  
 tow'r,  
 And turns her ear to each expiring cry,  
 Blest if her aid some fainting wretch  
 might save,  
 And snatch him cold and speechless  
 from the grave.

## EVENING.

EVENING, as slow thy placid shades  
 descend,  
 Veiling with gentlest touch the land-  
 scape still,  
 The lonely battlement, and farthest  
 hill  
 And wood — I think of those that have  
 no friend:  
 Who now perhaps by melancholy led,  
 From the broad blaze of day, where  
 pleasure flaunts,  
 Retiring, wander mid thy lonely  
 haunts  
 Unseen, and mark the tints that o'er  
 thy bed  
 Hang lovely; oft to musing Fancy's eye  
 Presenting fairy vales, where the tired  
 mind  
 Might rest, beyond the murmurs of  
 mankind,  
 Nor hear the hourly moans of misery.  
 Ah! beauteous views, that Hope's fair  
 gleams the while  
 Should smile like you, and perish as  
 they smile!

*DOVER CLIFFS.*

ON these white cliffs, that calm above  
 the flood  
 Uplift their shadowy heads, and at  
 their feet  
 Scarce hear the surge that has for  
 ages beat,  
 Sure many a lonely wanderer has stood;  
 And while the distant murmur met  
 his ear,  
 And o'er the distant billows the still eve  
 Sailed slow, has thought of all his heart  
 must leave  
 To-morrow; of the friends he loved  
 most dear;  
 Of social scenes from which he wept to  
 part.  
 But if, like me, he knew how fruitless  
 all  
 The thoughts that would full fain the  
 past recall;  
 Soon would he quell the risings of his  
 heart,  
 And brave the wild winds and unhear-  
 ing tide,  
 The world his country, and his God his  
 guide.

---

*ON THE RHINE.*

'TWAS morn, and beauteous on the  
 mountain's brow  
 (Hung with the blushes of the bend-  
 ing vine)  
 Streamed the blue light, when on the  
 sparkling Rhine  
 We bounded, and the white waves round  
 the prow  
 In murmurs parted; varying as we go,  
 Lo! the woods open and the rocks  
 retire;  
 Some convent's ancient walls, or  
 glistening spire  
 Mid the bright landscape's tract unfold-  
 ing slow.  
 Here dark with furrowed aspect, like  
 despair,  
 Hangs the bleak cliff, there on the  
 woodland's side

The shadowy sunshine pours its stream-  
 ing tide;  
 Whilst Hope, enchanted with a scene so  
 fair,  
 Would wish to linger many a summer's  
 day,  
 Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds  
 away.

---

*WRITTEN AT OSTEND.*

How sweet the tuneful bells responsive  
 peal!  
 As when, at opening morn, the fragrant  
 breeze  
 Breathes on the trembling sense of  
 wan disease,  
 So piercing to my heart their force I  
 feel!  
 And hark! with lessening cadence now  
 they fall,  
 And now along the white and level  
 tide  
 They fling their melancholy music  
 wide,  
 Bidding me many a tender thought recall  
 Of summer days, and those delightful  
 years,  
 When by my native streams, in life's  
 fair prime,  
 The mournful magic of their mingling  
 chime  
 First waked my wondering childhood into  
 tears;  
 But seeming now, when all those days  
 are o'er,  
 The sounds of joy, once heard and  
 heard no more.

---

*TO TIME.*

O TIME, who knowest a lenient hand  
 to lay,  
 Softest on sorrow's wounds, and slowly  
 thence  
 (Lulling to sad repose the weary  
 sense)  
 The faint pang stealest unperceived away:  
 On thee I rest my only hopes at last;

And think when thou hast dried the  
bitter tear,  
That flows in vain o'er all my soul  
held dear,  
I may look back on many a sorrow past,  
And greet life's peaceful evening with a  
smile —  
As some lone bird, at day's departing  
hour,

Sings in the sunshine of the transient  
shower,  
Forgetful, though its wings be wet the  
while.  
But ah! what ills must that poor heart  
endure,  
Who hopes from thee, and thee alone,  
a cure.



## JOANNA BAILLIE.

1762-1851.

[BORN at Bothwell Manse, Lanarkshire, Sept. 11, 1762; came to live in London, 1784. Published *Plays on the Passions*, vol. i., 1798; vol. ii., 1802; vol. iii., 1812; *Miscellaneous Dramas*, 1804; *The Family Legend*, 1810; *Dramas*, 3 vols., 1836; *Fugitive Verses*, 1840. Died at Hampstead, Feb. 23, 1851.]

## THE CHOUGH AND CROW.

THE Chough and Crow to roost are  
gone —

The owl sits on the tree —  
The hush'd winds wail with feeble moan,  
Like infant charity.  
The wild fire dances o'er the fen —  
The red star sheds its ray;  
Uprouse ye then, my merry men,  
It is our op'ning day.

Both child and nurse are fast asleep,  
And clos'd is ev'ry flower;  
And winking tapers faintly peep,  
High from my lady's bower.  
Bewilder'd hind with shorten'd ken,  
Shrink on their murky way:  
Uprouse ye then, my merry men,  
It is our op'ning day.

Nor board, nor garner own we now,  
Nor roof, nor latched door,  
Nor kind mate bound by holy vow  
To bless a good man's store.  
Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,  
And night is grown our day:  
Uprouse ye then, my merry men,  
And use it as we may.

## SONG.

[Version taken from an old song, *Woo'd and married and a'.*]

THE bride she is winsome and bonny,  
Her hair it is snooded sae sleek,  
And faithfu' and kind is her Johnny,  
Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek.  
New pearlins<sup>1</sup> are cause of her sorrow,  
New pearlins and plenishing too;  
The bride that has a' to borrow  
Has e'en right mickle ado.  
Woo'd and married and a'!  
Woo'd and married and a'!  
Is na' she very weel aff  
To be woo'd and married at a'?

Her mither then hastily spak,  
"The lassie is glaikit<sup>2</sup> wi' pride;  
In my pouch I had never a plack  
On the day when I was a bride.  
E'en tak to your wheel and be clever,  
And draw out your thread in the sun;  
The gear that is gifted it never  
Will last like the gear that is won.  
Woo'd and married and a'!  
Wi' havins and tocher<sup>3</sup> sae sma'!  
I think ye are very weel aff  
To be woo'd and married at a'."

<sup>1</sup> finery, lace. <sup>2</sup> silly. <sup>3</sup> goods and dowry.

"Toot, toot," quo' her gray-headed  
faither,

"She's less o' a bride than a bairn,  
She's ta'en like a cut<sup>1</sup> frae the heather,  
Wi' sense and discretion to learn.  
Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,  
As humor inconstantly leans,  
The chiel maun be patient and steady  
That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.  
A kerchief sae douce and sae neat  
O'er her locks that the wind used  
to blaw!

I'm baith like to laugh and to greet  
When I think of her married at a'!"

Then out spak the wily bridegroom,  
Weel waled were his wordies, I ween,  
"I'm rich, though my coffer be toom,<sup>2</sup>  
Wi' the blinks o' your bonny blue  
e'en.

I'm prouder o' thee by my side  
Though thy ruffles or ribbons be few,  
Than if Kate o' the Croft were my bride  
Wi' purples and pearlins enow.  
Dear and dearest of ony!  
Ye're woo'd and buikit and a'!  
And do ye think scorn o' your Johnny,  
And grieve to be married at a'?"

She turn'd, and she blush'd, and she  
smiled,  
And she looked sae bashfully down;  
The pride o' her heart was beguiled,  
And she played wi' the sleeves o' her  
gown.  
She twirled the tag o' her lace,  
And she nipped her bodice sae blue,  
Synne blinkit sae sweet in his face,  
And aff like a maukin<sup>3</sup> she flew.  
Woo'd and married and a'!  
Wi' Johnny to roose her and a'!  
She thinks hersel very weel aff  
To be woo'd and married at a'!

<sup>1</sup> cut.<sup>2</sup> empty.<sup>3</sup> hare.

### THE HIGHLAND SHEPHERD.

THE gowan glitters on the sward,  
The lavrock's in the sky,  
And Colley in my plaid keeps ward,  
And time is passing by.  
Oh, no! sad and slow!  
I hear no welcome sound,  
The shadow of our trysting bush,  
It wears so slowly round.

My sheep bells tinkle frae the west,  
My lambs are bleating near;  
But still the sound that I lo'e best.  
Alack! I canna hear.

Oh, no! sad and slow!  
The shadow lingers still,  
And like a lanely ghaist I stand,  
And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,  
The mill wi' clacking din,  
And Luckey scolding frae her door,  
To bring the bairnies in.  
Oh, no! sad and slow!  
These are nae sounds for me;  
The shadow of our trysting bush,  
It creeps sae drearily.

I coft yestreen, frae Chapman Tam,  
A snood of bonnie blue,  
And promised when our trysting cam',  
To tie it round her brow!  
Oh, no! sad and slow!  
The time it winna pass:  
The shadow of that weary thorn  
Is tether'd on the grass.

O, now I see her on the way,  
She's past the witches' knowe,  
She's climbing up the brownie's brac;  
My heart is in a lowe.  
Oh, no! 'tis not so!  
'Tis glamrie I ha'e seen!  
The shadow of that hawthorn bush  
Will move nae mair till e'en.

## SAMUEL ROGERS.

1763-1855.

[SAMUEL ROGERS born at Newington Green, near London, 1763; died, 1855. An eminent English poet, son of a London banker, in whose house of business he was placed after having received an efficient private education. At the age of twenty-three his first volume of poems was produced under the title of *An Ode to Superstition and other Poems*; his second volume *The Pleasures of Memory* was given to the world in 1792. Six years later he brought out a third volume, and in 1812, fourteen years after, he published a fragment entitled *Columbus*. *Jaqueline* was put forth in 1814. *Human Life* in 1819, and in 1822, the poet, then sixty years of age, produced the first part of his *Italy*. The complete edition of this latter poem was not published until 1836, having been illustrated under his own direction by Stothard, Turner, and Prout, at a cost of £10,000. Up to his ninety-first year he wrote an occasional piece, composed, like all his works, with laborious slowness, and polished line by line into elegance.]

FROM "THE PLEASURES OF  
MEMORY."

OFt may the spirits of the dead descend  
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend;  
To hover round his evening-walk unseen,  
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green;  
To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,  
And heaven and nature opened to their view!  
Of, when he trims his cheerful hearth,  
and sees  
A smiling circle emulous to please;  
There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,  
And bless the scene they loved in life so well!  
Oh thou! with whom my heart was wont to share  
From Reason's dawn each pleasure and each care;  
With whom, alas! I fondly hoped to know  
The humble walks of happiness below;  
If thy blest nature now unites above  
An angel's pity with a brother's love,  
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,  
Correct my views, and elevate my soul;  
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,  
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resigned;

Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew  
no disguise,  
Whose blameless wishes never aimed  
to rise,  
To meet the changes Time and Chance  
present  
With modest dignity and calm content.  
When thy last breath, ere Nature sunk  
to rest,  
Thy meek submission to thy God expressed,  
When thy last look, ere thought and  
feeling fled,  
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph  
shed,  
What to thy soul its glad assurance  
gave,  
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the  
grave?  
The sweet Remembrance of unblemished  
youth,  
The still inspiring voice of Innocence  
and Truth!  
Hail, MEMORY, hail! in thy exhaust-  
less mine  
From age to age unnumbered treasures  
shine!  
Thought and her shadowy brood thy  
call obey,  
And Place and Time are subject to thy  
sway!  
Thy pleasures most we feel, when most  
alone;  
The only pleasures we can call our  
own.

Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions  
 die,  
 If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;  
 If but a beam of sober Reason play,  
 Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!  
 But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of  
 Power,  
 Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent  
 hour?  
 These, when the trembling spirit wings  
 her flight,  
 Pour round her path a stream of living  
 light,  
 And gild those pure and perfect realms  
 of rest  
 Where Virtue triumphs and her sons  
 are blest!

FROM "ITALY."

BUT who comes,  
 Brushing the floor with what was once,  
 methinks,  
 A hat of ceremony? On he glides,  
 Slip-shod, ungartered; his long suit of  
 black  
 Dingy, thread-bare, tho', patch by patch,  
 renewed  
 Till it has almost ceased to be the  
 same.  
 At length arrived, and with a shrug that  
 pleads  
 "'Tis my necessity!" he stops and  
 speaks,  
 Screwing a smile into his dinnerless  
 face.  
 "Blame not a Poet, Signor, for his  
 zeal —  
 When all are on the wing, who would  
 be last?  
 The splendor of thy name has gone be-  
 fore thee;  
 And Italy from sea to sea exults,  
 As well indeed she may! But I trans-  
 gress.  
 He, who has known the weight of  
 praise himself,  
 Should spare another." Saying so, he  
 laid  
 His sonnet, an impromptu, at my feet,

(If his, then Petrarch must have stolen  
 it from him)  
 And bowed and left me; in his hollow  
 hand  
 Receiving my small tribute, a zecchine  
 Unconsciously, as doctors do their fees.  
 My omelet, and a flagon of hill-wine,  
 Pure as the virgin-spring, had happily  
 Fled from all eyes; or, in a waking  
 dream,  
 I might have sat as many a great man  
 has,  
 And many as small, like him of Santil-  
 lane,  
 Bartering my bread and salt for empty  
 praise.

Am I in Italy? Is this the Mincius?  
 Are those the distant turrets of Verona?  
 And shall I sup where Juliet at the  
 Masque  
 Saw her loved Montague, and now  
 sleeps by him?  
 Such questions hourly do I ask myself;  
 And not a stone, in a cross-way, in-  
 scribed  
 "To Mantua" — "To Ferrara" — but  
 excites  
 Surprise, and doubt, and self-congratu-  
 lation.  
 O Italy, how beautiful thou art!  
 Yet I could weep — for thou art lying,  
 alas,  
 Low in the dust; and we admire thee now  
 As we admire the beautiful in death.  
 Thine was a dangerous gift, when thou  
 wast born,  
 The gift of Beauty. Would thou hadst  
 it not;  
 Or wert as once, awing the caitiffs vile  
 That now beset thee, making thee their  
 slave!  
 Would they had loved thee less, or  
 feared thee more!  
 — But why despair? Twice hast thou  
 lived already;  
 Twice shone among the nations of the  
 world,  
 As the sun shines among the lesser  
 lights  
 Of heaven; and shalt again. The hour  
 shall come,

When they who think to bind the ethereal spirit,  
 Who, like the eagle cowering o'er his prey,  
 Watch with quick eye, and strike and strike again  
 If but a sinew vibrate, shall confess  
 Their wisdom folly. Even now the flame  
 Bursts forth where once it burnt so gloriously,  
 And, dying, left a splendor like the day,  
 That like the day diffused itself, and still  
 Blesses the earth — the light of genius, virtue,  
 Greatness in thought and act, contempt of death,  
 God-like example. Echoes that have slept  
 Since Athens, Lacedæmon, were Themselves,  
 Since men invoked "By Those in Marathon!"  
 Awake along the Ægean; and the dead,  
 They of that sacred shore, have heard the call,  
 And thro' the ranks, from wing to wing, are seen  
 Moving as once they were — instead of rage  
 Breathing deliberate valor.

---

*FROM "HUMAN LIFE."*

WHEN by a good man's grave I muse alone,  
 Methinks an Angel sits upon the stone,  
 Like those of old, on that thrice-hallowed night,  
 Who sate and watched in raiment heavenly bright,  
 And with a voice inspiring joy not fear,  
 Says, pointing upward, "Know, He is not here;  
 He is risen!"  
 But the day is almost spent;

And stars are kindling in the firmament,  
 To us how silent — though like ours perchance  
 Busy and full of life and circumstance;  
 Where some the paths of Wealth and Power pursue,  
 Of Pleasure some, of Happiness a few;  
 And, as the sun goes round — a sun not ours —  
 While from her lap another Nature showers  
 Gifts of her own, some from the crowd retire,  
 Think on themselves, within, without inquire;  
 At distance dwell on all that passes there,  
 All that their world reveals of good and fair;  
 And, as they wander, picturing things, like me,  
 Not as they are but as they ought to be,  
 Trace out the journey through their little day,  
 And fondly dream an idle hour away

---

*GINEVRA.*

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance  
 To Modena, where still religiously  
 Among her ancient trophies is preserved  
 Bologna's bucket (in its chain it hangs  
 Within the reverend tower, the Guirlandine)  
 Stop at the Palace near the Reggionate,  
 Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.  
 Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,  
 And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,  
 Will long detain thee; thro' their arched walks,  
 Dim at noon-day, discovering many a glimpse  
 Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,  
 And lovers, such as in heroic song,  
 Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,

That in the spring-time, as alone they  
sat,  
Venturing together on a tale of love,  
Read only part that day.—A summer-sun

Sets ere one half is seen; but, ere thou  
go,  
Enter the house — prythee, forget it  
not —

And look awhile upon a picture there.  
'Tis of a Lady in her earliest youth,  
The very last of that illustrious race,  
Done by Zampieri — but I care not  
whom.

He, who observes it — ere he passes on,  
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes  
again,

That he may call it up, when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to  
speak,

Her lips half-open, and her finger up,  
As tho' she said "Beware!" her vest  
of gold

Broidered with flowers, and clasped  
from head to foot,  
An emerald stone in every golden  
clasp;

And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,  
A coronet of pearls. But then her  
face,

So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,  
The overflowings of an innocent heart—  
It haunts me still, tho' many a year has  
fled,

Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs

Over a mouldering heir-loom, its com-  
panion,

An oaken-chest, half-eaten by the  
worm,

But richly carved by Anthony of Trent  
With scripture-stories from the life of  
Christ;

A chest that came from Venice, and  
had held

The ducal robes of some old Ancestor.  
That by the way — it may be true or  
false —

But don't forget the picture; and thou  
wilt not,

When thou hast heard the tale they told  
me there.

She was an only child; from infancy  
The joy, the pride of an indulgent Sire.  
Her Mother dying of the gift she gave,  
That precious gift, what else remained  
to him?

The young Ginevra was his all in life,  
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight;  
And in her fifteenth year became a  
bride,

Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,  
Her playmate from her birth, and her  
first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal  
dress,

She was all gentleness, all gaiety;  
Her pranks the favorite theme of every  
tongue.

But now the day was come, the day,  
the hour;

Now, frowning, smiling, for the hun-  
dredth time,

The nurse, that ancient lady, preached  
decorum;

And, in the lustre of her youth, she  
gave

Her hand, with her heart in it, to Fran-  
cesco.

Great was the joy; but at the Bridal  
feast,

When all sat down, the Bride was  
wanting there.

Nor was she to be found! Her Father  
cried

"'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"  
And filled his glass to all; but his hand  
shook,

And soon from guest to guest the panic  
spread.

'Twas but that instant she had left Fran-  
cesco,

Laughing and looking back and flying  
still,

Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.  
But now, alas, she was not to be found;  
Nor from that hour could anything be  
guessed,

But that she was not!

Weary of his life,  
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith  
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.  
Orsini lived; and long might'st thou  
have seen



An old man wandering as in quest of something,  
Something he could not find — he knew not what.

When he was gone, the house remained awhile

Silent and tenantless — then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,

When on an idle day, a day of search  
'Mid the old lumber in the Gallery,  
That mouldering chest was noticed;  
and 'twas said

By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,

"Why not remove it from its lurking place!"

'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way

It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,  
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,

A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.

All else had perished — save a nuptial ring,

And a small seal, her mother's legacy,  
Engraven with a name, the name of both,

"Ginevra."

#### AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

STILL must my partial pencil love to dwell

On the home-prospects of my hermit cell;

The mossy pales that skirt the orchard-green,

Here hid by shrub-wood, there by glimpses seen;

And the brown pathway, that, with careless flow,

Sinks, and is lost among the trees below.  
Still must it trace (the flattering tints forgive)

Each fleeting charm that bids the landscape live.

Oft o'er the mead, at pleasing distance,  
pass —

Browsing the hedge by fits, the pan-niered ass;

The idling shepherd-boy, with rude delight,

Whistling his dog to mark the pebble's flight;

And in her kerchief blue the cottage-maid,

With brimming pitcher from the shadowy glade.

Far to the south a mountain vale retires,  
Rich in its groves, and glens, and village-spires;

Its upland lawns, and cliffs with foliage hung,

Its wizard-stream, nor nameless nor unsung:

And through the various year, the various day,

What scenes of glory burst, and melt away!

When Christmas revels in a world of snow,

And bids her berries blush, her carols flow;

His spangling shower when frost the wizard flings;

Or, borne in ether blue, on viewless wings,

O'er the white pane his silvery foliage weaves,

And gems with icicles the sheltering eaves;

— Thy muffled friend his nectarine-wall pursues,

What time the sun the yellow crocus woos,

Screened from the arrowy North; and duly hies

To meet the morning-rumor as it flies,  
To range the murmuring market-place,

and view  
The motley groups that faithful Teniers drew.

When Spring bursts forth in blossoms through the vale,

And her wild music triumphs on the gale,

Oft with my book I muse from stile to stile;

Oft in my porch the listless noon beguile,

Framing loose numbers, till declining  
 day  
 Through the green trellis shoots a crim-  
 son ray;  
 Till the west-wind leads on the twilight  
 hours,  
 And shakes the fragrant bells of closing  
 flowers.

*DEAR IS MY LITTLE NATIVE  
 VALE.*

DEAR is my little native vale,  
 The ring-dove builds and murmurs  
 there;  
 Close by my cot she tells her tale  
 To every passing villager;  
 The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,  
 And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,  
 That breathe a gale of fragrance  
 round,  
 I charm the fairy-footed hours  
 With my loved lute's romantic sound;  
 Or crowns of living laurel weave  
 For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,  
 The ballet danced in twilight glade,

The canzonet and roundelay  
 Sung in the silent greenwood shade :  
 These simple joys, that never fail,  
 Shall bind me to my native vale.

*A WISH.*

MINE be a cot beside the hill;  
 A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;  
 A willowy brook, that turns a mill,  
 With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow oft, beneath my thatch,  
 Shall twitter near her clay-built nest;  
 Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,  
 And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring  
 Each fragrant flower that drinks the  
 dew;  
 And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,  
 In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church beneath the trees,  
 Where first our marriage-vows were  
 given,  
 With merry peals shall swell the breeze,  
 And point with taper spire to heaven.

CAROLINE OLIPHANT

(BARONESS NAIRN).

1766-1845.

[LADY NAIRN was born in 1766. Though she lived to an advanced age, dying in 1845, most of her songs were written early in life, soon after the appearance of Burns's poems in 1787. The first and only collected edition of her works appeared in 1869, but for two generations before, songs of her composing had been sung in every Scotch household and concert-room, though the name of the author was unknown. A surprising number of the most familiar Scotch songs, many of them popularly believed to have descended from remote antiquity, were written by Lady Nairn. — *The Land o' the Leal, The Laird o' Cockpen, Caller Herrin, The Auld House, Hunting-Tower, John Tod, Wha'll be King but Charlie? Charlie is my darling, Will ye no come back again? He's ower the hills that I loe weel, I will sit in my wee croo house.*]

*THE LAND O' THE LEAL.*

I'm wearin' awa', John,  
 Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,  
 I'm wearin' awa'  
 To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, John,  
 There's neither cauld nor care, John.  
 The day is aye fair  
 In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,  
 She was baith gude and fair, John;  
 And oh! we grudged her sair  
     To the land o' the leal.  
 But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,  
 And joy's a-comin' fast, John,  
 The joy that's aye to last  
     In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear that joy was bought, John,  
 Sae free the battle fought, John,  
 That sinfu' man e'er brought  
     To the land o' the leal.  
 Oh! dry your glistening e'e, John,  
 My soul langs to be free, John,  
 And angels beckon me,  
     To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, John,  
 Your day it's wearin' through, John,  
 And I'll welcome you  
     To the land o' the leal.  
 Now fare-ye-weel, my ain John,  
 This world's cares are vain, John,  
 We'll meet, and we'll be fain  
     In the land o' the leal.

#### WHALL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

THE news frae Moidart cam' yestreen  
 Will soon gar mony ferlie;<sup>1</sup>  
 For ships o' war hae just come in  
 And landit Royal Charlie.

<sup>1</sup> make many wonder.

Come through the heather, around him  
     gather,  
 Ye're a' th' welcomer early;  
 Around him cling wi' a' your kin,  
 For wha'll be King but Charlie?  
 Come through the heather, around him  
     gather,  
 Come Ronald, come Donald, come a'  
     thegither,  
 And crown your rightfu' lawfu' King,  
 For wha'll be King but Charlie?

The Hieland clans, wi' sword in hand,  
 Frae John o' Groats to Airlie,  
 Hae to a man declared to stand,  
 Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie,  
     Come through the heather, &c.

The Lowlands a', baith great and sma',  
 Wi' mony a lord and laird, hae  
 Declared for Scotia's King and law,  
 And spier ye wha but Charlie?  
     Come through the heather, &c.

There's nae a lass in a' the lan',  
 But vows faith late an' early,  
 She'll ne'er to man gie heart nor han',  
 Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.  
     Come through the heather, &c.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,  
 And be't complete an' early;  
 His very name our hearts' blood warms,  
 To arms for Royal Charlie!  
     Come through the heather, &c.

## ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

1766-1823.

[BORN a farmer's boy, and became through the influence of the Duke of Grafton a government clerk. He wrote *The Farmer's Boy*, 1798; *Rural Tales*, 1810; *Wild Flowers*, and other pieces descriptive of rural life with much moral feeling and smoothness of versification, — his great fault is his want of passion; his great excellence, the truth and reality of his delineations.]

#### LINES ADDRESSED TO MY CHILDREN.

GENIUS of the forest shades,  
 Lend thy power, and lend thine ear;  
 A stranger trod thy lonely glades,  
 Amidst thy dark and bounding deer;

Inquiring childhood claims the verse,  
 O let them not inquire in vain;  
 Be with me while I thus rehearse  
 The glories of thy sylvan reign.

Thy dells by wintry currents worn,  
 Secluded haunts, how dear to me !  
 From all but Nature's converse borne,  
 No ear to hear, no eye to see.

Their honor'd leaves the green oaks  
 rear'd,

And crown'd the upland's graceful  
 swell;

While answering through the vale was  
 heard

Each distant heifer's tinkling bell.

Hail, greenwood shades, that, stretch-  
 ing far,

Defy e'en summer's noontide power,  
 When August in his burning car  
 Withholds the clouds, withholds the  
 shower.

The deeptoned low from either hill,  
 Down hazel aisles and arches green  
 (The herd's rude tracks from rill to  
 rill),

Roar'd echoing through the solemn  
 scene.

From my charm'd heart the numbers  
 sprung,

Though birds had ceased the choral  
 lay;

I pour'd wild raptures from my tongue,  
 And gave delicious tears their way.

Then, darker shadows seeking still,  
 Where human foot had seldom  
 strayed,

I read aloud to every hill

Sweet Emma's love, "The Nut-brown  
 Maid."

Shaking his matted mane on high,  
 The gazing colt would raise his head,  
 Or timorous doe would rushing fly,  
 And leave to me her grassy bed;

Where, as the azure sky appeared  
 Through bowers of ever-varying form,  
 'Midst the deep gloom methought I  
 heard

The daring progress of the storm.

How would each sweeping ponderous  
 bough

Resist, when straight the whirlwind  
 cleaves,

Dashing in strengthening eddies through  
 A roaring wilderness of leaves?

How would the prone descending  
 shower

From the green canopy rebound?

How would the lowland torrents pour?

How deep the pealing thunder  
 sound?

But peace was there: no lightning  
 blazed;

No clouds obscured the face of heaven;  
 Down each green opening while I gazed,  
 My thoughts to you and home were  
 given.

O, tender minds! in life's gay morn,  
 Some clouds must dim your coming  
 day;

Yet bootless, pride and falsehood scorn,  
 And peace like this shall cheer your  
 way.

Now, at the dark wood's stately side,  
 Well pleased I met the sun again;

Here fleeting fancy travell'd wide;  
 My seat was destined to the main.

For many an oak lay stretch'd at length,  
 Whose trunks (with bark no longer  
 sheathed)

Had reach'd their full meridian strength  
 Before your father's father breathed!

Perhaps they'll many a conflict brave  
 And many a dreadful storm defy;

Then, groaning o'er the adverse wave,  
 Bring home the flag of victory.

Go, then, proud oaks, we meet no more!

Go, grace the scenes to me denied,  
 The white cliffs round my native shore.  
 And the loud ocean's swelling tide.

"Genius of the forest shades,"

Sweet from the heights of thy domain,  
 When the gray evening shadow fades,

To view the country's golden grain;

To view the gleaming village spire

'Midst distant groves unknown to  
 me—

Groves that, grown bright in borrow'd  
 fire,

Bow o'er the peopled vales to thee.

Where was thy elfin train, that play  
 Round Wake's huge oak, their favor-  
 ite tree,  
 Dancing the twilight hours away?  
 Why were they not revealed to me?  
 Yet, smiling fairies left behind,  
 Affection brought you all to view;  
 To love and tenderness resigned,  
 My heart heaved many a sigh for you.

When morning still unclouded rose,  
 Refresh'd with sleep and joyous  
 dreams,  
 Where fruitful fields with woodlands  
 close,  
 I traced the births of various streams.  
 From beds of clay, here creeping rills,  
 Unseen to parent Ouse, would steal;  
 Or, gushing from the northward hills,  
 Would glitter through Tove's wind-  
 ing dale.

But ah! ye cooling springs, farewell!  
 Herds, I no more your freedom share;  
 But long my grateful tongue shall tell  
 What brought your gazing stranger  
 there.

"Genius of the forest shades,"  
 Lend thy power, and lend thine ear;  
 But dreams still lengthen thy long  
 glades,  
 And bring thy peace and silence here.

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*SONG FOR A HIGHLAND DROVER  
 RETURNING FROM ENGLAND.*

Now fare-thee-well, England: no  
 further I'll roam;  
 But follow my shadow that points the  
 way home:  
 Your gay southern shores shall not tempt  
 me to stay;  
 For my Maggy's at home, and my chil-  
 dren at play!  
 'Tis this makes my bonnet sit light on  
 my brow,  
 Gives my sinews their strength and my  
 bosom its glow.

Farewell, mountaineers! my compan-  
 ions, adieu;  
 Soon, many long miles when I'm sev-  
 ered from you,  
 I shall miss your white horns on the  
 brink of the burn,  
 And o'er the rough heaths, where you'll  
 never return;  
 But in brave English pastures you can-  
 not complain,  
 While your drover speeds back to his  
 Maggy again.

O Tweed! gentle Tweed, as I pass your  
 green vales,  
 More than life, more than love, my  
 tired spirit inhales;  
 There, Scotland, my darling, lies full in  
 my view,  
 With her bare-footed lasses and moun-  
 tains so blue;  
 To the mountains away my heart bounds  
 like the hind,  
 For home is so sweet, and my Maggy so  
 kind.

As day after day I still follow my course,  
 And in fancy trace back every stream to  
 its source,  
 Hope cheers me up hills, where the  
 road lies before,  
 O'er hills just as high, and o'er tracks of  
 wild moor;  
 The keen polar star nightly rising to  
 view;  
 But Maggy's my star, just as steady and  
 true.

O ghosts of my fathers! O heroes, look  
 down!  
 Fix my wandering thoughts on your  
 deeds of renown;  
 For the glory of Scotland reigns warm  
 in my breast,  
 And fortitude grows both from toil and  
 from rest;  
 May your deeds and your worth be for-  
 ever in view,  
 And may Maggy bear sons not un-  
 worthy of you.

Love, why do you urge me, so weary  
and poor?  
I cannot step faster, I cannot do  
more:  
I've passed silver Tweed; e'en the Tay  
flows behind;  
Yet fatigue I'll disdain; my reward I  
shall find;  
Thou, sweet smile of innocence, thou  
art my prize;  
And the joy that will sparkle in Maggy's  
blue eyes.

She'll watch to the southward; — per-  
haps she will sigh,  
That the way is so long, and the moun-  
tains so high;  
Perhaps some huge rock in the dusk  
she may see,  
And will say in her fondness, "that  
surely is he!"  
Good wife, you're deceived: I'm still  
far from my home;  
Go, sleep, my dear Maggy, — to-morrow  
I'll come.



## JAMES HOGG.

1770-1835.

[THE "Ettrick Shepherd," born in 1770 in Selkirkshire, where his forefathers had been sheep-farmers for generations, was "discovered" by Sir Walter Scott very much in the same way in which Allan Cunningham was discovered by Cromek. Scott struck across him while engaged in his search for *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. The living minstrel, in this case however, was not under the necessity of passing off his own poems as relics of an older time; Scott at once recognized his talent, and gave him a helping hand. Hogg threw aside the crook for the pen, migrated to Edinburgh, and wrote for the magazines and the booksellers. He was one of the projectors of *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1817, and became famous as one of the interlocutors in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. The *Queen's Wake*, on which his poetic reputation chiefly rests, was published in 1813. He died in 1835.]

### THE SKY-LARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,  
Blythesome and cumberless,  
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and  
lea!

Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place —  
O to abide in the desert with thee!  
Wild is thy lay and loud  
Far in the downy cloud,  
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.  
Where, on thy dewy wing,  
Where art thou journeying?  
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
O'er moor and mountain green,  
O'er the red streamer that heralds the  
day,  
Over the cloudlet dim,  
Over the rainbow's rim,  
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!  
Then, when the gloaming comes,  
Low in the heather blooms,

Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love  
be!

Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place —  
O to abide in the desert with thee!



### KILMENY'S VISIONS IN FAIRY LAND.

SHE saw a sun on a summer sky,  
And clouds of amber sailing by,  
A lovely land beneath her lay,  
And that land had glens and mountains  
gray;  
And that land had valleys and hoary  
piles,  
And merléd seas, and a thousand isles;  
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,  
And its lakes were all of a dazzling  
sheen,  
Like magic mirrors, where slumbering  
lay

The sun, and the sky, and the clouplet  
gray.

She saw the corn wave on the vale;  
She saw the deer run down the dale;  
She saw the plaid and the broad clay-  
more,

And the brows that the badge of freedom  
bore :

And she thought she had seen the land  
before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,  
The fairest that ever the sun shone on !  
A lion licked her hand of milk,  
And she held him in a leash of silk;  
And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,  
With a silver wand and a melting e'e,  
Her sovereign shield, till love stole in,  
And poison'd all the fount within.

Then a gruff untoward bedeman came,  
And hundit the lion on his dame;  
And the guardian maid, wi' the daunt-  
less e'e,

She dropped a tear, and left her knee;  
And she saw till the queen frae the lion  
fled,

Till the bonniest flower of the world lay  
dead.

A coffin was set on a distant plain,  
And she saw the red blood fall like rain;  
Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair,  
And she turned away, and could look  
nae mair.

Then the gruff grim carle girmed amain,  
And they trampled him down, but he  
rose again;

And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,  
Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom  
dear;

And, weening his head was danger-preef,  
When crowned with the rose and the  
clover-leaf,

He gowled at the carle, and chased him  
away,

To feed with the deer on the mountain  
gray.

He gowled at the carle, and he gecked  
at heaven,

But his mark was set, and his arles given.  
Kilmeny awhile her een withdrew;  
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw below her fair unfurled

One-half of all the glowing world,  
Where oceans rolled, and rivers ran,  
To bound the aims of sinful man.  
She saw a people, fierce and fell,  
Burst frae their bounds like fiends of  
hell;

There lilies grew, and the eagle flew,  
And she herked on her ravening crew,  
Till the cities and towers were wrapt in  
a blaze,

And the thunder it roared o'er the land  
and the seas.

The widows they wailed, and the red  
blood ran,

And she threatened an end to the race  
of man :

She never lened nor stood in awe,  
Till caught by the lion's deadly paw.  
Oh ! then the eagle swinked for life,  
And brainyelled up a mortal strife;  
But flew she north, or flew she south,  
She met wi' the gowl of the lion's  
mouth.

#### KILMENY'S RETURN FROM FAIRY LAND.

WHEN seven lang years have come and  
fled :

When grief was calm, and hope was  
dead;

When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's  
name,

Late, late in a gloamin', Kilmeny cam'  
hame !

And O, her beauty was fair to see,  
But still and steadfast was her e'e !

Such beauty bard may never declare,  
For there was no pride nor passion there;

And the soft desire of maidens' een  
In that mild face could never be seen.

Her seymar was the lily flower,  
And her cheek the moss-rose in the  
shower :

And her voice like the distant melodie  
That floats along the twilight sea.

But she loved to raikie the lanely glen,  
And keepit afar frae the haunts of men,

Her holy hymns unheard to sing,  
To suck the flowers, and drink the spring

But, wherever her peaceful form appeared,

The wild beasts of the hill were cheered :  
The wolf played blythely round the field,  
The lordly byson lowed and kneeled ;  
The dun-deer wooed with manner bland,  
And cowered aneath her lily hand.

And when at even the woodlands rung,  
When hymns of other worlds she sung,  
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,

O, then the glen was all in motion :  
The wild beasts of the forest came ;  
Broke from their bughts and faulds the  
tame,

And goved around, charmed and  
amazed ;

Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,  
And murmured, and looked with anxious  
pain

For something the mystery to explain.

The buzzard came with the throstle-cock,  
The corby left her houw in the rock ;

The blackbird along wi' the eagle flew ;  
The hind came tripping o'er the dew ;

The wolf and the kid their raike began,  
And the tod, and the lamb, and the  
leveret ran ;

The hawk and the hern atour them hung,  
And the merl and the mavis forhooyed  
their young ;

And all in a peaceful ring were hurled :  
It was like an eve in a sinless world !

### A BOY'S SONG.

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,  
Where the gray trout lies asleep,  
Up the river and o'er the lea,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,  
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweet-  
est,

Where the nestlings chirp and flee,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,  
Where the hay lies thick and greenest ;  
There to trace the homeward bee,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,  
Where the shadow falls the deepest,  
Where the clustering nuts fall free,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away  
Little maidens from their play,  
Or love to banter and fight so well,  
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,  
Through the meadow, among the hay :  
Up the water and o'er the lea,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1770-1850.

[WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born April 7, 1770, at Cockermouth, a town on the edge of the Cumberland highlands. His father was agent to Lord Lowther, and came of an old north-country stock. Both father and mother died in his boyhood ; his mother first, his father when he was fourteen. He went to school in the neighborhood, at Hawkshead, and his school-days were days of much liberty, both in playing and reading. In October, 1787, he went to St. John's College, Cambridge. But he made no mark at the university, and in January, 1791, he took his degree and left Cambridge. Like many of his generation he was filled with enthusiasm for the French Revolution, and after taking his degree he resided for more than a year in France. The Reign of Terror drove him home again ; he came to London, unsettled in his plans ; he was in Dorsetshire (1796), then at Alfoxden in the Somersetshire Quantocks, where he saw much of S. T. Coleridge. In 1793 he published a volume of poems, and in 1798 appeared, at Bristol, the first volume of the *Lyrical Ballads*, intended to be a joint work of Coleridge and Wordsworth, but to which Coleridge only contributed *The Ancient Mariner*, and two or three other pieces. The two friends went to Germany at the end of 1798, and Wordsworth, with his sister, spent the winter at Goslar. When he returned to



England, he also returned for good to his own northern mountains and lakes. He settled, with his sister, near Grasmere, meaning to give himself to poetical composition as the business of his life, and in 1800 published the second volume of the *Lyrical Ballads*. In 1802 he married Mary Hutchinson, and finally fixed his home in the lakes, though it was not till several years afterwards (1813) that he took up his abode in the place henceforth connected with his name, Rydal Mount. During all the early part of the century he was very busy. Besides shorter pieces, suggested by the incidents or feelings of the day, he was at work from 1799 to 1805 on a poem, *The Prelude*, describing the history and growth of his own mind, and intended to be an introduction to the greater philosophical poem which he was already meditating, *The Recluse*—in part, and only in part, realized in *The Excursion*. *The Excursion* was published in 1814. Composition took many shapes in the various collections published by Wordsworth, from the *Lyrical Ballads* in 1800 down to his death. But especially his poetical efforts took the shape of the sonnet. Large collections of sonnets marked the working of his thoughts and feelings on certain groups of subjects, or were the memorials of scenes which had interested him. He once, and early in his career, attempted the drama (*The Borderers*, 1795-6) but with little success. From the first he took a keen interest in all political and social questions, and he was an impassioned and forcible prose writer. His life was a long one, of steady work and much happiness. He died April 23, 1850, at Rydal Mount.]

### LUCY GRAY;

OR, SOLITUDE.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray;  
And, when I crossed the wild,  
I chanced to see at break of day  
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew;  
She dwelt on a wide moor,  
— The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,  
The hare upon the green;  
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—  
You to the town must go;  
And take a lantern, child, to light  
Your mother through the snow."

"That, father, will I gladly do!  
'Tis scarcely afternoon—  
The minster-clock has just struck two,  
And yonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his hook  
And snapped a fagot band;  
He plied his work;— and Lucy took  
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:  
With many a wanton stroke  
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,  
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:  
She wandered up and down:  
And many a hill did Lucy climb;  
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night  
Went shouting far and wide;  
But there was neither sound nor sight  
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood  
That overlooked the moor;  
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,  
A furlong from the door.

And, turning homeward, now they cried,  
"In heaven we all shall meet!"  
— When in the snow the mother spied  
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's  
edge  
They tracked the footmarks small;  
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,  
And by the long stone wall:

And then an open field they crossed;  
The marks were still the same;  
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;  
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank  
The footmarks, one by one,  
Into the middle of the plank;  
And further there were none!

— Yet some maintain that to this day  
She is a living child;  
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray  
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,  
And never looks behind;  
And sings a solitary song  
That whistles in the wind.

### WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE child  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:  
She was eight years old, she said;  
Her hair was thick with many a curl  
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
And she was wildly clad;  
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;  
— Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,  
How many may you be?"  
"How many? Seven in all," she said,  
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."  
She answered, "Seven are we;  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
My sister and my brother;  
And, in the churchyard cottage, I  
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea,  
Yet ye are seven! — I pray you tell,  
Sweet maid, how this may be?"

Then did the little maid reply,  
"Seven boys and girls are we;  
Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,  
Your limbs they are alive;  
If two are in the churchyard laid,  
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be  
seen,"  
The little maid replied,  
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's  
door,  
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,  
My kerchief there I hem;  
And there upon the ground I sit —  
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, Sir,  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer,  
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane;  
In bed she moaning lay,  
Till God released her of her pain:  
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;  
And all the summer dry,  
Together round her grave we played,  
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with  
snow,  
And I could run and slide,  
My brother John was forced to go,  
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,  
"If they two are in heaven?"  
The little maiden did reply,  
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead: those two are dead!  
Their spirits are in heaven!"  
'Twas throwing words away: for still  
The little maid would have her will,  
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

## LUCY.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A maid whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye!  
Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could  
know

When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me!

I travelled among unknown men,  
In lands beyond the sea;  
Nor, England! did I know till then  
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!  
Nor will I quit thy shore  
A second time; for still I seem  
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel  
The joy of my desire;  
And she I cherished turned her wheel  
Beside an English river.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed

The bowers where Lucy played;  
And thine is too the last green field  
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

## THE DAFFODILS.

I WANDER'D lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host of golden daffodils,  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,

They stretch'd in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but  
they

Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:—  
A Poet could not but be gay  
In such a jocund company!  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had  
brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

## TO THE DAISY.

WITH little here to do or see  
Of things that in the great world be,  
Sweet Daisy! oft I talk to thee  
For thou art worthy,  
Thou unassuming commonplace  
Of Nature, with that homely face,  
And yet with something of a grace  
Which love makes for thee!

Oft on the dappled turf at ease  
I sit and play with similes,  
Loose types of things through all  
degrees,

Thoughts of thy raising;  
And many a fond and idle name  
I give to thee, for praise or blame  
As is the humor of the game,  
While I am gazing.

A nun demure, of lowly port;  
Or sprightly maiden, of Love's court,  
In thy simplicity the sport  
Of all temptations;  
A queen in crown of rubies drest;  
A starveling in a scanty vest;  
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,  
Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops, with one eye  
 Staring to threaten and defy,  
 That thought comes next—and instantly  
     The freak is over,  
 The shape will vanish, and behold!  
 A silver shield with boss of gold  
 That spreads itself, some fairy bold  
     In fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar —  
 And then thou art a pretty star,  
 Not quite so fair as many are  
     In heaven above thee!  
 Yet like a star, with glittering crest,  
 Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest;—  
 May peace come never to his nest  
     Who shall reprove thee!

Sweet Flower! for by that name at last  
 When all my reveries are past  
 I call thee, and to that cleave fast,  
     Sweet silent Creature!  
 That breath'st with me in sun and air,  
 Do thou, as thou art wont, repair  
 My heart with gladness, and a share  
     Of thy meek nature!

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*TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.*

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,  
 Let them live upon their praises;  
 Long as there's a sun that sets,  
 Primroses will have their glory;  
 Long as there are violets,  
 They will have a place in story:  
 There's a flower that shall be mine,  
 'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far  
 For the finding of a star;  
 Up and down the heavens they go,  
 Men that keep a mighty rout!  
 I'm as great as they, I trow,  
 Since the day I found thee out,  
 Little flower! — I'll make a stir  
 Like a great astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an elf;  
 Bold, and lavish of thyself;

Since we needs must first have met  
 I have seen thee, high and low,  
 Thirty years or more, and yet  
 'Twas a face I did not know;  
 Thou hast now, go where I may,  
 Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,  
 In the time before the thrush  
 Has a thought about its nest,  
 Thou wilt come with half a call,  
 Spreading out thy glossy breast  
 Like a careless prodigal;  
 Telling tales about the sun,  
 When we've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood!  
 Travel with the multitude;  
 Never heed them; I aver  
 That they all are wanton wooers.  
 But the thrifty cottager,  
 Who stirs little out of doors,  
 Joys to spy thee near her home:  
 Spring is coming — thou art come!

Comfort have thou of thy merit,  
 Kindly, unassuming spirit!  
 Careless of thy neighborhood,  
 Thou dost show thy pleasant face  
 On the moor, and in the wood,  
 In the lane — there's not a place,  
 Howsoever mean it be,  
 But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,  
 Children of the flaring hours!  
 Buttercups that will be seen,  
 Whether we will see or no;  
 Others, too, of lofty mien;  
 They have done as worldlings do,  
 Taken praise that should be thine,  
 Little, humble Celandine!

Prophet of delight and mirth,  
 Scorned and slighted upon earth;  
 Herald of a mighty band,  
 Of a joyous train ensuing,  
 Singing at my heart's command,  
 In the lanes my thoughts pursuing,  
 I will sing, as doth behove,  
 Hymns in praise of what I love!

## ADMONITION TO A TRAVELLER.

Yes, there is holy pleasure in thine  
eye!

—The lovely cottage in the guardian  
nook

Hath stirr'd thee deeply; with its own  
dear brook,

Its own small pasture, almost its own  
sky!

But covet not the abode—O do not  
sigh

As many do, repining while they look;  
Intruders who would tear from Nature's  
book

This precious leaf with harsh impiety:

—Think what the home would be if it  
were thine,

Even thine, though few thy wants!—  
Roof, window, door,

The very flowers are sacred to the  
Poor,

The roses to the porch which they  
entwine:

Yea, all that now enchants thee, from  
the day

On which it should be touch'd would  
melt away!

COMPOSED AT NEIDPATH CAS-  
TLE, THE PROPERTY OF LORD  
QUEENSBERRY, 1803.

DEGENERATE Douglas! O the unworthy  
lord!

Whom mere despite of heart could so  
far please

And love of havoc (for with such dis-  
ease

Fame taxes him) that he could send  
forth word

To level with the dust a noble horde,  
A brotherhood of venerable trees,  
Leaving an ancient dome, and towers  
like these

Beggar'd and outraged!—Many hearts  
deplored

The fate of those old trees; and oft  
with pain

The traveller at this day will stop and  
gaze

On wrongs, which Nature scarcely  
seems to heed:

For shelter'd places, bosoms, nooks,  
and bays,

And the pure mountains, and the gen-  
tle Tweed,

And the green silent pastures, yet  
remain.

## TO A SKY-LARK.

Up with me! up with me, into the  
clouds!

For thy song, Lark, is strong;

Up with me, up with me, into the  
clouds!

Singing, singing,

With all the heavens about thee ring-  
ing.

Lift me, guide me till I find

That spot which seems so to thy mind!

I have walked through wildernesses  
dreary,

And to-day my heart is weary;

Had I now the wings of a fairy,

Up to thee would I fly.

There is madness about thee, and joy  
divine

In that song of thine;

Up with me, up with me, high and  
high,

To thy banqueting-place in the sky!

Joyous as morning,

Thou art laughing and scorning;

Thou hast a nest, for thy love and thy  
rest:

And, though little troubled with sloth,

Drunken Lark! thou wouldst be loth

To be such a traveller as I.

Happy, happy liver!

With a soul as strong as a mountain-  
river,

Pouring out praise to th' Almighty  
Giver,  
Joy and jollity be with us both!

Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,  
Through prickly moors or dusty ways  
must wind;

But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,  
As full of gladness and as free of  
heaven,

I, with my fate contented, will plod on,  
And hope for higher raptures when  
life's day is done.

#### YEW-TREES.

THERE is a yew-tree, pride of Lorton  
Vale,

Which to this day stands single, in the  
midst

Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore,  
Not loth to furnish weapons for the  
bands

Of Umfraville or Percy, ere they  
marched

To Scotland's heaths; or those that  
crossed the sea

And drew their sounding bows at Azin-  
cour,

Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or at Poitiers.  
Of vast circumference and gloom pro-  
found

This solitary tree! — a living thing  
Produced too slowly ever to decay;  
Of form and aspect too magnificent  
To be destroyed. But worthier still of  
note

Are those fraternal four of Borrowdale,  
Joined in one solemn and capacious  
grove;

Huge trunks! — and each particular  
trunk a growth

Of intertwined fibres serpentine  
Up-coiling, and inveterately con-  
volved, —

Nor uninformed with phantasy, and  
looks

That threaten the profane; a pillared  
shade,

Upon whose grassless floor of red-  
brown hue,  
By sheddings from the pining umbrage  
tinged

Perennially — beneath whose sable roof  
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose,  
decked

With unrejoicing berries, ghostly shapes  
May meet at noontide — Fear and  
trembling Hope,

Silence and Foresight — Death the  
skeleton

And Time the shadow, — there to cele-  
brate,

As in a natural temple scattered o'er  
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,

United worship; or in mute repose

To lie, and listen to the mountain flood  
Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost  
caves.

#### TO THE CUCKOO.

OBLITHE new-comer! I have heard,  
I hear thee and rejoice:  
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,  
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass,  
Thy loud note smites my ear!  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off and near!

I hear thee babbling to the vale  
Of sunshine and of flowers;  
And unto me thou bring'st a tale  
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!  
Even yet thou art to me  
No bird, but an invisible thing,  
A voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my school-boy days  
I listened to; that cry  
Which made me look a thousand ways  
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove  
Through woods and on the green;  
And thou wert still a hope, a love;  
Still longed for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet;  
Can lie upon the plain  
And listen, till I do beget  
That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial, fairy place,  
That is fit home for thee!

### A TRUE WOMAN.

SHE was a phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight;  
A lovely apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament;  
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,  
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful dawn  
A dancing shape, an image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,  
A spirit, yet a woman too!  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin liberty;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food,  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and  
smiles.

And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine;  
A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A traveller betwixt life and death;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;  
A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel light.

### A MEMORY.

THREE years she grew in sun and  
shower,  
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower  
On earth was never sown:  
This child I to myself will take:  
She shall be mine, and I will make  
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be  
Both law and impulse; and with me  
The girl, in rock and plain,  
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,  
Shall feel an overseeing power  
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn,  
That wild with glee across the lawn  
Or up the mountain springs;  
And hers shall be the breathing balm,  
And hers the silence and the calm  
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend  
To her; for her the willow bend;  
Nor shall she fail to see  
E'en in the motions of the storm  
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form  
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her; and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place  
Where rivulets dance their wayward  
round,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight  
Shall rear her form to stately height,  
Her virgin bosom swell;  
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
While she and I together live  
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake. The work was  
done—  
How soon my Lucy's race was run!  
She died, and left to me  
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;  
The memory of what has been,  
And never more will be.

## TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

(AT INVERSNEDYE, LOCH LOMOND.)

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower  
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!  
Twice seven consenting years have shed  
Their utmost bounty on thy head;  
And these gray rocks; this household  
lawn;

These trees, a veil just half withdrawn;  
This fall of water, that doth make  
A murmur near the silent lake;  
This little bay, a quiet road,  
That holds in shelter thy abode;  
In truth together ye do seem  
Like something fashioned in a dream;  
Such forms as from their covert peep  
When earthly cares are laid asleep!  
Yet, dream and vision as thou art,  
I bless thee with a human heart!  
God shield thee to thy latest years!  
I neither know thee nor thy peers;  
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray  
For thee when I am far away:  
For never saw I mien, or face,  
In which more plainly I could trace  
Benignity and home-bred sense  
Ripening in perfect innocence.  
Here, scattered like a random seed,  
Remote from men, thou dost not need  
The embarrassed look of shy distress,  
And maidenly shamefacedness;  
Thou wearest upon thy forehead clear  
The freedom of a mountaineer,  
A face with gladness overspread!  
Sweet looks, by human kindness bred!  
And seemliness complete, that sways  
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;  
With no restraint, but such as springs  
From quick and eager visitings  
Of thoughts, that lie beyond the reach  
Of thy few words of English speech;  
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife  
That gives thy gestures grace and life!  
So have I, not unmoved in mind,  
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,  
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull  
For thee, who art so beautiful?

O happy pleasure! here to dwell  
Beside thee in some heathy dell;  
Adopt your homely ways and dress,  
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess!  
But I could frame a wish for thee  
More like a grave reality:  
Thou art to me but as a wave  
Of the wild sea; and I would have  
Some claim upon thee, if I could,  
Though but of common neighborhood.  
What joy to hear thee, and to see!  
Thy elder brother I would be,  
Thy father — anything to thee!  
Now thanks to Heaven! that of its  
grace

Hath led me to this lonely place.  
Joy have I had; and going hence  
I bear away my recompense.  
In spots like these it is we prize  
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes;  
Then, why should I be loth to stir?  
I feel this place was made for her;  
To give new pleasure like the past,  
Continued long as life shall last.  
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,  
Sweet Highland Girl! from thee to  
part;

For I, methinks, till I grow old,  
As fair before me shall behold,  
As I do now, the cabin small,  
The lake, the bay, the waterfall;  
And thee, the spirit of them all!

## YARROW UNVISITED.

1803.

FROM Sterling Castle we had seen  
The mazy Forth unravelled;  
Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,  
And with the Tweed had travelled;  
And, when we came to Clovenford,  
Then said my "*winsome Marrow*,"  
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,  
And see the Braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow folk, frae Selkirk town,  
Who have been buying, selling,  
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own,  
Each maiden to her dwelling!  
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,  
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!



But we will downwards with the Tweed,  
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

"There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,  
Both lying right before us;  
And Dryburgh, where with chiming  
Tweed

The lintwhites sing in chorus;  
There's pleasant Teviotdale, a land  
Made blithe with plough and harrow:  
Why throw away a needful day  
To go in search of Yarrow?

"What's Yarrow but a river bare,  
That glides the dark hills under?  
There are a thousand such elsewhere  
As worthy of your wonder."  
— Strange words they seemed of slight  
and scorn;  
My true love sighed for sorrow;  
And looked me in the face, to think  
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

"Oh! green," said I, "are Yarrow's  
holms,  
And sweet is Yarrow flowing!  
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,  
But we will leave it growing.  
O'er hilly path, and open strath,  
We'll wander Scotland thorough;  
But, though so near, we will not turn  
Into the dale of Yarrow.

"Let beeves and home-bred kine par-  
take  
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;  
The swan on still Saint Mary's Lake  
Float double, swan and shadow!  
We will not see them; will not go  
To-day, nor yet to-morrow;  
Enough if in our hearts we know  
There's such a place as Yarrow.

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!  
It must, or we shall rue it:  
We have a vision of our own;  
Ah! why should we undo it?  
The treasured dreams of times long past,  
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!  
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,  
'Twill be another Yarrow!

"If care with freezing years should come,  
And wandering seem but folly, —  
Should we be loth to stir from home,  
And yet be melancholy;  
Should life be dull, and spirits low,  
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow  
That earth has something yet to show,  
The bonny holms of Yarrow!"

### YARROW VISITED.

September, 1814.

AND is this Yarrow? — *this* the stream  
Of which my fancy cherished  
So faithfully, a waking dream?  
An image that hath perished!  
O that some minstrel's harp were near,  
To utter notes of gladness,  
And chase this silence from the air.  
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why? — a silvery current flows  
With uncontrolled meanderings;  
Nor have these eyes by greener hills  
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.  
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's  
Lake  
Is visibly delighted;  
For not a feature of those hills  
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow Vale,  
Save where that pearly whiteness  
Is round the rising sun diffused,  
A tender hazy brightness;  
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes  
All fruitless dejection;  
Though not unwilling here to admit  
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous flower  
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?  
His bed perchance was yon smooth  
mound  
On which the herd is feeding:  
And haply from this crystal pool,  
Now peaceful as the morning,  
The water-wraith ascended thrice,  
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings  
The haunts of happy lovers,  
The path that leads them to the grove,  
The leafy grove that covers:  
And pity sanctifies the verse  
That paints, by strength of sorrow,  
The unconquerable strength of love;  
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair  
To fond imagination,  
Dost rival in the light of day  
Her delicate creation:  
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,  
A softness still and holy;  
The grace of forest charms decayed,  
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds  
Rich groves of lofty stature,  
With Yarrow winding through the pomp  
Of cultivated nature;  
And, rising from those lofty groves,  
Behold a ruin hoary!  
The shattered front of Newark's towers  
Renowned in border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening  
bloom,  
For sportive youth to stray in;  
For manhood to enjoy his strength;  
And age to wear away in!  
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,  
It promises protection  
To studious ease, and generous cares,  
And every chaste affection!

How sweet on this autumnal day,  
The wild wood's fruits to gather,  
And on my true love's forehead plant  
A crest of blooming heather!  
And what if I enwreathed my own!  
'Twere no offence to reason;  
The sober hills thus deck their brows  
To meet the wintry season.

I see — but not by sight alone,  
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;  
A ray of fancy still survives —  
Her sunshine plays upon thee!  
Thy ever youthful waters keep  
A course of lively pleasure;

And gladsome notes my lips can breathe  
Accordant to the measure.

The vapors linger round the heights,  
They melt — and soon must vanish;  
One hour is theirs, no more is mine —  
Sad thought! which I would banish,  
But that I know, where'er I go,  
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!  
Will dwell with me — to heighten joy,  
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

### A POET'S EPITAPH.

ART thou a statist, in the van  
Of public business trained and bred?  
— First learn to love one living man!  
Then mayst thou think upon the dead.

A lawyer art thou? — draw not nigh;  
Go, carry to some other place  
The hardness of thy coward eye,  
The falsehood of thy fallow face.

Art thou a man of purple cheer,  
A rosy man, right plump to see?  
Approach; yet, doctor, not too near;  
This grave no cushion is for thee.

Art thou a man of gallant pride,  
A soldier, and no man of chaff?  
Welcome! — but lay thy sword aside,  
And lean upon a peasant's staff.

Physician art thou? One, all eyes,  
Philosopher! a fingering slave,  
One that would peep and botanize  
Upon his mother's grave?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,  
O turn aside, — and take, I pray,  
That he below may rest in peace,  
That abject thing, thy soul, away.

— A moralist perchance appears;  
Led, Heaven knows how, to this poor  
sod;  
And he has neither eyes nor ears;  
Himself his world, and his own God;

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can  
cling,  
Nor form, nor feeling, great nor small;  
A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,  
An intellectual all in all!

Shut close the door, press down the  
latch;  
Sleep in thy intellectual crust;  
Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch  
Near this unprofitable dust.

But who is he with modest looks,  
And clad in homely russet brown?  
He murmurs near the running brooks  
A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew  
Or fountain in a noon-day grove;  
And you must love him, ere to you  
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,  
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;  
And impulses of deeper birth  
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie  
Some random truths he can impart,  
— The harvest of a quiet eye  
That broods and sleeps on his own  
heart.

But he is weak, both man and boy,  
Hath been an idler in the land:  
Contented if he might enjoy  
The things which others understand.

— Come hither in thy hour of strength;  
Come, weak as is a breaking wave!  
Here stretch thy body at full length,  
Or build thy house upon this grave.

---

### ODE TO DUTY.

STERN daughter of the voice of God!  
O Duty! if that name thou love  
Who art a light to guide, a rod  
To check the erring, and reprove;

Thou who art victory and law  
When empty terrors overawe;  
From vain temptations dost set free;  
And calm'st the weary strife of frail hu-  
manity!

There are who ask not if thine eye  
Be on them; who, in love and truth,  
Where no misgiving is, rely  
Upon the genial sense of youth:  
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot;  
Who do thy work, and know it not:  
May joy be theirs while life shall last!  
And thou, if they should totter, teach  
them to stand fast!

Serene will be our days and bright,  
And happy will our nature be,  
When love is an unerring light,  
And joy its own security.  
And blest are they who in the main  
This faith, even now, do entertain:  
Live in the spirit of this creed;  
Yet find that other strength, according  
to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;  
No sport of every random gust,  
Yet being to myself a guide,  
Too blindly have reposed my trust;  
Full oft, when in my heart was heard  
Thy timely mandate, I deferred  
The task imposed, from day to day;  
But thee I now would serve more  
strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,  
Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
I supplicate for thy control;  
But in the quietness of thought;  
Me this unchartered freedom tires;  
I feel the weight of chance desires:  
My hopes no more must change their  
name,  
I long for a repose which ever is the  
same.

Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear  
The Godhead's most benignant grace;  
Nor know we anything so fair  
As is the smile upon thy face;  
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds;

And fragrance in thy footing treads;  
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;  
And the most ancient heavens, through  
thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful power!  
I call thee: I myself commend  
Unto thy guidance from this hour;  
Oh! let my weakness have an end!  
Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
The spirit of self-sacrifice;  
The confidence of reason give;  
And, in the light of truth, thy bondman  
let me live!

### PERSONAL TALK.

#### I.

I AM not one who much or oft delight  
To season my fireside with personal  
talk, —

Of friends who live within an easy walk,  
Or neighbors daily, weekly, in my sight:  
And, for my chance acquaintance, ladies  
bright,

Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the  
stalk;

These all wear out of me, like forms  
with chalk

Painted on rich men's floors for one  
feast-night.

Better than such discourse doth silence  
long,

Long, barren silence, square with my  
desire;

To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,  
In the loved presence of my cottage fire,  
And listen to the flapping of the flame,  
Or kettle, whispering its faint undersong.

#### II.

"Yet life," you say, "is life; we have  
seen and see,

And with a living pleasure we describe;  
And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe  
The languid mind into activity.

Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth  
and glee,

Are fostered by the comment and the  
gibe."

E'en be it so; yet still, among your tribe,  
Our daily world's true worldlings, rank  
not me!

Children are blest, and powerful; their  
world lies

More justly balanced; partly at their  
feet

And part far from them: sweetest melo-  
dies

Are those that are by distance made  
more sweet.

Whose mind is but the mind of his own  
eyes,

He is a slave — the meanest we can  
meet!

#### III.

Wings have we — and as far as we can  
go

We may find pleasure: wilderness and  
wood,

Blank ocean and mere sky, support that  
mood

Which, with the lofty, sanctifies the low;  
Dreams, books, are each a world; and  
books, we know,

Are a substantial world, both pure and  
good:

Round these, with tendrils strong as  
flesh and blood,

Our pastime and our happiness will  
grow.

There do I find a never-failing store  
Of personal themes, and such as I love  
best;

Matter wherein right voluble I am;  
Two will I mention, dearer than the rest:  
The gentle lady married to the Moor;  
And heavenly Una, with her milk-white  
lamb.

#### IV.

Nor can I not believe but that hereby  
Great gains are mine; for thus I live  
remote

From evil-speaking; rancour, never  
sought,

Comes to me not; malignant truth or  
lie.

Hence have I genial seasons, hence  
have I

Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and  
 joyous thought:  
 And thus, from day to day, my little  
 boat  
 Rocks in its harbor, lodging peaceably.  
 Blessings be with them — and eternal  
 praise,  
 Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler  
 cares,  
 The poets — who on earth have made  
 us heirs  
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly  
 lays!  
 Oh! might my name be numbered  
 among theirs,  
 Then gladly would I end my mortal  
 days.

#### INVOCATION TO THE EARTH.

February, 1816.

"REST, rest, perturbed Earth!  
 O rest, thou doleful mother of man-  
 kind!"  
 A spirit sang in tones more plaintive  
 than the wind;  
 "From regions where no evil thing  
 has birth  
 I come — thy stains to wash away,  
 Thy cherished fetters to unbind,  
 To open thy sad eyes upon a milder  
 day!  
 — The heavens are thronged with  
 martyrs that have risen  
 From out thy noisome prison;  
 The penal caverns groan  
 With tens of thousands rent from off  
 the tree  
 Of hopeful life, — by battle's whirl-  
 wind blown  
 Into the deserts of Eternity.  
 Unpitied havoc — victims unlamented!  
 But not on high where madness is  
 resented,  
 And murder causes some sad tears to  
 flow,  
 Though, from the widely-sweeping  
 blow,  
 The choirs of angels spread triumphantly augmented.

"False parent of mankind!  
 Obdurate, proud, and blind,  
 I sprinkle thee, with soft celestial  
 dews,  
 Thy lost maternal heart to reinfuse!  
 Scattering this far-fetched moisture  
 from my wings,  
 Upon the act a blessing I implore,  
 Of which the rivers in their secret  
 springs,  
 The rivers stained so oft with human  
 gore,  
 Are conscious; — may the like return  
 no more!  
 May Discord — for a seraph's care  
 Shall be attended with a bolder  
 prayer —  
 May she, who once disturbed the  
 seats of bliss,  
 These mortal spheres above,  
 Be chained for ever to the black  
 abyss!  
 And thou, O rescued Earth, by peace  
 and love,  
 And merciful desires, thy sanctity ap-  
 prove!"

The spirit ended his mysterious rite,  
 And the pure vision closed in darkness  
 infinite.

#### CONSOLATIONS AMIDST EARTHLY CHANGE.

[*The Excursion*, Book IV.]

POSSESSIONS vanish, and opinions  
 change,  
 And passions hold a fluctuating seat:  
 But, by the storms of circumstance un-  
 shaken,  
 And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,  
 Duty exists; — immutably survive,  
 For our support, the measures and the  
 forms,  
 Which an abstract intelligence supplies,  
 Whose kingdom is where time and  
 space are not:  
 Of other converse, which mind, soul,  
 and heart,  
 Do, with united urgency, require,

What more, that may not perish? Thou  
 dread Source,  
 Prime, self-existing Cause and End of  
 all,  
 That in the scale of being fill their place,  
 Above our human region, or below,  
 Set and sustained; — Thou — who did'st  
 wrap the cloud  
 Of infancy around us, that thyself,  
 Therein, with our simplicity awhile  
 Might'st hold, on earth, communion un-  
 disturbed —  
 Who, from the anarchy of dreaming  
 sleep,  
 Or from its death-like void, with punc-  
 tual care,  
 And touch as gentle as the morning  
 light,  
 Restorest us, daily, to the powers of  
 sense,  
 And reason's steadfast rule — Thou,  
 thou alone  
 Art everlasting, and the blessed spirits  
 Which thou includest, as the sea her  
 waves:  
 For adoration thou endurest; endure  
 For consciousness the motions of thy  
 will;  
 For apprehension those transcendent  
 truths  
 Of the pure Intellect, that stand as laws  
 (Submission constituting strength and  
 power)  
 Even to thy being's infinite majesty!  
 This universe shall pass away — a work,  
 Glorious! because the shadow of thy  
 might,  
 A step, or link, for intercourse with  
 thee.  
 Ah! if the time must come, in which  
 my feet  
 No more shall stray where meditation  
 leads,  
 By flowing stream, through wood, or  
 craggy wild,  
 Loved haunts like these, the un-  
 imprisoned mind  
 May yet have scope to range among  
 her own,  
 Her thoughts, her images, her high  
 desires.  
 If the dear faculty of sight should fail,

Still it may be allowed me to remember  
 What visionary powers of eye and soul  
 In youth were mine; when stationed on  
 the top  
 Of some huge hill — expectant, I beheld  
 The sun rise up, from distant climes re-  
 turned,  
 Darkness to chase, and sleep, and bring  
 the day  
 His bounteous gift! or saw him, toward  
 the deep,  
 Sink — with a retinue of flaming clouds  
 Attended; then my spirit was entranced  
 With joy exalted to beatitude;  
 The measure of my soul was filled with  
 bliss,  
 And holiest love; as earth, sea, air,  
 with light,  
 With pomp, with glory, with magnifi-  
 cence!

---

NATURE WORSHIPPED BY THE  
 GREEKS.

[*The Excursion*, Book IV.]

— IN that fair clime, the lonely herds-  
 man, stretched  
 On the soft grass, through half a sum-  
 mer's day,  
 With music lulled his indolent repose.  
 And, in some fit of weariness, if he,  
 When his own breath was silen,  
 chanced to hear  
 A distant strain, far sweeter than the  
 sounds  
 Which his poor skill could make, his  
 fancy fetched,  
 Even from the blazing chariot of the  
 sun,  
 A beardless youth, who touched a  
 golden lute,  
 And filled the illumined groves with  
 ravishment.  
 The nightly hunter, lifting up his eyes  
 Towards the crescent moon, with grate-  
 ful heart  
 Called on the lovely wanderer who be-  
 stowed  
 That timely light, to share his joyous  
 sport:

And hence, a beaming goddess with her  
nymphs,  
Across the lawn and through the dark-  
some grove  
(Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes,  
By echo multiplied from rock or cave),  
Swept in the storm of chase, as moon  
and stars  
Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,  
When winds are blowing strong. The  
traveller slaked  
His thirst from rill or gushing fount,  
and thanked  
The Naiad. — Sunbeams, upon distant  
hills  
Gliding apace, with shadows in their  
train,  
Might, with small help from fancy, be  
transformed  
Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly.  
The Zephyrs, fanning as they passed,  
their wings,  
Lacked not, for love, fair objects, whom  
they wooed  
With gentle whisper. Withered boughs  
grotesque,  
Stripped of their leaves and twigs by  
hoary age,  
From depth of shaggy covert peeping  
forth,  
In the low vale, or on steep mountain-  
side;  
And sometimes intermixed with stirring  
horns  
Of the live deer, or goat's depending  
beard, —  
These were the lurking Satyrs, a wild  
brood  
Of gamesome deities; or Pan himself,  
The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring  
god!

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A SIMILE.

[*The Excursion*, Book IV.]

WITHIN the soul a faculty abides,  
That with interpositions, which would  
hide  
And darken, so can deal, that they be-  
come

Contingencies of pomp; and serve to  
exalt  
Her native brightness. As the ample  
Moon,  
In the deep stillness of a summer eve,  
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,  
Burns like an unconsuming fire of life  
In the green trees; and, kindling on all  
sides  
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil  
Into a substance glorious as her own,  
Yea, with her own incorporated, by  
power  
Capacious and serene; like power abides  
In Man's celestial spirit; Virtue thus  
Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus  
feeds  
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,  
From the encumbrances of mortal life,  
From error, disappointment, — nay, from  
guilt;  
And sometimes, so relenting Justice  
wills,  
From palpable oppressions of Despair.

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INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY  
FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF  
EARLY CHILDHOOD.

I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove,  
and stream,  
The earth, and every common sight,  
To me did seem  
Apparelled in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
It is not now as it has been of yore; —  
Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
By night or day,  
The things which I have seen I now  
can see no more!

II.

The rainbow comes and goes,  
And lovely is the rose, —  
The moon doth with delight  
Look round her when the heavens are  
bare;  
Waters on a starry night  
Are beautiful and fair;

The sunshine is a glorious birth;  
But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath passed away a glory  
from the earth.

## III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous  
song,  
And while the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound,  
To me alone there came a thought of  
grief;  
A timely utterance gave that thought  
relief,  
And I again am strong.  
The cataracts blow their trumpets from  
the steep, —  
No more shall grief of mine the season  
wrong:  
I hear the echoes through the moun-  
tains throng,  
The winds come to me from the fields  
of sleep,  
And all the earth is gay;  
Land and sea  
Give themselves up to jollity,  
And with the heart of May  
Doth every beast keep holiday; —  
Thou child of joy,  
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts,  
thou happy shepherd boy!

## IV.

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the  
call  
Ye to each other make; I see  
The heavens laugh with you in your  
jubilee;  
My heart is at your festival,  
My head hath its coronal,  
The fulness of your bliss, I feel — I feel  
it all.  
Oh evil nay! if I were sullen  
While the earth herself is adorning,  
This sweet May morning;  
And the children are pulling,  
On every side,  
In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines  
warm

And the babe leaps up on his mother's  
arm: —

I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!  
— But there's a tree, of many one,  
A single field which I have looked  
upon,  
Both of them speak of something that  
is gone:

The pansy at my feet  
Doth the same tale repeat:  
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
Where is it now, the glory and the  
dream?

## v.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forget-  
ting:

The soul that rises with us, our life's  
star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar;  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home:  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!  
Shades of the prison-house begin to  
close

Upon the growing boy,  
But he beholds the light, and whence  
it flows,

He sees it in his joy;  
The youth, who daily farther from the  
east

Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended;  
At length the man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.

## VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her  
own;

Yearnings she hath in her own natural  
kind,

And, even with something of a mother's  
mind,

And no unworthy aim,  
The homely nurse doth all  
she can

To make her foster-child, her inmate  
man,



Forget the glories he hath known,  
And that imperial palace whence he  
came.

## VII.

Behold the child among his new-born  
blisses,

A six years' darling of a pigmy size!

See, where 'mid work of his own hand  
he lies,

Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
With light upon him from his father's  
eyes!

See, at his feet, some little plan or  
chart,

Some fragment from his dream of hu-  
man life,

Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd  
art;

A wedding or a festival,

A mourning or a funeral;

And this hath now his heart,

And unto this he frames his song:

Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love, or strife;

But it will not be long

Ere this be thrown aside,

And with new joy and pride

The little actor cons another part;

Filling from time to time his "humor-  
ous stage"

With all the persons, down to palsied  
age,

That Life brings with her in her equi-  
page;

As if his whole vocation

Were endless imitation.

## VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth  
belie

Thy soul's immensity;

Thou best philosopher, who yet dost  
keep

Thy heritage; thou eye among the  
blind,

That, deaf and silent, read'st the eter-  
nal deep,

Haunted for ever by the eternal  
mind,—

Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!

On whom those truths do rest,

Which we are toiling all our lives to  
find;

Thou, over whom thy immortality

Broods like the day, a master o'er a  
slave,

A presence which is not to be put by;

Thou little child, yet glorious in the  
might

Of heaven-born freedom, on thy being's  
height,

Why with such earnest pains dost thou  
provoke

The years to bring th' inevitable yoke,

Thus blindly with thy blessedness at  
strife.

Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly  
freight,

And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

## IX.

O joy! that in our embers

Is something that doth live,

That Nature yet remembers

What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me  
doth breed

Perpetual benedictions: not indeed

For that which is most worthy to be  
blessed;

Delight and liberty, the simple creed

Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,

With new-fledged hope still fluttering  
in his breast:

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise;

But for those obstinate question-  
ings

Of sense and outward things,

Fallings from us, vanishings;

Black misgivings of a creature

Moving about in worlds not realized,

High instincts, before which our mortal  
nature

Did tremble like a guilty thing sur-  
prised!

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain light of all our  
day,

Are yet a master light of all our seeing;  
 Uphold us — cherish — and have  
 power to make  
 Our noisy years seem moments in the  
 being  
 Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,  
 To perish never;  
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad  
 endeavor,  
 Nor man nor boy,  
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
 Can utterly abolish or destroy!  
 Hence, in a season of calm weather,  
 Though inland far we be,  
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
 Which brought us hither;  
 Can in a moment travel thither, —  
 And see the children sport upon the  
 shore,  
 And hear the mighty waters rolling  
 evermore.

## X.

Then, sing ye birds, sing, sing a joyous  
 song!  
 And let the young lambs bound  
 As to the tabor's sound!  
 We, in thought, will join your throng,  
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
 Ye that through your hearts to-day  
 Feel the gladness of the May!  
 What though the radiance which was  
 once so bright  
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
 Though nothing can bring back the  
 hour  
 Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the  
 flower;  
 We will grieve not, rather find  
 Strength in what remains behind,  
 In the primal sympathy  
 Which having been, must ever be;  
 In the soothing thoughts that spring  
 Out of human suffering;  
 In the faith that looks through  
 death,  
 In years that bring the philosophic  
 mind.

## XI.

And oh ye fountains, meadows, hills,  
 and groves,

Think not of any severing of our loves!  
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your  
 might;  
 I only have relinquished one delight,  
 To live beneath your more habitual  
 sway.  
 I love the brooks, which down their  
 channels fret,  
 Even more than when I tripped lightly  
 as they:  
 The innocent brightness of a new-born  
 day  
 Is lovely yet;  
 The clouds that gather round the setting  
 sun  
 Do take a sober coloring from an eye  
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mor-  
 tality;  
 Another race hath been, and other  
 palms are won.  
 Thanks to the human heart by which  
 we live;  
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and  
 fears;  
 To me the meanest flower that blows  
 can give  
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for  
 tears.

## LAODAMIA.

"WITH sacrifice before the rising morn  
 Vows have I made by fruitless hope  
 inspired:  
 And from the infernal Gods, 'mid  
 shades forlorn  
 Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I  
 required:  
 Celestial pity I again implore; —  
 Restore him to my sight — great Jove,  
 restore!"

So speaking, and by fervent love en-  
 dowed  
 With faith, the Suppliant heavenward  
 lifts her hands;  
 While, like the sun emerging from a  
 cloud,  
 Her countenance brightens — and her  
 eye expands;

Her bosom heaves and spreads, her  
stature grows;  
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived?—  
O joy!

What doth she look on?—whom doth  
she behold?

Her Hero slain upon the beach of  
Troy?

His vital presence? his corporeal mould?  
It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis  
he!

And a god leads him—winged Mer-  
cury!

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her  
with his wand

That calms all fear: "Such grace hath  
crowned thy prayer,

Laodamia! that at Jove's command  
Thy Husband walks the paths of upper  
air:

He comes to tarry with thee three  
hours' space;

Accept the gift, behold him face to  
face!"

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen  
her Lord to clasp:

Again that consummation she essayed:  
But unsubstantial Form eludes her  
grasp

As often as that eager grasp was made.  
The Phantom parts—but parts to re-

unite,  
And reassume his place before her  
sight.

"Protesilaüs, lo! thy guide is gone!  
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy  
voice:

This is our palace,—yonder is thy  
throne;

Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on  
will rejoice.

Not to appal me have the gods be-  
stowed

This precious boon; and blest a sad  
abode."

Great Jove, Laodamia! doth not leave

His gifts imperfect:—Spectre though  
I be,

I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;  
But in reward of thy fidelity.

And something also did my worth ob-  
tain;

For fearless virtue bringeth boundless  
gain.

Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle fore  
told

That the first Greek who touched the  
Trojan strand

Should die; but me the threat could  
not withhold:

A generous cause a victim did demand;  
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;  
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain."

"Supreme of Heroes—bravest; noblest,  
best!

Thy matchless courage I bewail no  
more,

Which then, when tens of thousands  
were deprest

By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal  
shore;

Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—  
here thou art—

A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

But thou, though capable of sternest  
deed,

Wert kind as resolute, and good as  
brave;

And he, whose power restores thee,  
hath decreed

Thou should'st elude the malice of the  
grave;

Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as  
fair

As when their breath enriched Thessa-  
lian air.

No Spectre greets me,—no vain Shadow  
this:

Come, blooming Hero, place thee by  
my side!

Give, on this well-known couch, one  
nuptial kiss

To me, this day, a second time thy  
bride!"

Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious  
 Parcæ threw  
 Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my doom is  
 past:  
 Nor should the change be mourned  
 even if the joys

Of sense were able to return as fast  
 And surely as they vanish. Earth de-  
 stroys

Those raptures duly — Erebus disdains:  
 Calm pleasures there abide — majestic  
 pains.

Be taught, O faithful Consort, to con-  
 trol

Rebellious passion; for the Gods ap-  
 prove

The depth, and not the tumult, of the  
 soul;

A fervent, not ungovernable, love.

Thy transports moderate; and meekly  
 mourn

When I depart, for brief is my so-  
 journ —"

"Ah, wherefore? — Did not Hercules  
 by force

Wrest from the guardian Monster of the  
 tomb

Alceſtis, a reanimated corse,  
 Given back to dwell on earth in vernal  
 bloom?

Medea's spells dispersed the weight of  
 years,

And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful  
 peers.

The Gods to us are merciful — and  
 they

Yet further may relent: for mightier far  
 Than strength of nerve and sinew, or  
 the sway

Of magic potent over sun and star,  
 Is love, though oft to agony distressed,  
 And though his favorite seat be feeble  
 woman's breast.

But if thou goest, I follow — "Peace!"  
 he said, —

She looked upon him and was calmed

and cheered;

The ghastly color from his lips had fled;  
 In his deportment, shape, and mien,  
 appeared

Elysian beauty — melancholy grace —  
 Brought from a pensive though a happy  
 place.

He spake of love, such love as Spirits  
 feel

In worlds whose course is equable and  
 pure;

No fears to beat away — no strife to  
 heal —

The past unsigh'd for, and the future  
 sure;

Spake of heroic hearts in graver mood  
 Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous — imaged  
 there

In happier beauty; more pellucid  
 streams,

An ampler ether, a diviner air,  
 And fields invested with purpureal  
 gleams;

Climes which the sun, who sheds the  
 brightest day

Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the Soul shall enter which  
 hath earned

That privilege by virtue. — "Ill," said he,  
 "The end of man's existence I discerned,  
 Who from ignoble games and revelry  
 Could draw, when we had parted, vain  
 delight,

While tears were thy best pastime, day  
 and night:

"And while my youthful peers before  
 my eyes

(Each here following his peculiar bent)  
 Prepared themselves for glorious enter-  
 prise

By martial sports, — or, seated in the  
 tent,

Chieftains and kings in council were  
 detained;

What time the fleet at Aulis lay en-  
 chained.

"The wish'd-for wind was given: — I  
 then revolved  
 The oracle, upon the silent sea;  
 And, if no worthier led the way, resolved  
 That, of a thousand vessels, mine should  
 be  
 The foremost prow in pressing to the  
 strand, —  
 Mine the first blood that tinged the  
 Trojan sand.

"Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the  
 pang  
 When of thy loss I thought, beloved  
 Wife!  
 On thee too fondly did my memory hang,  
 And on the joys we shared in mortal  
 life, —  
 The paths which we had trod — these  
 fountains, flowers;  
 My new-planned cities, and unfinished  
 towers.

"But should suspense permit the Foe to  
 cry,  
 'Behold, they tremble! — haughty their  
 array,  
 Yet of their number no one dares to  
 die?'  
 In soul I swept the indignity away:  
 Old frailties then recurred: — but lofty  
 thought  
 In act embodied, my deliverance  
 wrought.

"And Thou, though strong in love, art  
 all too weak  
 In reason, in self-government too slow;  
 I counsel thee by fortitude to seek  
 Our blest re-union in the shades below.  
 The invisible world with thee hath sym-  
 pathized:  
 Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

"Learn, by a mortal yearning, to as-  
 cend —  
 Seeking a higher object. Love was  
 given,  
 Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that  
 end;  
 For this the passion to excess was  
 driven —

That self might be annulled; her bond-  
 age prove  
 The fetters of a dream, opposed to  
 love." —

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes reap-  
 pears!  
 Round the dear Shade she would have  
 clung — 'tis vain.  
 The hours are past — too brief had they  
 been years;  
 And him no mortal effort can detain:  
 Swift, toward the realms that know not  
 earthly day,  
 He through the portal takes his silent  
 way,  
 And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse  
 she lay.

By no weak pity might the Gods be  
 moved;  
 She who thus perished, not without the  
 crime  
 Of lovers that in reason's spite have  
 loved,  
 Was doomed to wear out her appointed  
 time,  
 Apart from happy Ghosts — that gather  
 flowers  
 Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

— Yet tears to human suffering are  
 due;  
 And mortal hopes defeated and o'er-  
 thrown  
 Are mourned by man, and not by man  
 alone,  
 As fondly he believes. — Upon the side  
 Of Hellespont (such faith was enter-  
 tained)  
 A knot of spiry trees for ages grew  
 From out the tomb of him for whom she  
 died;  
 And ever, when such stature they had  
 gained  
 That Ilium's walls were subject to their  
 view,  
 The trees' tall summits withered at the  
 sight;  
 A constant interchange of growth and  
 blight!

## SONNETS.

*THE USES AND BEAUTIES OF  
THE SONNET.*

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow  
room;  
And hermits are contented with their  
cells;  
And students with their pensive citadels;  
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his  
loom,  
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for  
bloom,  
High as the highest peak of Furness  
Fells,  
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove  
bells:  
In truth, the prison, unto which we doom  
Ourselves, no prison is: and hence to  
me,  
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be  
bound  
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of  
ground:  
Pleased if some souls (for such there  
needs must be)  
Who have felt the weight of too much  
liberty,  
Should find short solace there, as I  
have found.

*UPON THE SIGHT OF A BEAU-  
TIFUL PICTURE.*

PRaised be the art whose subtle power  
could stay  
Yon cloud, and fix it in that glorious  
shape;  
Nor would permit the thin smoke to  
escape,  
Nor those bright sunbeams to forsake  
the day;  
Which stopped that band of travellers  
on their way  
Ere they were lost within the shady  
wood;

And showed the bark upon the glassy  
flood  
For ever anchored in her sheltering  
bay.  
Soul-soothing art! which morning, noon-  
tide, even,  
Do serve with all their changeful pag-  
eantry!  
Thou, with ambition modest yet sub-  
lime,  
Here, for the sight of mortal man hast  
given  
To one brief moment, caught from fleet-  
ing time,  
The appropriate calm of blest eternity.

*TWILIGHT.*

HAIL Twilight, sovereign of one peace-  
ful hour!  
Not dull art thou as undiscerning Night;  
But studious only to remove from sight  
Day's mutable distinctions. Ancient  
power!  
Thus did the waters gleam, the moun-  
tains lower  
To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin  
vest  
Here roving wild, he laid him down to  
rest  
On the bare rock, or through a leafy  
bower  
Looked ere his eyes were closed. By  
him was seen  
The selfsame vision which we now be-  
hold,  
At thy meek bidding, shadowy power,  
brought forth;  
These mightier barriers, and the gulf  
between;  
The floods, — the stars; a spectacle as  
old  
As the beginning of the heavens and  
earth!

*THE SHIP.*

WHERE lies the land to which yon ship  
must go?  
Festively she puts forth in trim array;

As vigorous as a lark at break of day:  
Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow?  
What boots the inquiry? Neither friend  
nor foe

She cares for; let her travel where she  
may,

She finds familiar names, a beaten way  
Ever before her, and a wind to blow.

Yet still I ask, what haven is her mark?  
And, almost as it was when ships were  
rare,

(From time to time, like pilgrims, here  
and there

Crossing the waters) doubt, and some-  
thing dark,

Of the old sea some reverential fear,  
Is with me at thy farewell, joyous bark!

#### WOODLAND WALKS.

How sweet it is, when mother Fancy  
rocks

The wayward brain, to saunter through  
a wood!

An old place, full of many a lovely  
brood,

Tall trees, green arbors, and ground  
flowers in flocks;

And wild rose tiptoe upon hawthorn  
stocks,

Like to a bonny lass, who plays her  
pranks

At wakes and fairs with wandering  
mountebanks, —

When she stands cresting the clown's  
head, and mocks

The crowd beneath her. Verily I  
think,

Such place to me is sometimes like a  
dream

Or map of the whole world: thoughts,  
link by link,

Enter through ears and eyesight, with  
such gleam

Of all things, that at last in fear I  
shrink,

And leap at once from the delicious  
stream.

#### TO SLEEP.

##### I.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,  
One after one; the sound of rain, and  
bees

Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds  
and seas,

Smooth fields, white sheets of water,  
and pure sky;

I've thought of all by turns; and still I  
lie

Sleepless; and soon the small birds'  
melodies

Must hear, first uttered from my orchard  
trees;

And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.  
Even thus last night, and two nights

more, I lay,  
And could not win thee, Sleep! by any  
stealth:

So do not let me wear to-night away:  
Without thee what is all the morning's

wealth?  
Come, blessed barrier betwixt day and  
day,

Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joy-  
ous health!

##### II.

Fond words have oft been spoken to  
thee, Sleep!

And thou hast had thy store of tenderest  
names;

The very sweetest words that fancy  
frames

When thankfulness of heart is strong  
and deep!

Dear bosom child we call thee, that dost  
steep

In rich reward all suffering; balm that  
tames

All anguish; saint that evil thoughts  
and aims

Takest away, and into souls dost creep,  
Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall I

alone —  
I, surely not a man ungently made —  
Call thee worst tyrant by which flesh is  
crossed?

Perverse, self-willed to own and to dis-  
own,  
Mere slave of them who never for thee  
prayed,  
Still last to come where thou art wanted  
most !

---

*THE WORLD.*

THE world is too much with us; late  
and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our  
powers:  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sor-  
did boon !  
This sea that bares her bosom to the  
moon;  
The winds that will be howling at all  
hours  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping  
flowers;  
For this, for everything, we are out of  
tune;  
It moves us not. Great God ! I'd rather  
be  
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less  
forlorn,  
Have sight of Proteus coming from the  
sea,  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed  
horn.

---

*WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.*

Sept. 3, 1802.

EARTH has not anything to show more  
fair:  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass  
by  
A sight so touching in its majesty:  
This city now doth like a garment wear  
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and  
temples lie  
Open unto the fields and to the sky,  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless  
air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !  
The river glideth at his own sweet will:  
Dear God ! the very houses, seem asleep;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

---

*PELION AND OSSA.*

PELION and Ossa flourish side by side,  
Together in immortal books enrolled;  
His ancient dower Olympus hath not  
sold;  
And that inspiring hill, which "did di-  
vide  
Into two ample horns his forehead wide,"  
Shines with poetic radiance as of old;  
While not an English mountain we be-  
hold  
By the celestial muses glorified.  
Yet round our sea-girt shore they rise  
in crowds:  
What was the great Parnassus' self to  
thee,  
Mount Skiddaw? In his natural sover-  
eignty  
Our British hill is fairer far; he shrouds  
His double-fronted head in higher  
clouds,  
And pours forth streams more sweet  
than Castalay.

---

*THE BROOK.*

BROOK ! whose society the poet seeks  
Intent his wasted spirits to renew;  
And whom the curious painter doth  
pursue  
Through rocky passes, among flowery  
creeks,  
And tracks thee dancing down thy  
waterbreaks;  
If I some type of thee did wish to view,  
Thee, — and not thee thyself, I would  
not do  
Like Grecian artists, give thee human  
cheeks,



Channels for tears; no Naiad shouldst  
 thou be,  
 Have neither limbs, feet, feathers, joints,  
 nor hairs;  
 It seems the eternal soul is clothed in  
 thee  
 With purer robes than those of flesh  
 and blood,  
 And hath bestowed on thee a better  
 good—  
 Unwearied joy, and life without its cares.

---

*EVENING.*

It is a beauteous evening, calm and  
 free;  
 The holy time is quiet as a nun  
 Breathless with adoration; the broad sun  
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity;  
 The gentleness of heaven is on the sea:  
 Listen! the mighty being is awake,  
 And doth with his eternal motion make  
 A sound like thunder everlastingly.  
 Dear child! dear girl! that walkest  
 with me here,  
 If thou appear'st untouched by solemn  
 thought,  
 Thy nature therefore is not less divine:  
 Thou liest "in Abraham's bosom" all  
 the year;  
 And worshipp'st at the temple's inner  
 shrine,  
 God being with thee when we know it  
 not.

---

*BUONAPARTE.*

I GRIEVED for Buonaparte, with a vain  
 And an unthinking grief! for, who as-  
 pires  
 To genuine greatness but from just de-  
 sires,  
 And knowledge such as he could never  
 gain?  
 'Tis not in battles that from youth we  
 train  
 The governor who must be wise and  
 good,

And temper with the sternness of the  
 brain  
 Thoughts motherly and meek as woman-  
 hood.  
 Wisdom doth live with children round  
 her knees,  
 Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the  
 talk  
 Man holds with week-day man in the  
 hourly walk  
 Of the mind's business: these are the  
 degrees  
 By which true sway doth mount; this is  
 the stalk  
 True power doth grow on; and her  
 rights are these.

---

*ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE  
 VENETIAN REPUBLIC.*

ONCE did she hold the gorgeous East  
 in fee;  
 And was the safeguard of the West: the  
 worth  
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth—  
 Venice, the eldest child of Liberty!  
 She was a maiden city, bright and free;  
 No guile seduced, no force could violate;  
 And, when she took unto herself a mate,  
 She must espouse the everlasting sea.  
 And what if she had seen those glories  
 fade,  
 Those titles vanish, and that strength  
 decay;  
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid  
 When her long life hath reached its  
 final day:  
 Men are we, and must grieve when  
 even the shade  
 Of that which once was great is passed  
 away.

---

*TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.*

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of  
 men!  
 Whether the all-cheering sun be free to  
 shed  
 His beams around thee, or thou rest  
 thy head

Pillowed in some dark dungeon's  
noisome den —  
O miserable chieftain! where and when  
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not;  
do thou  
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful  
brow:  
Though fallen thyself, never to rise  
again,  
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left  
behind  
Powers that will work for thee: air,  
earth, and skies;  
There's not a breathing of the common  
wind  
That will forget thee; thou hast great  
allies;  
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
And love, and man's unconquerable  
mind.

---

*FRANCE AND ENGLAND.*

September, 1802.

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood;  
And saw, while sea was calm and air  
was clear,  
The coast of France — the coast of  
France how near!  
Drawn almost into frightful neighbor-  
hood.  
I shrunk, for verily the barrier flood  
Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,  
A span of waters; yet what power is  
there!  
What mightiness for evil and for  
good!  
Even so doth God protect us if we be  
Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and  
waters roll,  
Strength to the brave, and power, and  
deity,  
Yet in themselves are nothing! One  
decree  
Spake laws to them, and said that by  
the soul  
Only the nations shall be great and  
free.

*ON THE SUBJUGATION OF  
SWITZERLAND.*

Two voices are there — one is of the sea,  
One of the mountains — each a mighty  
voice:  
In both from age to age, thou didst  
rejoice,  
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!  
There came a tyrant, and with holy glee  
Thou fough'st against him; but hast  
vainly striven;  
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length  
art driven,  
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by  
thee.  
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been  
bereft:  
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still  
is left;  
For, high-souled maid, what sorrow  
would it be  
That mountain floods should thunder as  
before,  
And ocean bellow from his rocky shore,  
And neither awful voice be heard by  
thee!

---

*MILTON.*

1802.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at  
this hour:  
England hath need of thee: she is a fen  
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and  
pen,  
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and  
bower,  
Have forfeited their ancient English  
dower  
Of inward happiness. We are selfish  
men:  
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom,  
power.  
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt  
apart:  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was  
like the sea;  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic,  
free;

So didst thou travel on life's common  
way,  
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on itself did lay.

---

*GREAT MEN.*

**GREAT** men have been among us; hands  
that penned  
And tongues that uttered wisdom, better  
none:  
The later Sydney, Marvel, Harington,  
Young Vane and others, who called  
Milton friend.  
These moralists could act and comprehend:  
They knew how genuine glory was put  
on;  
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone  
In splendor: what strength was, that  
would not bend  
But in magnanimous meekness. France,  
'tis strange,  
Hath brought forth no such souls as we  
had then.  
Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!  
No single volume paramount, no code,  
No master spirit, no determined road;  
But equally a want of books and men!

---

*TO THOMAS CLARKSON.*

ON THE FINAL PASSING OF THE BILL FOR  
THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE,  
MARCH, 1807.

CLARKSON! it was an obstinate hill to  
climb:  
How toilsome, nay, how dire it was, by  
thee  
Is known — by none, perhaps so feelingly;  
But thou, who, starting in thy fervent  
prime,  
Didst first lead forth this pilgrimage  
sublime,  
Hast heard the constant voice its charge  
repeat,

Which, out of thy young heart's oracular  
seat,  
First roused thee, O true yoke-fellow of  
Time.

With unabating effort, see, the palm  
Is won, and by all nations shall be  
worn!

The bloody writing is for ever torn,  
And thou henceforth shall have a good  
man's calm,

A great man's happiness; thy zeal shall  
find

Repose at length, firm friend of human  
kind!

---

*FEELINGS OF THE TYROLESE.*

O'ER the wide earth, on mountain and  
on plain,

Dwells in the affections and the soul of  
man

A godhead, like the universal Pan,  
But more exalted, with a brighter train.  
And shall his bounty be dispensed in  
vain,

Showered equally on city and on field,  
And neither hope nor steadfast promise  
yield

In these usurping times of fear and pain?  
Such doom awaits us. Nay, forbid it,  
Heaven!

We know the arduous strife, the eternal  
laws

To which the triumph of all good is  
given,

High sacrifice, and labor without pause,  
Even to the death: else wherefore  
should the eye

Of man converse with immortality?

---

*ON THE FINAL SUBMISSION OF  
THE TYROLESE.*

SAY, what is Honor? 'Tis the finest  
sense

Of justice which the human mind can  
frame,

Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,

And guard the way of life from all  
 offence  
 Suffered or done. When lawless violence  
 A kingdom doth assault, and in the  
 scale  
 Of perilous war her weightiest armies  
 fail,  
 Honor is hopeful elevation — whence  
 Glory — and Triumph. Yet with politic  
 skill  
 Endangered states may yield to terms  
 unjust,  
 Stoop their proud heads — but not unto  
 the dust,  
 A foe's most favorite purpose to fulfil!  
 Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust  
 Are forfeited; but infamy doth kill.

---

*INDIGNATION OF A HIGH-  
 MINDED SPANIARD.*

AVAUNT all specious pliancy of mind  
 In men of low degree, all smooth pretence!  
 I better like a blunt indifference  
 And self-respecting slowness, disinclined  
 To win me at first sight: — and be  
 there joined  
 Patience and temperance with this high  
 reserve, —  
 Honor that knows the path and will  
 not swerve;  
 Affections, which, if put to proof, are  
 kind;  
 And piety towards God. — Such men of  
 old

Were England's native growth; and,  
 throughout Spain,  
 Thanks to high God! forests of such  
 remain;  
 Then for that country let our hopes be  
 bold;  
 For matched with these shall policy  
 prove vain,  
 Her arts, her strength, her iron, and her  
 gold.

---

*GEORGE III.*

November, 1813.

Now that all hearts are glad, all faces  
 bright,  
 Our aged Sovereign sits to the ebb and  
 flow  
 Of states and kingdoms, to their joy or  
 woe,  
 Insensible; he sits deprived of sight,  
 And lamentably wrapped in twofold  
 night,  
 Whom no weak hopes deceived; whose  
 mind ensued,  
 Through perilous war, with regal fortitude,  
 Peace that should claim respect from  
 lawless might.  
 Dread King of kings, vouchsafe a ray  
 divine  
 To his forlorn condition! let thy grace  
 Upon his inner soul in mercy shine;  
 Permit his heart to kindle, and embrace  
 (Though were it only for a moment's  
 space)  
 The triumphs of this hour; for they  
 are THINE!

## JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1771-1854.

[BORN at Irvine, Ayrshire, Scotland, Nov. 4, 1771, and was the son of a Moravian preacher; was educated at the Fulneck School, Yorkshire, apprenticed to a grocer, but ran away in 1789, and in 1792 became clerk to Joseph Gales, a famous journalist of Sheffield, who having been accused of treason was compelled to escape to the United States. Montgomery then founded the *Sheffield Iris*, a paper devoted to peace and reform principles, which he edited thirty-one years, 1794-1825. He began in early youth to write poetry, in which he won great popularity. In 1835 he received a pension, and declined the professorship of rhetoric at Edinburgh. Died at Sheffield, April 30, 1854. Mr. Montgomery is best known as a hymn writer and devotional poet.]

## ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

HIGHER, higher will we climb,  
Up to the mount of glory,  
That our names may live through time  
In our country's story;  
Happy, when her welfare calls,  
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil  
In the mines of knowledge;  
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil  
Win from school and college;  
Delve we there for richer gems  
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward may we press  
Through the path of duty;  
Virtue is true happiness,  
Excellence true beauty.  
Minds are of celestial birth,  
Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit  
Hearts and hands together,  
Where our fireside comforts sit,  
In the wildest weather;  
O! they wander wide who roam  
For the joys of life from home.

## THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE, in the flight of ages past,  
There lived a man: and who was he?  
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,  
That man resembled thee,

Unknown the region of his birth,  
The land in which he died unknown:  
His name has perish'd from the earth,  
This truth survives alone:

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,  
Alternate triumph'd in his breast;  
His bliss and woe — a smile, a tear!  
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,  
The changing spirits' rise and fall;  
We know that these were felt by him,  
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd — but his pangs are o'er;  
Enjoy'd — but his delights are fled;  
Had friends — his friends are now no  
more;  
And foes — his foes are dead.

He loved — but whom he loved the  
grave  
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:  
O she was fair! but nought could save  
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;  
Encounter'd all that troubles thee:  
He was — whatever thou hast been;  
He is — what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,  
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and  
main,  
Erewhile his portion, life and light,  
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye  
That once their shades and glory  
threw,  
Have left in yonder silent sky  
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,  
Their ruins, since the world began,  
Of him afford no other trace  
Than this — there lived a man !

### PRAYER.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire  
Utter'd or unexpress'd;  
The motion of a h'dden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear;  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air;  
His watchword at the gates of death :  
He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice  
Returning from his ways;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And say "Behold he prays !"

The saints in prayer appear as one,  
In word, and deed, and mind,  
When with the Father and his Son  
Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone :  
The Holy Spirit pleads;  
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,  
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way,  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod :  
Lord, teach us how to pray !

### A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A MOTHER'S Love — how sweet the  
name !

What is a Mother's love ?  
— A noble, pure, and tender flame,  
Enkindled from above,  
To bless a heart of earthly mould;  
The warmest love that can grow cold ;  
This is a Mother's Love.

To bring a helpless babe to light,  
Then, while it lies forlorn,  
To gaze upon that dearest sight,  
And feel herself new-born,  
In its existence lose her own,  
And live and breathe in it alone ;  
This is a Mother's Love.

Its weakness in her arms to bear ;  
To cherish on her breast,  
Feed it from Love's own fountain there,  
And lull it there to rest ;  
Then, while it slumbers, watch its  
breath,  
As if to guard from instant death ;  
This is a Mother's Love.

To mark its growth from day to day,  
Its opening charms admire,  
Catch from its eye the earliest ray  
Of intellectual fire ;  
To smile and listen while it talks,  
And lend a finger when it walks ;  
This is a Mother's Love.

And can a Mother's Love grow cold ?  
Can she forget her boy ?  
His pleading innocence behold,  
Nor weep for grief — for joy ?  
A Mother may forget her child,  
While wolves devour it on the wild ;  
Is this a Mother's Love ?

Ten thousand voices answer "No !  
Ye clasp your babes and kiss ;  
Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erflow ;  
Yet, ah ! remember this, —  
The infant, rear'd alone for earth,  
May live, may die, — to curse his birth :  
— Is this a Mother's Love ?

A parent's heart may prove a snare;  
 The child she loves so well,  
 Her hand may lead, with gentlest care,  
 Down the smooth road to hell;  
 Nourish its frame, — destroy its mind:  
 Thus do the blind mislead the blind,  
 Even with a Mother's Love.

Blest infant! whom his mother taught  
 Early to seek the Lord,  
 And pour'd upon his dawning thought  
 The day-spring of the word;  
 This was the lesson to her son  
 — Time is Eternity begun:  
 Behold that Mother's Love.

Blest Mother! who, in wisdom's path  
 By her own parent trod,  
 Thus taught her son to flee the wrath,  
 And know the fear, of God:  
 Ah, youth! like him enjoy your prime;  
 Begin Eternity in time,  
 Taught by that Mother's Love.

That Mother's Love! — how sweet the  
 name!  
 What was that Mother's Love?  
 — The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,  
 That kindles from above,  
 Within a heart of earthly mould,  
 As much of heaven as heart can hold,  
 Nor through eternity grows cold:  
 This was that Mother's Love.

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#### HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the  
 pride,  
 Beloved by heaven o'er all the world  
 beside;  
 Where brighter suns dispense serener  
 light,  
 And milder moons emparadise the  
 night;  
 A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,  
 Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted  
 youth:  
 The wandering mariner, whose eye ex-  
 plores  
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchant-  
 ing shores,

Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,  
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;  
 In every clime the magnet of his soul,  
 Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to  
 that pole;  
 For in this land of heaven's peculiar  
 grace,  
 The heritage of nature's noblest race,  
 There is a spot of earth supremely blest,  
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,  
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts  
 aside  
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and  
 pride,  
 While in his soften'd looks benignly  
 blend  
 The sire, the son, the husband, brother,  
 friend;  
 Here woman reigns; the mother,  
 daughter, wife,  
 Strew with fresh flowers the narrow  
 way of life!  
 In the clear heaven of her delightful  
 eye,  
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;  
 Around her knees domestic duties  
 meet,  
 And fireside pleasures gambol at her  
 feet.  
 Where shall that land, that spot of earth  
 be found?  
 Art thou a man? — a patriot? — look  
 around;  
 O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps  
 roam,  
 That land thy country, and that ~~not~~  
 thy home!

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#### TO A DAISY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower  
 With silver crest and golden eye,  
 That welcomes every changing hour  
 And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field,  
 In gay but quick succession shine;  
 Race after race their honors yield,  
 They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,  
While moons and stars their courses  
run,  
Enwreathes the circle of the year,  
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,  
To sultry August spreads its charm,  
Lights pale October on his way,  
And twines December's arm.

The purple heath and golden broom,  
On moory mountains catch the gale;  
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,  
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,  
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,  
Plays on the margin of the rill,  
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round  
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;  
And blooms on consecrated ground  
In honor of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem;  
The wild bee murmurs on its breast;  
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,  
Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page — in every place,  
In every season, fresh and fair;  
It opens with perennial grace,  
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and  
plain,  
Its humble buds unheeded rise;  
The rose has but a summer reign;  
The Daisy never dies!

## WALTER SCOTT.

1771-1832.

[WALTER SCOTT, the son of a Writer to the Signet, was born in Edinburgh on August 15, 1771, and was educated at the High School and the College. In 1792 he became an advocate, but soon began to occupy himself seriously with literature, publishing in 1799 a translation of Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen*, and in 1802 his *Border Minstrelsy*. As Sheriff of Selkirkshire he went in 1804 to live at Ashiestiel on the banks of the Tweed, and there produced *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, 1805; *Marmion*, 1808; *The Lady of the Lake*, 1810; *Don Roderick*, 1811; *Tremmain and Rokeby*, 1813. At his new house at Abbotsford he wrote *The Lord of the Isles*, 1815; and *Harold the Dauntless*, 1817. Before these last two were published *Waverley* appeared, and henceforth Scott wrote no more poetry, save a few short lyrics, ending with his *Farewell to the Muse*, 1822. He was made a baronet in 1820, but in 1826 commercial disaster came upon him, and his last ten years were a time of struggle and overwork. He died at Abbotsford, September 21, 1836.]

### THE OLD MINSTREL.

[Introduction to *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.]

THE way was long, the wind was cold,  
The Minstrel was infirm and old;  
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,  
Seem'd to have known a better day;  
The harp, his sole remaining joy,  
Was carried by an orphan boy.  
The last of all the Bards was he,  
Who sung of Border chivalry;  
For, welladay! their date was fled,  
His tuneful brethren all were dead;

And he, neglected and oppress'd,  
Wish'd to be with them, and at rest.  
No more on prancing palfrey borne,  
He caroll'd, light as lark at morn;  
No longer courted and caress'd,  
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,  
He pour'd to lord and lady gay,  
The unpremeditated lay:  
Old times were changed, old manners  
gone;  
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;  
The bigots of the iron time  
Had call'd his harmless art a crime.



A wandering Harper, scorn'd and poor,  
He begg'd his bread from door to door.  
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,  
The harp, a king had loved to hear.

He pass'd where Newark's<sup>1</sup> stately  
tower

Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower :  
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye —  
No humbler resting-place was nigh,  
With hesitating step at last,  
The embattled portal arch he pass'd,  
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar  
Had off roll'd back the tide of war,  
But never closed the iron door  
Against the desolate and poor.  
The Duchess<sup>2</sup> mark'd his weary pace,  
His timid mien, and reverend face,  
And bade her page the menials tell,  
That they should tend the old man  
well :

For she had known adversity,  
Though born in such a high degree;  
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,  
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody  
tomb !

When kindness had his wants sup-  
plied,

And the old man was gratified,  
Began to rise his minstrel pride :  
And he began to talk anon,  
Of good Earl Francis,<sup>3</sup> dead and gone,  
And of Earl Walter,<sup>4</sup> rest him, God !  
A braver ne'er to battle rode;  
And how full many a tale he knew,  
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch :  
And, would the noble Duchess deign  
To listen to an old man's strain,  
Though stiff his hand, his voice though  
weak,

<sup>1</sup> *Newark's stately tower.* A ruined tower now; situated three miles from Selkirk, on the banks of the Yarrow.

<sup>2</sup> *The Duchess.* Anne, the heiress of Buccleuch, who had been married to the unhappy Duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II. He was beheaded for rebellion against James II. 1685.

<sup>3</sup> *Earl Francis.* The Duchess's late father.

<sup>4</sup> *Walter, Earl of Buccleuch,* grandfather of the Duchess, and a celebrated warrior.

He thought even yet, the sooth to  
speak,  
That, if she loved the harp to hear,  
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtain'd;  
The aged Minstrel audience gain'd.  
But, when he reach'd the room of  
state,

Where she, with all her ladies, sate,  
Perchance he wished his boon denied :  
For, when to tune his harp he tried,  
His trembling hand had lost the  
ease,

Which marks security to please;  
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,  
Came wildering o'er his aged brain —  
He tried to tune his harp in vain !  
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,  
And gave him heart, and gave him  
time,

Till every string's according glee  
Was blended into harmony.  
And then, he said, he would full fain  
He could recall an ancient strain,  
He never thought to sing again.  
It was not famed for village churls,  
But for high dames and mighty earls;  
He had play'd it to King Charles the  
Good,

When he kept court in Holyrood;  
And much he wish'd, yet fear'd to try  
The long-forgotten melody.  
Amid the strings his fingers stray'd,  
And an uncertain warbling made,  
And oft he shook his hoary head.  
But when he caught the measure wild,  
The old man raised his face, and  
smiled;

And lighten'd up his faded eye,  
With all a poet's ecstasy !  
In varying cadence, soft or strong,  
He swept the sounding chords along;  
The present scene, the future lot,  
His toils, his wants, were all forgot :  
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,  
In the full tide of song were lost;  
Each blank in faithless memory void,  
The poet's glowing thought supplied;  
And, while his harp responsive rung,  
'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

*MELROSE ABBEY.*[*Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto ii.]

## I.

IF thou would'st view fair Melrose  
aright,

Go visit it by the pale moonlight;  
For the gay beams of lightsome day  
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.  
When the broken arches are black in  
night,

And each shafted oriel glimmers white;  
When the cold light's uncertain shower  
Streams on the ruin'd central tower;  
When buttress and buttress, alternately,  
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;  
When silver edges the imagery,  
And the scrolls that teach thee to live  
and die;

When distant Tweed is heard to rave,  
And the owl to hoot o'er the dead  
man's grave,

Then go—but go alone the while—  
Then view St. David's ruin'd pile;  
And, home returning, soothly swear,  
Was never scene so sad and fair!

*LOVE AS THE THEME OF POETS.*[*Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto iii.]

## I.

AND said I that my limbs were old,  
And said I that my blood was cold,  
And that my kindly fire was fled,  
And my poor wither'd heart was dead,

And that I might not sing of love?—  
How could I to the dearest theme,  
That ever warm'd a minstrel's dream,  
So foul, so false a recreant prove!  
How could I name love's very name,  
Nor wake my heart to notes of flame!

## II.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's  
reed;

In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;  
In halls, in gay attire is seen;  
In hamlets, dances on the green.

Love rules the court, the camp, the  
grove,  
And men below, and saints above;  
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

*THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.*[*Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto vi.]

## I.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so  
dead,

Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land!  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him  
burn'd,

As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,  
From wandering on a foreign strand!  
If such there breathe, go, mark him  
well;

For him no Minstrel raptures swell;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentrated all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.

## II.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child!  
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood,  
Land of my sires! what mortal hand  
Can e'er untie the filial band,  
That knits me to thy rugged strand!  
Still, as I view each well-known scene,  
Think what is now, and what hath  
been,

Seems as, to me, of all bereft,  
Sole friends thy woods and streams  
were left;

And thus I love them better still,  
Even in extremity of ill.  
By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,  
Though none should guide my feeble  
way;

Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,

Although it chill my wither'd cheek;  
Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,  
Though there, forgotten and alone,  
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

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ROSABELLE.

[*Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto vi.]

XXIII.

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay!  
No haughty feat of arms I tell;  
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,  
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle:

—“Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant  
crew!

And, gentle ladye, deign to stay,  
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,  
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

“The blackening wave is edged with  
white:

To inch<sup>1</sup> and rock the sea-mews fly;  
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,  
Whose screams forebode that wreck  
is nigh.

“Last night the gifted Seer did view  
A wet shroud swathed round ladye  
gay;

Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch:  
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?”—

“’Tis not because Lord Lindesay’s heir  
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,  
But that my ladye-mother there  
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

“’Tis not because the ring they ride,  
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,  
But that my sire the wine will chide,  
If ’tis not fill’d by Rosabelle.”—

O’er Roslin all that dreary night  
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;  
’Twas broader than the watch-fire’s  
light,  
And redder than the bright moon-  
beam.

<sup>1</sup> Inch, an island.

It glared on Roslin’s castled rock,  
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen,  
’Twas seen from Dryden’s groves of  
oak,  
And seen from cavern’d Hawthorn-  
den.

Seem’d all on fire that chapel proud,  
Where Roslin’s chiefs uncoffin’d lie,  
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,  
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem’d all on fire, within, around,  
Deep sacristy and altar’s pale,  
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,  
And glimmer’d all the dead men’s  
mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,  
Blazed every rose-carved buttress  
fair—

So still they blaze, when fate is nigh  
The lordly-line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin’s barons  
bold

Lie buried within that proud cha-  
pelle;

Each one the holy vault doth hold—  
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St. Clair was buried there,  
With candle, with book, and with  
knell;

But the sea-caves rung, and the wild  
winds sung,  
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

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HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

[*Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto vi.]

XXXI.

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
What power shall be the sinner’s stay?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shriveling like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll;

When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swell the high trump that wakes the  
dead,

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from  
clay,  
Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass  
away.

HUSH'D is the harp—the Minstrel  
gone.

And did he wander forth alone?  
Alone, in indigence and age,  
To linger out his pilgrimage?  
No; close beneath proud Newark's  
tower,

Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower;  
A simple hut; but there was seen  
The little garden hedged with green,  
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.  
There shelter'd wanderers, by the blaze,  
Oft heard the tale of other days;  
For much he loved to ope his door,  
And give the aid he begg'd before.  
So pass'd the winter's day; but still,  
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,  
And July's eve, with balmy breath,  
Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath;  
When throistles sung in Harehead-shaw,  
And corn was green on Carterhaugh,  
And flourish'd, broad, Blackandro's oak,  
The aged Harper's soul awoke!  
Then would he sing achievements high,  
And circumstance of chivalry,  
Till the rapt traveller would stay,  
Forgetful of the closing day;  
And noble youths, the strain to hear,  
Forsook the hunting of the deer;  
And Yarrow, as he roll'd along,  
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

#### THE CASTLE OF NORHAM.

[*Marmion*, Canto i.]

##### I.

DAY set on Norham's castled steep,  
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,  
And Cheviot's mountains lone:

The battled towers, the donjon keep,  
The loophole grates, where captives  
weep,

The flanking walls that round it sweep,  
In yellow lustre shone.

The warriors on the turrets high,  
Moving athwart the evening sky,  
Seem'd forms of giant height:  
Their armor, as it caught the rays,  
Flash'd back again the western blaze,  
In lines of dazzling light.

##### II.

Saint George's banner, broad and gay,  
Now faded, as the fading ray  
Less bright, and less, was flung;  
The evening gale had scarce the power  
To wave it on the Donjon Tower,  
So heavily it hung.

The scouts had parted on their search,  
The Castle gates were barr'd;  
Above the gloomy portal arch,  
Timing his footsteps to a march,  
The Warder kept his guard;  
Low humming, as he paced along,  
Some ancient Border gathering song.

##### III.

A distant trampling sound he hears;  
He looks abroad, and soon appears,  
O'er Hornclyff-hill a plump of spears,  
Beneath a pennon gay;  
A horseman, darting from the crowd,  
Like lightning from a summer cloud,  
Spurs on his mettled courser proud,  
Before the dark array.  
Beneath the sable palisade,  
That closed the Castle barricade,  
His bugle-horn he blew;  
The warder hasted from the wall,  
And warn'd the Captain in the hall,  
For well the blast he knew;  
And joyfully that knight did call,  
To sewer, squire, and seneschal.

#### THE HOSTEL, OR INN.

[*Marmion*, Canto iii.]

##### I.

THE lifelong day Lord Marmion rode:  
The mountain path the Palmer show'd,

By glen and streamlet winded still,  
Where stunted birches hid the rill.  
They might not choose the lowland  
road,

For the Merse forayers were abroad,  
Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey,  
Had scarcely fail'd to bar their way.  
Oft on the trampling band, from crown  
Of some tall cliff, the deer look'd down;  
On wing of jet, from his repose  
In the deep heath, the black-cock rose;  
Sprung from the gorse the timid roe,  
Nor waited for the bending bow;  
And when the stony path began,  
By which the naked peak they wan,  
Up flew the snowy ptarmigan.  
The noon had long been pass'd before  
They gain'd the height of Lammermoor;  
Thence winding down the northern way  
Before them, at the close of day,  
Old Gifford's towers and hamlet lay.

## II.

No summons calls them to the tower,  
To spend the hospitable hour.  
To Scotland's camp the Lord was gone;  
His cautious dame, in bower alone,  
Dreaded her castle to uncloze,  
So late, to unknown friends or foes.  
On through the hamlet as they paced,  
Before a porch, whose front was graced  
With bush and flagon trimly placed,  
Lord Marmion drew his rein:  
The village inn seem'd large, though  
rude;

Its cheerful fire and hearty food  
Might well relieve his train.  
Down from their seats the horsemen  
sprung,

With jingling spurs the court-yard rung;  
They bind their horses to the stall,  
For forage, food, and firing call,  
And various clamor fills the hall:  
Weighing the labor with the cost,  
Toils everywhere the bustling host.

## III.

Soon, by the chimney's merry blaze,  
Through the rude hostel might you  
gaze;  
Might see, where, in dark nook aloof,

The rafters of the sooty roof  
Bore wealth of winter cheer;  
Of sea-fowl dried, and solands store,  
And gammons of the tusky boar,  
And savory haunch of deer.  
The chimney arch projected wide;  
Above, around it, and beside,  
Were tools for housewives' hand;  
Nor wanted, in that martial day,  
The implements of Scottish fray,  
The buckler, lance, and brand.  
Beneath its shade, the place of state,  
On oaken settle Marmion sate,  
And view'd around the blazing hearth.  
His followers mix in noisy mirth;  
Whom with brown ale, in jolly tide,  
From ancient vessels ranged aside,  
Full actively their host supplied.

## IV.

Theirs was the glee of martial breast,  
And laughter theirs at little jest;  
And oft Lord Marmion deign'd to aid,  
And mingle in the mirth they made;  
For though, with men of high degree,  
The proudest of the proud was he,  
Yet, train'd in camps, he knew the art  
To win the soldier's hardy heart.  
They love a captain to obey,  
Boisterous as March, yet fresh as May;  
With open hand, and brow as free,  
Lover of wine and minstrelsy;  
Ever the first to scale a tower,  
As venturous in a lady's bower: —  
Such buxom chief shall lead his host  
From India's fires to Zembla's frost.

## V.

Resting upon his pilgrim staff,  
Right opposite the Palmer stood;  
His thin dark visage seen but half,  
Half hidden by his hood.  
Still fix'd on Marmion was his look,  
Which he, who ill such gaze could  
brook,  
Strove by a frown to quell;  
But not for that, though more than  
once  
Full met their stern encountering  
glance,  
The Palmer's visage fell.

## LOCHINVAR.

LADY HERON'S SONG.

[*Marmion*, Canto v.]

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
Through all the wide Border his steed  
was the best;  
And save his good broadsword he  
weapons had none,  
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all  
alone.

So faithful in love, and so dauntless in  
war,  
There never was knight like the young  
Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd  
not for stone,  
He swam the Eske river where ford  
there was none;  
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
The bride had consented, the gallant  
came late:

For a laggard in love, and a dastard in  
war,  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave  
Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,  
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and  
brothers, and all:

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand  
on his sword,  
(For the poor craven bridegroom said  
never a word,)

"O come ye in peace here, or come ye  
in war,

Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord  
Lochinvar?" —

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit  
you denied; —

Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs  
like its tide —

And now am I come, with this lost love  
of mine,

To lead but one measure, drink one cup  
of wine.

There are maidens in Scotland more  
lovely by far,

That would gladly be bride to the young  
Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight  
took it up,

He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw  
down the cup.

She look'd down to blush, and she  
look'd up to sigh,

With a smile on her lips, and a tear in  
her eye.

He took her soft hand, ere her mother  
could bar, —

"Now tread we a measure!" said young  
Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her  
face,

That never a hall such a galliard did  
grace;

While her mother did fret, and her  
father did fume,

And the bridegroom stood dangling his  
bonnet and plume;

And the bride-maidens whisper'd,  
"Twere better by far,

To have match'd our fair cousin with  
young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word  
in her ear,

When they reach'd the hall-door, and  
the charger stood near;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he  
swung,

So light to the saddle before her he  
sprung!

"She is won! we are gone, over bank,  
bush, and scaur;

They'll have fleet steeds that follow,"  
quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of  
the Netherby clan;

Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves,  
they rode and they ran;

There was racing and chasing, on Can-  
nobie Lee,

But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did  
they see.

So daring in love, and so dauntless in  
war,

Have ye e'er heard of gallant like  
young Lochinvar?

## MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

[*Marmion*, Canto vi.]

## XIII.

Nor far advanced was morning day,  
When Marmion did his troop array  
To Surrey's camp to ride;  
He had safe conduct for his band,  
Beneath the royal seal and hand,  
And Douglas gave a guide:  
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,  
Would Clara on her palfry place,  
And whisper'd in an under tone,  
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is  
flown." —

The train from out the castle drew,  
But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu: —  
"Though something I might plain,"  
he said,

"Of cold respect to stranger guest,  
Sent hither by your King's behest,  
While in Tantallon's towers I staid;  
Part we in friendship from your land,  
And, noble Earl, receive my hand." —  
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,  
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke: —  
"My manors, halls, and bowers, shall  
still

Be open, at my Sovereign's will,  
To each one whom he lists, how'er  
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.  
My castles are my King's alone,  
From turret to foundation-stone —  
The hand of Douglas is his own;  
And never shall in friendly grasp  
The hand of such as Marmion clasp." —

## XIV.

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like  
fire,

And shook his very frame for ire,  
And — "This to me!" he said, —  
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,  
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared  
To cleave the Douglas' head!

And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,  
He who does England's message here,  
Although the meanest in her state,  
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:  
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,

Even in thy pitch of pride,  
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,

(Nay, never look upon your lord,  
And lay your hands upon your sword,)

I tell thee thou'rt defied!  
And if thou said'st I am not peer  
To any lord in Scotland here,  
Lowland or Highland, far or near,  
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"  
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage  
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:  
Fierce he broke forth, — "And darest  
thou, then,

To beard the lion in his den,  
The Douglas in his hall?  
And hopest thou hence unscathed to  
go? —

No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!  
Up drawbridge, grooms — what, Warder,  
ho!

Let the portcullis fall."  
Lord Marmion turn'd, — well was his  
need,

And dash'd the rowels in his steed,  
Like arrow through the archway sprung  
The ponderous grate behind him rung:  
To pass there was such scanty room,  
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

## XV.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,  
Just as it trembled on the rise;  
Nor lighter does the swallow skim  
Along the smooth lake's level brim:  
And when Lord Marmion reach'd his  
band,

He halts, and turn'd with clench'd hand,  
And shout of loud defiance pours,  
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.  
"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried,  
"and chase!"

But soon he rein'd his fury's pace:  
"A royal messenger he came,  
Though most unworthy of the name. —  
A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!  
Did ever knight so foul a deed!  
'At first in heart it liked me ill,  
When the King praised his clerkly  
skill.

Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,  
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line.  
So swore I, and I swear it still,  
Let my boy-bishop fret his fill. —

Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!  
 Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,  
 I thought to slay him where he stood.  
 'Tis pity of him too," he cried:  
 "Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,  
 I warrant him a warrior tried."  
 With this his mandate he recalls,  
 And slowly seeks his castle halls.

### DEATH OF MARMION.

[*Marmion*, Canto vi.]

#### XXXII.

WITH fruitless labor, Clara bound,  
 And strove to stanch the gushing  
 wound;

The Monk, with unavailing cares,  
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers.  
 Ever, he said, that, close and near,  
 A lady's voice was in his ear,  
 And that, the priest he could not hear,

For that she ever sung,

"In the lost battle, borne down by the  
 flying,  
 Where mingles war's rattle with groans  
 of the dying!"

So the notes rung:—

"Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,  
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—  
 O, look, my son, upon yon sign  
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine;

O, think on faith and bliss!—  
 By many a death-bed I have been,  
 And many a sinner's parting seen,

But never aught like this."—  
 The war, that for a space did fail,  
 Now trebly thundering swell'd the  
 gale,

And—STANLEY! was the cry;  
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,  
 And fired his glazing eye;  
 With dying hand, above his head,  
 He shook the fragment of his blade,  
 And shouted "Victory!—  
 Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley,  
 on!"

Were the last words of Marmion.

### THE CHASE.

[*Lady of the Lake*, Canto i.]

#### V.

THE noble stag was pausing now,  
 Upon the mountain's southern brow,  
 Where broad extended, far beneath,  
 The varied realms of fair Menteith.  
 With anxious eye he wander'd o'er  
 Mountain and meadow, moss and moor  
 And ponder'd refuge from his toil,  
 By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.  
 But nearer was the copsewood gray,  
 That waved and wept on Loch-Achray.  
 And mingled with the pine-trees blue  
 On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.  
 Fresh vigor with the hope return'd,  
 With flying foot the heath he spurn'd,  
 Held westward with unwearied race,  
 And left behind the panting chase.

#### VIII.

The Hunter mark'd that mountain high,  
 The lone lake's western boundary,  
 And deem'd the stag must turn to bay,  
 Where that huge rampart barr'd the  
 way.

Already glorying in the prize,  
 Measured his antlers with his eyes;  
 For the death-wound and death-halloo,  
 Muster'd his breath, his whinyard drew;  
 But thundering as he came prepared,  
 With ready arm and weapon bared,  
 The wily quarry shunn'd the shock,  
 And turn'd him from the opposing  
 rock;

Then, dashing down a darksome glen,  
 Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,  
 In the deep Trosach's wildest nook  
 His solitary refuge took.  
 There, while close couch'd, the thicket  
 shed

Cold dews and wild-flowers on his head,  
 He heard the baffled dogs in vain  
 Rave through the hollow pass amain,  
 Chiding the rocks that yell'd again.

#### IX.

Close on the hounds the Hunter came,  
 To cheer them on the vanish'd game;  
 But, stumbling in the rugged dell,  
 The gallant horse exhausted fell.



The impatient rider strove in vain  
 To rouse him with the spur and rein,  
 For the good steed, his labors o'er,  
 Stretch'd his stiff limbs to rise no more;  
 Then, touch'd with pity and remorse,  
 He sorrow'd o'er the expiring horse.  
 "I little thought, when first thy rein  
 I slack'd upon the banks of Seine,  
 That Highland eagle e'er should feed  
 On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed.  
 Woe worth the chase, woe worth the  
 day,  
 That costs thy life, my gallant gray!"

## X.

Then through the dell his horn resounds,  
 From vain pursuit to call the hounds.  
 Back limp'd, with slow and crippled  
 pace,  
 The sulky leaders of the chase;  
 Close to their master's side they press'd,  
 With drooping tail and humbled crest;  
 But still the dingle's hollow throat  
 Prolong'd the swelling bugle-note.  
 The owlets started from their dream,  
 The eagles answer'd with their scream,  
 Round and around the sounds were  
 cast,  
 Till echo seem'd an answering blast;  
 And on the Hunter hied his way,  
 To join some comrades of the day;  
 Yet often paused, so strange the road,  
 So wondrous were the scenes it show'd.

## XVII.

But scarce again his horn he wound,  
 When lo! forth starting at the sound,  
 From underneath an aged oak,  
 That slanted from the islet rock,  
 A damsel guider of its way,  
 A little skiff shot to the bay,  
 That round the promontory steep  
 Led its deep line in graceful sweep,  
 Eddying in almost viewless wave,  
 The weeping willow-twigg to lave,  
 And kiss, with whispering sound and  
 slow,  
 The beach of pebbles bright as snow.  
 The boat had touch'd this silver strand,  
 Just as the Hunter left his stand,  
 And stood conceal'd amid the brake,

To view this Lady of the Lake.  
 The maiden paused, as if again  
 She thought to catch the distant strain.  
 With head up-raised, and look intent,  
 And eye and ear attentive bent,  
 And locks flung back, and lips apart,  
 Like monument of Grecian art,  
 In listening mood, she seem'd to stand.  
 The guardian Naiad of the strand.

## XVIII.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace  
 A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,  
 Of finer form, or lovelier face!  
 What though the sun, with ardent frown,  
 Had slightly tinged her cheek with  
 brown,—  
 The sportive toil, which, short and light,  
 Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,  
 Served too in hastier swell to show  
 Short glimpses of a breast of snow:  
 What though no rule of courtly grace  
 To measured mood had train'd her  
 pace,—  
 A foot more light, a step more true,  
 Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the  
 dew;  
 E'en the slight harebell raised its head,  
 Elastic from her airy tread:  
 What though upon her speech there  
 hung  
 The accents of the mountain tongue,—  
 Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,  
 The listener held his breath to hear!

## XIX.

A Chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid;  
 Her satin snood,<sup>1</sup> her silken plaid,  
 Her golden brooch, such birth betray'd.  
 And seldom was a snood amid  
 Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,  
 Whose glossy black to shame might  
 bring  
 The plumage of the raven's wing;  
 And seldom o'er a breast so fair,  
 Mantled a plaid with modest care,  
 And never brooch the folds combined  
 Above a heart more good and kind.  
 Her kindness and her worth to spy,  
 You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;

<sup>1</sup> *Snood*, the fillet worn round the hair of  
 maidens.

Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,  
 Gives back the shaggy banks more true,  
 Than every free-born glance confess'd  
 The guileless movements of her breast;  
 Whether joy danced in her dark eye,  
 Or woe or pity claim'd a sigh,  
 Or filial love was glowing there,  
 Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer,  
 Or tale of injury call'd forth  
 The indignant spirit of the North.  
 One only passion unreveal'd,  
 With maiden pride the maid conceal'd,  
 Yet not less purely felt the flame; —  
 O need I tell that passion's name!

BOAT SONG.

[*Lady of the Lake*, Canto ii.]

XIX.

HAIL to the Chief who in triumph ad-  
 vances!  
 Honor'd and bless'd be the ever-green  
 Pine!  
 Long may the tree, in his banner that  
 glances,  
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our  
 line!  
 Heaven send it happy dew,  
 Earth lend it sap anew,  
 Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to  
 grow,  
 While every Highland glen  
 Sends our shout back agen,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho!  
 ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the  
 fountain,  
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to  
 fade;  
 When the whirlwind has stripp'd every  
 leaf on the mountain,  
 The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in  
 her shade.  
 Moor'd in the rifted rock,  
 Proof to the tempest's shock,  
 Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;  
 Menteith and Breadalbane, then,  
 Echo his praise agen,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho!  
 ieroe!"

XX.

Proudly our pibroch<sup>1</sup> has thrill'd in  
 Glen Fruin,  
 And Bannochar's groans to our slo-  
 gan<sup>2</sup> replied;  
 Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smok-  
 ing in ruin,  
 And the best of Loch Lomond lie  
 dead on her side.  
 Widow and Saxon maid  
 Long shall lament our raid,  
 Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and  
 with woe!  
 Lennox and Leven-glen  
 Shake when they hear agen,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho!  
 ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the  
 Highlands!  
 Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green  
 Pine!  
 O! that the rose-bud that graces yon  
 islands,  
 Were wreathed in a garland around  
 him to twine!  
 O that some seedling gem,  
 Worthy such noble stem,  
 Honor'd and bless'd in their shadow  
 might grow!  
 Loud should Clan-Alpine then  
 Ring from the deepest glen,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho!  
 ieroe!"

<sup>1</sup> Bagpipe air belonging to a clan.

<sup>2</sup> *Slogan*, a war-cry.

THE FIERY CROSS.

[*Lady of the Lake*, Canto iii.]

I.

TIME rolls his ceaseless course. The  
 race of yore,  
 Who danced our infancy upon their  
 knee,  
 And told our marvelling boyhood  
 legends store,  
 Of their strange ventures happ'd by  
 land or sea,  
 How are they blotted from the things  
 that be!

How few, all weak, and wither'd of  
 their force,  
 Wait on the verge of dark eternity,  
 Like stranded wrecks, the tide re-  
 turning hoarse,  
 To sweep them from our sight! Time  
 rolls his ceaseless course.  
 Yet live there still who can remember well,  
 How, when a mountain chief his bu-  
 gle blew,  
 Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and  
 dell,  
 And solitary heath, the signal knew;  
 And fast the faithful clan around him  
 drew,  
 What time the warning note was  
 keenly wound,  
 What time aloft their kindred banner flew,  
 While clam'rous warpipes yell'd the  
 gathering sound,  
 And while the Fiery Cross glanced like  
 a meteor round.

## VIII.

'Twas all prepared:—and from the  
 rock,

A goat, the patriarch of the flock,  
 Before the kindling pile was laid,  
 And pierced by Roderick's ready blade.  
 Patient the sickening victim eyed  
 The life-blood ebb in crimson tide,  
 Down his clogg'd beard and shaggy  
 limb,  
 Till darkness glazed his eyeballs dim.  
 The grisly priest, with murmuring  
 prayer,

A slender crosslet form'd with care,  
 A cubit's length in measure due;  
 The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,  
 Whose parents in Inch-Calliach wave  
 Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave,  
 And, answering Lomond's breezes deep,  
 Sooth many a chieftain's endless sleep.  
 The Cross, thus form'd, he held on high,  
 With wasted hand, and haggard eye,  
 And strange and mingled feelings woke,  
 While his anathema he spoke.

## IX.

"Woe to the clansman, who shall view  
 This symbol of sepulchral yew,  
 Forgetful that its branches grew

Where weep the heavens their holiest  
 dew,

On Alpine's dwelling low!  
 Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,  
 He ne'er shall mingle with their dust,  
 But, from his sires and kindred thrust,  
 Each clansman's execration just

Shall doom him wrath and woe!"  
 He paused; the word the vassals took,  
 With forward step and fiery look,  
 On high their naked brands they shook,  
 Their clattering targets wildly strook;

And first in murmur low,  
 Then, like the billow in his course,  
 That far to seaward finds his source,  
 And flings to shore his muster'd force,  
 Burst, with loud roar, their answer  
 hoarse,

"Woe to the traitor, woe!"  
 Ben-an's gray scalp the accents knew,  
 The joyous wolf from covert drew,  
 The exulting eagle scream'd afar,—  
 They knew the voice of Alpine's war.

## HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

[*Lady of the Lake*, Canto iii.]

## XXIX.

*Ave Maria!* maiden mild!

Listen to a maiden's prayer!  
 Thou canst hear though from the wild,  
 Thou canst save amid despair.  
 Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,  
 Though banish'd, outcast, and re-  
 viled—

Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;  
 Mother, hear a suppliant child!

*Ave Maria!*

*Ave Maria!* undefiled!

The flinty couch we now must share  
 Shall seem with down of eider piled,  
 If thy protection hover there.  
 The murky cavern's heavy air  
 Shall breathe of balm if thou hast  
 smiled;

Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;  
 Mother, list a suppliant child!

*Ave Maria!*

*Ave Maria!* stainless styled!

Foul demons of the earth and air,  
From this their wanton haunt exiled,  
Shall flee before thy presence fair.  
We bow us to our lot of care,  
Beneath thy guidance reconciled;  
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,  
And for a father hear a child!

*Ave Maria!*

*FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK  
DHU.*

THE COMBAT.

[*Lady of the Lake*, Canto v.]

X.

FITZ-JAMES was brave : — Though to his  
heart

The life-blood thrill'd with sudden start,  
He mann'd himself with dauntless air,  
Return'd the chief his haughty stare,  
His back against a rock he bore,  
And firmly placed his foot before : —

"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I."

Sir Roderick mark'd — and in his eyes  
Respect was mingled with surprise,  
And the stern joy which warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel.

Short space he stood — then waved his  
hand :

Down sunk the disappearing band;  
Each warrior vanish'd where he stood,  
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;  
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,  
In osiers pale and copses low;  
It seem'd as if their mother Earth  
Had swallow'd up her warlike birth.  
The wind's last breath had toss'd in air,  
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair, —  
The next but swept a lone hill-side,  
Where heath and fern were waving wide  
From spear and glaive, from targe and  
jack, —

The next, all unreflected shone  
On bracken green and cold gray stone.

XII.

The Chief in silence strode before,  
And reach'd that torrent's sounding  
shore,

Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,  
From Vennachar in silver breaks,  
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless  
mines

On Bochastle the mouldering lines,  
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,  
Of yore her eagle wings unfurl'd.

And here his course the Chieftain staid,  
Threw down his target and his plaid,  
And to the Lowland warrior said : —

"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,  
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.  
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,  
This head of a rebellious clan,  
Hath led thee safe through watch and  
ward,

Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.  
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,  
A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.  
See here, all vantageless I stand,  
Arm'd, like thyself, with single brand :  
For this is Coilantogle ford,  
And thou must keep thee with thy  
sword."

XIII.

The Saxon paused : — "I ne'er delay'd,  
When foeman bade me draw my blade;  
Nay, more, brave Chief, I vow'd thy  
death :

Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,  
And my deep debt for life preserved,  
A better meed have well deserved :  
Can nought but blood our feud atone?  
Are there no means?" — "No, Stranger,  
none!

And hear, — to fire thy flagging zeal, —  
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;  
For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred  
Between the living and the dead :  
'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,  
His party conquers in the strife.' " —  
"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,  
"The riddle is already read.

Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff, —  
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.  
Thus Fate has solved her prophecy,  
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.  
To James, at Stirling, let us go,  
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,  
Or if the King shall not agree  
To grant thee grace and favor free,  
I plight mine honor, oath, and word,

That, to thy native strengths restored,  
With each advantage shalt thou stand,  
That aids thee now to guard thy land."

## XV.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,  
That on the field his targe he threw,  
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide  
Had death so often dash'd aside;  
For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,  
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.  
He practised every pass and ward,  
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;  
While less expert, though stronger far,  
The Gael maintain'd unequal war.  
Three times in closing strife they stood,  
And thrice the Saxon's blade drank  
blood;

No stinted draught, no scanty tide,  
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.  
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,  
And shower'd his blows like wintry rain;  
And, as firm rock, or castle-roof,  
Against the Winter shower is proof,  
The foe, invulnerable still,  
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill:  
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand  
Forced Roderick's weapon from his  
hand,

And backward borne upon the lea,  
Brought the proud chieftain to his knee.

## XVI.

"Now, yield thee, or by Him who made  
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my  
blade!"

"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!  
Let recreant yield, who fears to die."  
— Like adder darting from his coil,  
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,  
Like mountain-cat who guards her  
young,

Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;  
Received, but reck'd not of a wound,  
And lock'd his arms his foeman round.—  
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!  
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!  
That desperate grasp thy frame might  
feel,

Through bars of brass and triple steel!—  
They tug, they strain! down, down they  
go,

The Gael above, Fitz-James below:  
The Chieftain's gripe his throat com-  
press'd,

His knee was planted on his breast;  
His clotted locks he backward threw,  
Across his brow his hand he drew,  
From blood and mist to clear his sight,  
Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright!—  
— But hate and fury ill supplied  
The stream of life's exhausted tide,  
And all too late the advantage came,  
To turn the odds of deadly game;  
For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,  
Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and  
eye,

Down came the blow! but in the heath  
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.  
The struggling foe may now unclasp  
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;  
Unwounded from the dreadful close,  
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

### LAY OF THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN.

[*Lady of the Lake*, Canto vi.]

## XXIV.

"My hawk is tired of perch and hood,  
My idle greyhound loathes his food,  
My horse is weary of his stall,  
And I am sick of captive thrall.  
I wish I were, as I have been,  
Hunting the hart in forest green,  
With bended bow and bloodhound free,  
For that's the life is meet for me.  
I hate to learn the ebb of time,  
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,  
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,  
Inch after inch along the wall.  
The lark was wont my matins ring,  
The sable rook my vespers sing,  
These towers, although a king's they be,  
Have not a hall of joy for me.  
No more at dawning morn I rise,  
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,  
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,  
And homeward wend with evening dew;  
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,  
And lay my trophies at her feet,  
While fled the eve on wing of glee,—  
That life is lost to love and me!"

## THE BUCCANEER.

[From *Rokeby*, Canto i.]

[Bertram Risingham, the Buccaneer, brings the tidings of Marston Moor, and of his murder of Philip Morthan in the battle, to Oswald Wycliffe, his accomplice, then holding Barnard Castle for the Parliament.]

FAR town-ward sounds of distant tread,  
And Oswald, starting from his bed,  
Hath caught it, though no human ear,  
Unsharpen'd by revenge and fear,  
Could e'er distinguish horse's clank,  
Until it reach'd the castle bank.

Now nigh and plain the sound appears,  
The warder's challenge now he hears,  
Then clanking chains and levers tell,  
That o'er the moat the drawbridge fell,  
And, in the castle court below,  
Voices are heard, and torches glow,  
As marshalling the stranger's way,  
Straight to the room where Oswald lay;  
The cry was,—“Tidings from the host,  
Of weight—a messenger comes post.”  
Stifling the tumult of his breast,  
His answer Oswald thus express'd—  
“Bring food and wine, and trim the  
fire;

Admit the stranger, and retire.”

The stranger came with heavy stride;  
The morion's plumes his visage hide,  
And the buff-coat, an ample fold,  
Mantles his form's gigantic mould.  
Full slender answer deigned he  
To Oswald's anxious courtesy;  
But mark'd, by a disdainful smile,  
He saw and scorn'd the petty wile,  
When Oswald changed the torch's  
place,

Anxious that on the soldier's face  
Its partial lustre might be thrown,  
To show his looks, yet hide his own.  
His guest, the while, laid low aside  
The ponderous cloak of tough bull's  
hide,

And to the torch glanced broad and  
clear

The corselet of a cuirassier;  
Then from his brows the casque he  
drew,

And from the dank plume dash'd the  
dew,

From gloves of mail relieved his hands,  
And spread them to the kindling brands,  
And, turning to the genial board,  
Without a health, or pledge, or word  
Of meet and social reverence said,  
Deeply he drank, and fiercely fed;  
As free from ceremony's sway,  
As famish'd wolf that tears his prey.

With deep impatience, tinged with fear,  
His host beheld him gorge his cheer,  
And quaff the full carouse, that lent  
His brow a fiercer hardiment.  
Now Oswald stood a space aside,  
Now paced the room with hasty stride,  
In feverish agony to learn

Tidings of deep and dread concern,  
Cursing each moment that his guest  
Protracted o'er his ruffian feast.  
Yet, viewing with alarm, at last,  
The end of that uncouth repast,  
Almost he seem'd their haste to rue,  
As, at his sign, his train withdrew,  
And left him with the stranger, free  
To question of his mystery.

Then did his silence long proclaim  
A struggle between fear and shame.  
Much in the stranger's mien appears,  
To justify suspicious fears.

On his dark face a scorching clime,  
And toil, had done the work of time,  
Roughen'd the brow, the temples bared,  
And sable hairs with silver shared,  
Yet left—what age alone could tame—  
The lip of pride, the eye of flame;  
The full-drawn lip that upward curl'd,  
The eye that seem'd to scorn the world.  
That lip had terror never blench'd;  
Ne'er in that eye had tear-drop quench'd  
The flash severe of swarthy glow,  
That mock'd at pain, and knew not woe.  
Inured to danger's direst form,  
Tornade and earthquake, flood and  
storm,

Death had he seen by sudden blow,  
By wasting plague, by tortures slow,  
By mine or breach, by steel or ball,  
Knew all his shapes, and scorn'd them all.

But yet, though Bertram's hardened look,  
Unmoved, could blood and danger  
brook,

Still worse than apathy had place  
On his swart brow and callous face;  
For evil passions, cherish'd long,  
Had plough'd them with impressions  
strong.

All that gives gloss to sin, all gay  
Light folly, past with youth away,  
But rooted stood, in manhood's hour,  
The weeds of vice without their flower,  
And yet the soil in which they grew,  
Had it been tamed when life was new,  
Had depth and vigor to bring forth  
The harder fruits of virtuous worth.  
Not that, e'en then, his heart had known  
The gentler feelings' kindly tone;  
But lavish waste had been refined  
To bounty in his chaste'n'd mind,  
And lust of gold, that waste to feed,  
Been lost in love of glory's meed,  
And, frantic then no more, his pride  
Had ta'en fair virtue for its guide.  
Even now, by conscience unrestrain'd,  
Clogg'd by gross vice, by slaughter stain'd,  
Still knew his daring soul to soar,  
And mastery o'er the mind he bore;  
For meaner guilt, or heart less hard,  
Quail'd beneath Bertram's bold regard.  
And this felt Oswald, while in vain  
He strove, by many a winding train,  
To lure his sullen guest to show,  
Unask'd, the news he long'd to know,  
While on far other subjects hung  
His heart, than falter'd from his tongue.  
Yet nought for that his guest did deign  
To note or spare his secret pain,  
But still, in stern and stubborn sort,  
Return'd him answer dark and short,  
Or started from the theme, to range  
In loose digression wild and strange,  
And forced the embarrass'd host to buy,  
By query close, direct reply.

### THE OUTLAW.

[From *Rokeby*, Canto iii.]

O BRIGNALL banks are wild and fair,  
And Greta woods are green,  
And you may gather garlands there  
Would grace a summer-queen.  
And as I rode by Dalton-Hall  
Beneath the turrets high,

A Maiden on the castle-wall  
Was singing merrily:  
"O Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
And Greta woods are green;  
I'd rather rove with Edmund there  
Than reign our English queen."

"If, Maiden, thou would'st wend with  
me,  
To leave both tower and town,  
Thou first must guess what life lead we  
That dwell by dale and down.  
And if thou canst that riddle read,  
As read full well you may,  
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed  
As blithe as Queen of May."  
Yet sung she "Brignall banks are fair,  
And Greta woods are green;  
I'd rather rove with Edmund there  
Than reign our English queen."

"I read you by your bugle-horn  
And by your palfrey good,  
I read you for a ranger sworn  
To keep the king's greenwood."  
"A Ranger, lady, winds his horn,  
And 'tis at peep of light;  
His blast is heard at merry morn,  
And mine at dead of night."  
Yet sung she "Brignall banks are fair,  
And Greta woods are gay;  
I would I were with Edmund there  
To reign his Queen of May!"

"With burnish'd brand and musketoon  
So gallantly you come,  
I read you for a bold Dragoon  
That lists the tuck of drum."  
"I list no more the tuck of drum,  
No more the trumpet hear;  
But when the beetle sounds his hum  
My comrades take the spear.  
And O! though Brignall banks be fair  
And Greta woods be gay,  
Yet mickle must the maiden dare  
Would reign my Queen of May!"

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,  
A nameless death I'll die!  
The fiend whose lantern lights the mead  
Were better mate than I!  
And when I'm with my comrades met,

Beneath the greenwood bough  
 What once we were we all forget,  
 Nor think what we are now."

*Chorus.*

Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
 And Greta woods are green,  
 And you may gather garlands there  
 Would grace a summer-queen.

*LAKE CORISKIN.*

[From *The Lord of the Isles*, Canto iii.]

A WHILE their route they silent made,  
 As men who stalk for mountain-deer,  
 Till the good Bruce to Ronald said, —

"Saint Mary! what a scene is here!  
 I've traversed many a mountain-strand,  
 Abroad and in my native land,  
 And it has been my lot to tread  
 Where safety more than pleasure led;  
 Thus, many a waste I've wandered o'er,  
 Clombe many a crag, cross'd many a  
 moor,

But, by my halidome,  
 A scene so rude, so wild as this,  
 Yet so sublime in barrenness,  
 Ne'er did my wandering footsteps press,  
 Where'er I happ'd to roam."

No marvel thus the Monarch spake;

For rarely human eye has known  
 A scene so stern as that dread lake,  
 With its dark ledge of barren stone.

Seems that primeval earthquake's sway  
 Hath rent a strange and shatter'd way

Through the rude bosom of the hill,  
 And that each naked precipice,  
 Sable ravine, and dark abyss,

Tells of the outrage still.

The wildest glen, but this, can show  
 Some touch of Nature's genial glow;  
 On high Benmore green mosses grow,  
 And heath-bells bud in deep Glencroe,

And copse on Cruchan-Ben;  
 But here, — above, around, below,

On mountain or in glen,  
 Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,  
 Nor aught of vegetative power,

The weary eye may ken.

For all is rocks at random thrown,  
 Black waves, bare crags, and banks of  
 stone,

As if were here denied  
 The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew,  
 That clothe with many a varied hue  
 The bleakest mountain-side.

And wilder, forward as they wound,  
 Were the proud cliffs and lake profound.  
 Huge terraces of granite black  
 Afforded rude and cumber'd track;

For from the mountain hoar,  
 Hurl'd headlong in some night of fear,  
 When yell'd the wolf, and fled the deer,  
 Loose crags had toppled o'er;  
 And some, chance-poised and balanced,  
 lay

So that a stripling arm might sway  
 A mass no host could raise,  
 In Nature's rage at random thrown,  
 Yet trembling like the Druid's stone

On its precarious base.  
 The evening mists, with ceaseless  
 change,

Now clothed the mountains' lofty range,

Now left their foreheads bare,  
 And round the skirts their mantle furl'd,  
 Or on the sable waters curl'd,  
 Or on the eddying breezes whirl'd,  
 Dispersed in middle air.

And oft, condensed, at once they lower,  
 When, brief and fierce, the mountain  
 shower

Pours like a torrent down,  
 And when return the sun's glad beams,  
 Whiten'd with foam a thousand streams  
 Leap from the mountain's crown.

"This lake," said Bruce, "whose bar-  
 riers drear

Are precipices sharp and sheer,  
 Yielding no track for goat or deer,

Save the black shelves we tread,  
 How term you its dark waves? and how  
 Yon northern mountain's pathless brow,  
 And yonder peak of dread,  
 That to the evening sun uplifts  
 The grisly gulfs and slaty rifts,

Which seam its shiver'd head?" —

"Coriskin call the dark lake's name,  
 Coolin the ridge, as bards proclaim,



From old Cuchullin, chief of fame.  
But bards, familiar in our isles  
Rather with Nature's frowns than smiles,  
Full oft their careless humors please  
By sportive names from scenes like  
these.

I would old Torquil were to show  
His maidens with their breasts of snow,  
Or that my noble Liege were nigh  
To hear his Nurse sing lullaby!

(The Maids — tall cliffs with breakers  
white,

The Nurse — a torrent's roaring might,) Or that your eye could see the mood  
Of Corryvreckin's whirlpool rude,  
When dons the Hag her whiten'd  
hood —

'Tis thus our islesmen's fancy frames,  
For scenes so stern, fantastic names."

### THE BATTLE OF BANNOCK- BURN.

[*Lord of the Isles*, Canto vi.]

X.

THE King had deem'd the maiden  
bright

Should reach him long before the fight,  
But storms and fate her course delay:  
It was on eve of battle-day:

When o'er the Gillie's hill she rode,  
The landscape like a furnace glow'd,  
And far as e'er the eye was borne,  
The lances waved like autumn-corn.  
In battles four beneath their eye,  
The forces of King Robert lie.

And one below the hill was laid,  
Reserved for rescue and for aid;  
And three, advanced, form'd vaward-  
line,

'Twixt Bannock's brook and Ninian's  
shrine.

Detach'd was each, yet each so nigh  
As well might mutual aid supply.  
Beyond, the Southern host appears,  
A boundless wilderness of spears,  
Whose verge or rear the anxious eye  
Strove far, but strove in vain, to spy.  
Thick flashing in the evening beam,  
Glaves, lances, bills, and banners  
gleam;

And where the heaven join'd with the  
hill,

Was distant armor flashing still,  
So wide, so far, the boundless host  
Seem'd in the blue horizon lost.

XI.

Down from the hill the maiden pass'd,  
At the wild show of war aghast;  
And traversed first the rearward host,  
Reserved for aid where needed most.  
The men of Carrick and of Ayr,  
Lennox and Lanark, too, were there,  
And all the western land;  
With these the valiant of the Isles  
Beneath their chieftains rank'd their  
files,

In many a plaided band.  
There, in the centre, proudly raised,  
The Bruce's royal standard blazed,  
And there Lord Ronald's banner bore  
A galley driven by sail and oar.  
A wild, yet pleasing contrast, made  
Warriors in mail and plate array'd,  
With the plumed bonnet and the plaid  
By these Hebrideans worn;  
But O! unseen for three long years,  
Dear was the garb of mountaineers  
To the fair Maid of Lorn!  
For one she look'd — but he was far  
Busied amid the ranks of war —  
Yet with affection's troubled eye  
She mark'd his banner boldly fly,  
Gave on the countless foe a glance,  
And thought on battle's desperate  
chance.

XIV.

O gay, yet fearful to behold,  
Flashing with steel and rough with gold,  
And bristled o'er with bills and spears,  
With plumes and pennons waving fair,  
Was that bright battle-front! for there  
Rode England's King and peers:  
And who, that saw that monarch ride,  
His kingdom battled by his side,  
Could then his direful doom foretell! —  
Fair was his seat in knightly selle,  
And in his sprightly eye was set  
Some spark of the Plantagenet.  
Though light and wandering was his  
glance,

It flash'd at sight of shield and lance.  
 "Know'st thou," he said, "De Argentine,

Yon knight who marshals thus their line?" —

"The tokens on his helmet tell  
 The Bruce, my Liege: I know him well." —

"And shall the audacious traitor brave  
 The presence where our banners wave?" —

"So please my liege," said Argentine,  
 "Were he but horsed on steed like mine,

To give him fair and knightly chance,  
 I would adventure forth my lance." —

"In battle-day," the King replied,  
 "Nice tourney rules are set aside.

— Still must the rebel dare our wrath?  
 Set on him — sweep him from our path!" —

And, at King Edward's signal, soon  
 Dash'd from the ranks Sir Henry Boune.

XV.

Of Hereford's high blood he came,  
 A race renown'd for knightly fame.  
 He burn'd before his Monarch's eye  
 To do some deed of chivalry.  
 He spurr'd his steed, he couch'd his lance,

And darted on the Bruce at once.  
 — As motionless as rocks, that bide  
 The wrath of the advancing tide,  
 The Bruce stood fast. — Each breast  
 beat high,

And dazzled was each gazing eye —  
 The heart had hardly time to think,  
 The eyelid scarce had time to wink,  
 While on the King, like flash of flame,  
 Spurr'd to full speed the war-horse  
 came!

The partridge may the falcon mock,  
 If that slight palfrey stand the shock —  
 But, swerving from the knight's career,  
 Just as they met, Bruce shunn'd the  
 spear,

Onward the baffled warrior bore  
 His course — but soon his course was  
 o'er! —

High in his stirrups stood the King,

And gave his battle-axe the swing.  
 Right on De Boune, the whiles he  
 pass'd,

Fell that stern dint — the first — the  
 last! —

Such strength upon the blow was put,  
 The helmet crash'd like hazel-nut;  
 The axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp,  
 Was shiver'd to the gauntlet grasp.  
 Springs from the blow the startled horse,  
 Drops to the plain the lifeless corse;  
 — First of that fatal field, how soon,  
 How sudden, fell the fierce De Boune!

XXI.

Now onward, and in open view,  
 The countless ranks of England drew,  
 Dark rolling like the ocean-tide,  
 When the rough west hath chafed his  
 pride,

And his deep roar sends challenge wide  
 To all that bars his way!

In front the gallant archers trode,  
 The men-at-arms behind them rode,  
 And midmost of the phalanx broad  
 The Monarch held his sway.

Beside him many a war-horse fumes,  
 Around him waves a sea of plumes,  
 Where many a knight in battle known,  
 And some who spurs had first braced  
 on,

And deem'd that fight should see them  
 won,

King Edward's hests obey.  
 De Argentine attends his side,  
 With stout De Valence, Pembroke's  
 pride,

Selected champions from the train,  
 To wait upon his bridle-rein.  
 Upon the Scottish foe he gazed —  
 — At once, before his sight amazed,  
 Sunk banner, spear, and shield;  
 Each weapon-point is downward sent,  
 Each warrior to the ground is bent.

"The rebels, Argentine, repent!  
 For pardon they have kneel'd." —  
 "Aye! — but they bend to other  
 powers,

And other pardon sue than ours!  
 See where yon bare-foot Abbot stands,  
 And blesses them with lifted hands:

Upon the spot where they have kneel'd,  
These men will die or win the field." —  
— "Then prove we if they die or win!  
Bid Gloster's Earl the fight begin."

## XXIII.

Then spurs were dash'd in chargers'  
flanks,  
They rush'd among the archer ranks,  
No spears were there the shock to let,  
No stakes to turn the charge was set,  
And how shall yeoman's armor slight,  
Stand the long lance and mace of might?

Or what may their short swords avail,  
'Gainst barbed horse and shirt of mail?  
Amid their ranks the chargers sprung,  
High o'er their heads the weapons  
swung,  
And shriek and groan and vengeful  
shout

Give note of triumph and of rout!  
Awhile, with stubborn hardihood,  
Their English hearts the strife made  
good.

Borne down at length on every side,  
Compell'd to flight, they scatter wide. —  
Let stags of Sherwood leap for glee,  
And bound the deer of Dallom-Lee!  
The broken bows of Bannock's shore  
Shall in the greenwood ring no more!  
Round Wakefield's merry May-pole  
now,

The maids may twine the summer  
bough,  
May northward look with longing  
glance,

For those that wont to lead the dance,  
For the blithe archers look in vain!  
Broken, dispersed, in flight o'erta'en,  
Pierced through, trode down, by thou-  
sands slain,

They cumber Bannock's bloody plain.

## XXVI.

Unflinching foot 'gainst foot was set,  
Unceasing blow by blow was met;

The groans of those who fell  
Were drown'd amid the shriller clang  
That from the blades and harness rang,  
And in the battle-yell.

Yet fast they fell, unheard, forgot,

Both Southern fierce and hardy Scot;  
And O! amid that waste of life,  
What various motives fired the strife!  
The aspiring Noble bled for fame,  
The Patriot for his country's claim;  
This Knight his youthful strength to  
prove,

And that to win his lady's love;  
Some fought from ruffian thirst of  
blood,

From habit some, or hardihood.

But ruffian stern, and soldier good,

The noble and the slave,  
From various cause the same wild road,  
On the same bloody morning, trode,  
To that dark inn, the grave!

## XXVIII.

Bruce, with the pilot's wary eye,  
The slackening of the storm could spy.

"One effort more, and Scotland's free!  
Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee  
Is firm as Ailsa Rock;

Rush on with Highland sword and  
targe,

I with my Carrick spearmen charge;  
Now, forward to the shock!"

At once the spears were forward  
thrown,

Against the sun the broadswords  
shone;

The pibroch lent its maddening tone,  
And loud King Robert's voice was  
known —

"Carrick, press on — they fail, they  
fail!

Press on, brave sons of Innisgail,

The foe is fainting fast!

Each strike for parent, child, and  
wife,

For Scotland, liberty, and life, —  
The battle cannot last!"

## XXXI.

Already scatter'd o'er the plain,  
Reproof, command, and counsel vain,  
The rearward squadrons fled amain,

Or made but doubtful stay;  
But when they mark'd the seeming  
show

Of fresh and fierce and marshall'd foe,  
The boldest broke array.

O give their hapless prince his due!  
In vain the royal Edward threw

His person 'mid the spears,  
Cried, "Fight!" to terror and despair,  
Menaced, and wept, and tore his hair,

And cursed their caitiff fears;  
Till Pembroke turn'd his bridle rein,  
And forced him from the fatal plain  
With them rode Argentine, until  
They gain'd the summit of the hill,

But quitted there the train: —

"In yonder field a gage I left, —  
I must not live of fame bereft;

I needs must turn again.  
Speed hence, my Liege, for on your  
trace

The fiery Douglas takes the chase,

I know his banner well.

God send my Sovereign joy and bliss,  
And many a happier field than this! —

Once more, my Liege, farewell."

#### HUNTING SONG.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,  
On the mountain dawns the day,  
All the jolly chase is here,  
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-  
spear!

Hounds are in their couples yelling,  
Hawks are whistling, horns are knell-  
ing,

Merrily, merrily, mingle they,  
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
The mist has left the mountain gray,  
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,  
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:  
And foresters have busy been,  
To track the buck in thickets green;  
Now we come to chant our lay,  
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
To the green-wood haste away;  
We can show you where he lies,  
Fleet of foot, and tall of size;  
We can show the marks he made,  
When, 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;

You shall see him brought to bay,  
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,  
Waken, lords and ladies gay!  
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,  
Run a course as well as we;  
Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,  
Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk:  
Think of this, and rise with day,  
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

#### THE PALMER.

"O OPEN the door, some pity to show,  
Keen blows the northern wind!  
The glen is white with the drifted snow,  
And the path is hard to find.

"No outlaw seeks your castle gate,  
From chasing the King's deer,  
Though even an outlaw's wretched  
state  
Might claim compassion here.

"A weary Palmer, worn and weak,  
I wander for my sin;  
O open, for Our Lady's sake!  
A pilgrim's blessing win!

"I'll give you pardons from the Pope,  
And reliques from o'er the sea; —  
Or if for these you will not ope,  
Yet ope for charity.

"The hare is crouching in her form,  
The hart beside the hind;  
An aged man, amid the storm,  
No shelter can I find.

"You hear the Ettrick's sullen roar,  
Dark, deep, and strong is he,  
And I must ford the Ettrick o'er,  
Unless you pity me.

"The iron gate is bolted hard,  
At which I knock in vain;  
The owner's heart is closer barr'd,  
Who hears me thus complain.

"Farewell, farewell! and Mary grant,  
When old and frail you be,  
You never may the shelter want,  
That's now denied to me."

The Ranger on his couch lay warm,  
And heard him plead in vain;  
But oft amid December's storm,  
He'll hear that voice again:

For low, when through the vapors dank,  
Morn shone on Ettrick fair,  
A corpse amid the alders rank,  
The Palmer welter'd there.

### THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

[There is a tradition in Tweeddale, that, when Neidpath Castle, near Peebles, was inhabited by the Earls of March, a mutual passion subsisted between a daughter of that noble family, and a son of the Laird of Tushielaw, in Ettrick Forest. As the alliance was thought unsuitable by her parents, the young man went abroad. During his absence, the lady fell into a consumption; and at length, as the only means of saving her life, her father consented that her lover should be recalled. On the day when he was expected to pass through Peebles, on the road to Tushielaw, the young lady, though much exhausted, caused herself to be carried to the balcony of a house in Peebles, belonging to the family, that she might see him as he rode past. Her anxiety and eagerness gave such force to her organs, that she is said to have distinguished his horse's footsteps at an incredible distance. But Tushielaw, unprepared for the change in her appearance, and not expecting to see her in that place, rode on without recognizing her, or even slackening his pace. The lady was unable to support the shock; and, after a short struggle, died in the arms of her attendants. There is an incident similar to this traditional tale in Count Hamilton's "*Fleur d'Epine*."] ]

O LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,  
And lovers' ears in hearing;  
And love, in life's extremity,  
Can lend an hour of cheering.  
Disease had been in Mary's bower,  
And slow decay from mourning,  
Though now she sits on Neidpath's  
tower,  
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,  
Her form decay'd by pining,  
Till through her wasted hand, at night,  
You saw the taper shining;  
By fits, a sultry hectic hue  
Across her cheek was flying;  
By fits, so ashly pale she grew,  
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear,  
Seem'd in her frame residing;  
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear,  
She heard her lover's riding;  
Ere scarce a distant form was kenn'd,  
She knew, and waved to greet him;  
And o'er the battlement did bend,  
As on the wing to meet him.

He came — he pass'd — a heedless gaze,  
As o'er some stranger glancing;  
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,  
Lost in his courser's prancing —  
The castle arch, whose hollow tone  
Returns each whisper spoken,  
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan,  
Which told her heart was broken.

### REBECCA'S HYMN.

[From *Ivanhoe*.]

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
Out from the land of bondage came,  
Her fathers' God before her moved,  
An awful guide in smoke and flame.  
By day, along the astonish'd lands  
The clouded pillar glided slow;  
By night Arabia's crimson'd sands  
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,  
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen,  
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,  
With priest's and warrior's voice between.

No portents now our foes amaze,  
Forsaken Israel wanders lone:  
Our fathers would not know THY ways,  
And THOU hast left them to their  
own.

But present still, though now unseen !  
 When brightly shines the prosperous  
     day,  
 Be thoughts of THEE a cloudy screen  
 To temper the deceitful ray.  
 And oh, when stoops on Judah's path  
     In shade and storm the frequent  
     night,  
 Be THOU, long-suffering, slow to wrath,  
     A burning and a shining light !

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,  
 The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;  
 No censer round our altar beams,  
 And mute are timbrel, harp, and  
     horn.  
 But THOU hast said, The blood of goat,  
 The flesh of rams, I will not prize ;  
 A contrite heart, a humble thought,  
     Are mine accepted sacrifice.

#### SONG.—SOLDIER, WAKE.

[From *The Betrothed*.]

SOLDIER, wake — the day is peeping,  
 Honor ne'er was won in sleeping,  
 Never when the sunbeams still  
 Lay unreflected on the hill :  
 'Tis when they are glinted back  
 From axe and armor, spear and jack,  
 That they promise future story  
 Many a page of deathless glory.  
 Shields that are the foeman's terror,  
 Ever are the morning's mirror.

Arm and up — the morning beam  
 Hath call'd the rustic to his team,  
 Hath call'd the falc'ner to the lake,  
 Hath call'd the huntsman to the break ;  
 The early student ponders o'er  
 His dusty tomes of ancient lore.  
 Soldier, wake — thy harvest, fame ;  
 Thy study, conquest ; war, thy game.  
 Shield, that would be foeman's terror,  
 Still should gleam the morning's mirror.

Poor hire repays the rustic's pain ;  
 More paltry still the sportsman's gain ;  
 Vainest of all, the student's theme

Ends in some metaphysic dream :  
 Yet each is up, and each has toil'd  
 Since first the peep of dawn has smiled ;  
 And each is eagerer in his aim  
 Than he who barters life for fame.  
 Up, up, and arm thee, son of terror !  
 Be thy bright shield the morning's  
     mirror.

#### FAREWELL TO MACKENZIE,

HIGH CHIEF OF KINTAIL.

[From the *Gaelic*.]

[The original verses are arranged to a beautiful Gaelic air, of which the chorus is adapted to the double pull upon the oars of a galley, and which is therefore distinct from the ordinary jorrams, or boat-songs. They were composed by the Family Bard upon the departure of the Earl of Seaforth, who was obliged to take refuge in Spain, after an unsuccessful effort at insurrection in favor of the Stuart family, in the year 1718.]

FAREWELL to Mackenneth, great Earl  
     of the North,  
 The Lord of Lochcarron, Glenshiel,  
     and Seaforth ;  
 To the Chieftain this morning his course  
     who began,  
 Launching forth on the billows his bark  
     like a swan.  
 For a far foreign land he has hoisted  
     his sail :  
 Farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of  
     Kintail !

O swift be the galley, and hardy her  
     crew,  
 May her captain be skilful, her mari-  
     ners true,  
 In danger undaunted, unwearied by  
     toil,  
 Though the whirlwind should rise, and  
     the ocean should boil :  
 On the brave vessel's gunnel I drank  
     his bonail,<sup>1</sup>  
 And farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief  
     of Kintail !

<sup>1</sup> *Bonail*, or *Bonaises*, the old Scottish phrase for a feast at parting with a friend.

Awake in thy chamber, thou sweet  
southland gale!  
Like the sighs of his people, breathe  
soft on his sail:  
Be prolong'd as regret, that his vassals  
must know,  
Be fair as their faith, and sincere as  
their woe:  
Be so soft, and so fair, and so faithful,  
sweet gale,  
Wafting onward Mackenzie, High Chief  
of Kintail!

Be his pilot experienced, and trusty,  
and wise,  
To measure the seas and to study the  
skies:  
May he hoist all his canvas from streamer  
to deck,  
But O! crowd it higher when wafting  
him back—  
Till the cliffs of Skooroora, and Conan's  
glad vale,  
Shall welcome Mackenzie, High Chief  
of Kintail!

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## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

1772-1834.

[SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was born at Ottery Saint Mary in the year 1772, was educated at Christ's Hospital and Jesus College, Cambridge, and died in 1834, at Highgate, in the house of Mr. Gillman, under whose friendly care he had passed the last eighteen years of his life, during which years he wrote but little. His first volume of poems was published at Bristol in 1796, and in 1798, Wordsworth's famous volume of *Lyrical Ballads*, to which Coleridge contributed *The Ancient Mariner*, together with some other pieces. *Christabel*, after lying long in manuscript, was printed in 1816, three editions of it appearing in one year; and in the next year Coleridge published a collection of his chief poems, under the title of *Sibylline Leaves*, "in allusion," as he says, "to the fragmentary and wildly-scattered state in which they had been long suffered to remain." A desultory writer both in prose and verse, he published the first really collective edition of his *Poetical and Dramatic Works* in the year 1828, in three volumes arranged by himself; a third and more complete issue of which, arranged by another hand, appeared in 1834, the year of his death. The latest reprint, with notes and an excellent memoir, and some poems not included in any earlier collection, is founded on that final edition of 1834.]

### DEAD CALM IN THE TROPICS.

[*The Ancient Mariner.*]

THE fair breeze blew, the white foam  
flew,  
The furrow followed free;  
We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt  
down,  
'Twas sad as sad could be;  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,  
The bloody Sun, at noon,

Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, water, everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!  
That ever this should be!  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea.

*THE ANCIENT MARINER AMONG  
THE DEAD BODIES OF THE  
SAILORS.*

ALONE, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on the wide wide sea!  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful!  
And they all dead did lie:  
And a thousand thousand slimy things  
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,  
And drew my eyes away;  
I looked upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;  
But or ever a prayer had gusht,  
A wicked whisper came, and made  
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my eyes and kept them close,  
And the balls like pulses beat;  
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and  
the sky,  
Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,  
Nor rot nor reck did they:  
The look with which they looked on me  
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell  
A spirit from on high;  
But oh! more horrible than that  
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!  
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that  
curse,  
And yet I could not die.

*THE ANCIENT MARINER FINDS  
A VOICE TO BLESS AND PRAY.*

BEYOND the shadow of the ship,  
I watched the water-snakes:  
They moved in tracks of shining white,  
And when they reared, the elfish light  
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship  
I watched their rich attire:  
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
They coiled and swam; and every track  
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue  
Their beauty might declare:  
A spring of love gushed from my heart,  
And I blessed them unaware:  
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
And I blessed them unaware.

The selfsame moment I could pray;  
And from my neck so free  
The Albatross fell off, and sank  
Like lead into the sea.

*THE BREEZE AFTER THE CALM.*

OH sleep! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole!  
To Mary Queen the praise be given!  
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,  
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,  
That had so long remained,  
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;  
And when I woke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,  
My garments all were dank;  
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,  
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:  
I was so light — almost  
I thought that I had died in sleep,  
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:  
It did not come anear;  
But with its sound it shook the sails,  
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!  
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,  
To and fro they were hurried about!  
And to and fro, and in and out,  
The wan stars danced between,



And the coming wind did roar more loud,  
And the sails did sigh like sedge;  
And the rain poured down from one  
black cloud;  
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still  
The Moon was at its side:  
Like waters shot from some high crag,  
The lightning fell with never a jag,  
A river steep and wide.

---

*THE BEST PRAYER.*

He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

---

*FIRST PART OF CHRISTABEL.*

'Tis the middle of night by the castle  
clock,  
And the owls have awaken'd the crow-  
ing cock,  
Tu-whit! — Tu-whoo!  
And hark, again! the crowing cock,  
How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,  
Hath a toothless mastiff bitch;  
From her kennel beneath the rock  
She maketh answer to the clock,  
Four for the quarters, and twelve for  
the hour;  
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,  
Sixteen short howls, not over loud;  
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark?  
The night is chilly, but not dark.  
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,  
It covers but not hides the sky.  
The moon is behind, and at the full;  
And yet she looks both small and dull.  
The night is chill, the cloud is gray:  
'Tis a month before the month of May,  
And the Spring comes slowly up this  
way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,  
Whom her father loves so well,  
What makes her in the wood so late,  
A furlong from the castle gate?  
She had dreams all yesternight  
Of her own betrothed knight;  
Dreams that made her moan and leap  
As on her bed she lay in sleep;  
And she in the midnight wood will pray  
For the weal of her lover that's far  
away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,  
The sighs she heaved were soft and  
low,  
And naught was green upon the oak  
But moss and rarest mistletoe:  
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,  
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,  
The lovely lady, Christabel!  
It moaned as near as near can be,  
But what it is she cannot tell. —  
On the other side it seems to be  
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak  
tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;  
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?  
There is not wind enough in the air  
To move away the ringlet curl  
From the lovely lady's cheek —  
There is not wind enough to twirl  
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,  
That dances as often as dance it can,  
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,  
On the topmost twig that looks up at  
the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!  
Jesu Maria, shield her well!  
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,  
And stole to the other side of the oak.  
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,  
Drest in a silken robe of white,  
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:  
The neck that made that white robe  
wan,  
Her stately neck and arms were bare;

Her blue-vein'd feet unsandal'd were,  
And wildly glitter'd here and there  
The gems entangled in her hair.  
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see  
A lady so richly clad as she —  
Beautiful exceedingly!

"Mary mother, save me now!"  
(Said Christabel,) "And who art  
thou?"

The lady strange made answer meet,  
And her voice was faint and sweet: —  
"Have pity on my sore distress,  
I scarce can speak for weariness:  
Stretch forth thy hand, and have no  
fear!"

Said Christabel, "How camest thou  
here?"

And the lady, whose voice was faint  
and sweet,

Did thus pursue her answer meet: —  
"My sire is of a noble line,  
And my name is Geraldine:  
Five warriors seized me yesternorn,  
Me, even me, a maid forlorn:  
They choked my cries with force and  
fright,

And tied me on a palfrey white.  
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,  
And they rode furiously behind.  
They spurred amain, their steeds were  
white:

And once we cross'd the shade of night.  
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,  
I have no thought what men they be;  
Nor do I know how long it is  
(For I have lain entranced I wis)  
Since one, the tallest of the five,  
Took me from the palfrey's back,  
A weary woman, scarce alive.

Some mutter'd words his comrades  
spoke:

He placed me underneath this oak;  
He swore they would return with haste;  
Whither they went I cannot tell —  
I thought I heard, some minutes past,  
Sounds as of a castle bell.  
Stretch forth thy hand" (thus ended  
she),

"And help a wretched maid to flee."

Then Christabel stretch'd forth her hand  
And comforted fair Geraldine:

"O well, bright dame! may you com-  
mand

The service of Sir Leoline;  
And gladly our stout chivalry  
Will he send forth and friends withal  
To guide and guard you safe and free  
Home to your noble father's hall."

She rose: and forth with steps they  
pass'd

That strove to be, and were not, fast.  
Her gracious stars the lady blest,  
And thus spake on sweet Christabel:  
"All our household are at rest,  
The hall as silent as the cell;  
Sir Leoline is weak in health,  
And may not well awaken'd be,  
But we will move as if in stealth,  
And I beseech your courtesy,  
This night, to share your couch with  
me."

They cross'd the moat, and Christabel  
Took the key that fitted well;  
A little door she open'd straight,  
All in the middle of the gate;  
The gate that was iron'd within and  
without,

Where an army in battle array had  
march'd out.

The lady sank, belike through pain,  
And Christabel with might and main  
Lifted her up, a weary weight,  
Over the threshold of the gate:  
Then the lady rose again,  
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,  
They cross'd the court: right glad they  
were.

And Christabel devoutly cried  
To the lady by her side:  
"Praise we the Virgin all divine  
Who hath rescued thee from thy dis-  
tress!"

"Alas, alas!" said Geraldine,  
"I cannot speak for weariness."  
So free from danger, free from fear,  
They crossed the court: right glad  
they were.

Outside her kennel the mastiff old  
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.  
The mastiff old did not awake,  
Yet she an angry moan did make!  
And what can ail the mastiff bitch?  
Never till now she utter'd yell  
Beneath the eye of Christabel.  
Perhaps it is the owl's scritch:  
For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They pass'd the hall, that echoes still,  
Pass as lightly as you will!  
The brands were flat, the brands were  
dying,  
Amid their own white ashes lying;  
But when the lady pass'd, there came  
A tongue of light, a fit of flame;  
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,  
And nothing else saw she thereby,  
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leo-  
line tall,  
Which hung in a murky old niche in  
the wall.  
"O softly tread," said Christabel,  
"My father seldom sleepeth well."

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,  
And, jealous of the listening air,  
They steal their way from stair to stair,  
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,  
And now they pass the Baron's room,  
And still as death, with stifled breath!  
And now have reach'd her chamber  
door;  
And now doth Geraldine press down  
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,  
And not a moonbeam enters here.  
But they without its light can see  
The chamber carved so curiously,  
Carved with figures strange and sweet,  
All made out of the carver's brain,  
For a lady's chamber meet:  
The lamp with twofold silver chain  
Is fastened to an angel's feet.

The silver lamp burns dead and dim;  
But Christabel the lamp will trim.  
She trimm'd the lamp, and made it  
bright,  
And left it swinging to and fro,

While Geraldine, in wretched plight,  
Sank down upon the floor below.

"O weary lady, Geraldine,  
I pray you, drink this cordial wine!  
It is a wine of virtuous powers;  
My mother made it of wild flowers."

"And will your mother pity me,  
Who am a maiden most forlorn?"  
Christabel answered — "Woe is me!  
She died the hour that I was born.  
I have heard the gray-hair'd friar tell,  
How on her death-bed she did say,  
That she should hear the castle-bell  
Strike twelve upon my wedding-day.  
O mother dear! that thou wert here!"  
"I would," said Geraldine, "she were!"

But soon with altered voice, said she —  
"Off, wandering mother! Peak and  
pine!

I have power to bid thee flee."  
Alas! what ails poor Geraldine?  
Why stares she with unsettled eye?  
Can she the bodiless dead espy?  
And why with hollow voice cries she,  
"Off, woman, off! this hour is mine —  
Though thou her guardian spirit be,  
Off, woman, off! 'tis given to me."

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,  
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue —  
"Alas!" said she, "this ghastly ride —  
Dear lady! it hath wilder'd you!"  
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,  
And faintly said, "'Tis over now!"

Again the wild-flower wine she drank;  
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,  
And from the floor whereon she sank,  
The lofty lady stood upright:  
She was most beautiful to see,  
Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake:  
"All they who live in the upper sky,  
Do love you, holy Christabel!  
And you love them, and for their sake  
And for the good which me befell,  
Even I in my degree will try,  
Fair maiden, to requite you well,

But now unrobe yourself; for I  
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie."

Quoth Christabel, "So let it be!"  
And as the lady bade, did she.  
Her gentle limbs did she undress,  
And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and woe  
So many thoughts moved to and fro,  
That vain it were her lids to close;  
So half-way from the bed she rose,  
And on her elbow did recline  
To look at the lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bow'd,  
And slowly roll'd her eyes around;  
Then drawing in her breath aloud  
Like one that shudder'd, she unbound  
The cincture from beneath her breast:  
Her silken robe, and inner vest,  
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,  
Behold! her bosom and half her side —  
A sight to dream of, not to tell!  
O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs;  
Ah! what a stricken look was hers!  
Deep from within she seems half-way  
To lift some weight with sick assay,  
And eyes the maid and seeks delay;  
Then suddenly, as one defied,  
Collects herself in scorn and pride,  
And lay down by the maiden's side! —  
And in her arms the maid she took,  
Ah well-a-day!

And with low voice and doleful look  
These words did say:  
"In the touch of this bosom there  
worketh a spell,  
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!  
Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know  
to-morrow,  
This mark of my shame, this seal of my  
sorrow;  
But vainly thou warrest,  
For this is alone in  
Thy power to declare,  
That in the dim forest  
Thou heard'st a low moaning,

And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly  
fair;  
And didst bring her home with thee in  
love and in charity,  
To shield her and shelter her from the  
damp air.

### SEVERED FRIENDSHIP.

[*Christabel*, Part II.]

ALAS! they had been friends in youth;  
But whispering tongues can poison truth;  
And constancy lives in realms above;  
And life is thorn; and youth is vain;  
And to be wroth with one we love,  
Doth work like madness in the brain.  
And thus it chanced, as I divine,  
With Roland and Sir Leoline.  
Each spake words of high disdain  
And insult to his heart's best brother:  
They parted — ne'er to meet again!  
But never either found another  
To free the hollow heart from paining —  
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;  
A dreary sea now flows between; —  
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
The marks of that which once hath been

### YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,  
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee —  
Both were mine! Life went a-maying  
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,  
When I was young!  
When I was young? — Ah, woeful when!  
Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and  
Then!  
This breathing house not built with  
hands,  
This body that does me grievous wrong,  
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,  
How lightly then it flashed along: —  
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore  
On winding lakes and rivers wide,  
That ask no aid of sail or oar,  
That fear no spite of wind or tide!

Nought cared this body for wind or  
weather,  
When Youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely; love is flower-like;  
Friendship is a sheltering tree;  
O! the joys that came down shower-like  
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,  
Ere I was old!

Ere I was old? Ah woeful ere,  
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!  
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,  
Tis known that thou and I were one;  
I'll think it but a fond conceit —  
It cannot be that thou art gone!  
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled:  
And thou wert aye a masker bold!  
What strange disguise hast now put on,  
To make believe that thou art gone?  
I see these locks in silvery slips,  
This drooping gait, this altered size:  
But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,  
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!  
Life is but thought: so think I will  
That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,  
But the tears of mournful eve!  
Where no hope is, life's a warning  
That only serves to make us grieve,  
When we are old:  
That only serves to make us grieve  
With oft and tedious taking leave,  
Like some poor nigh-related guest,  
That may not rudely be dismissed,  
Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,  
And tells the jest without the smile.

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*HYMN BEFORE SUN-RISE, IN  
THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.*

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning  
star.  
In his steep course? So long he seems  
to pause  
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!  
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base  
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful  
Form!  
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,  
How silently! Around thee and above

Deep is the air, and dark, substantial,  
black,

An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it  
As with a wedge! But when I look  
again,

It is thine own calm home, thy crystal  
shrine,

Thy habitation from eternity!

O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon  
thee,

Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,  
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced  
in prayer

I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,  
So sweet, we know not we are listening  
to it,

Thou, the meanwhile, wert blending  
with my thought,

Yea, with my life and life's own secret  
joy,

Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,  
Into mighty vision passing — there,  
As in her natural form, swelled vast to  
Heaven!

Awake my soul! not only passive  
praise

Thou owest! not alone these swelling  
tears,

Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,  
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart,  
awake!

Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my  
Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the  
Vale!

Oh, struggling with the darkness all the  
night,

And visited all night by troops of stars,  
Or when they climb the sky, or when they  
sink:

Companion of the morning star at dawn,  
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the  
dawn

Co-herald: wake, oh wake, and utter  
praise!

Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in  
earth?

Who filled thy countenance with rosy  
light?

Who made thee parent of perpetual  
streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!  
 Who called you forth from night and utter death,  
 From dark and icy caverns called you forth,  
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,  
 For ever shattered and the same for ever?  
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,  
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,  
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?  
 And who commanded (and the silence came),  
 Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?  
 Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow  
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain —  
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,  
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!  
 Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!  
 Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven  
 Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun  
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers  
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet? —  
 God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,  
 Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!  
 God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!  
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!  
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,  
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!  
 Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!  
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!  
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!

Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!  
 Ye signs and wonders of the element!  
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!  
 Thou, too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks;  
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,  
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,  
 Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast —  
 Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou  
 That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low  
 In adoration, upward from thy base  
 Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,  
 Solemnly seemest like a vapory cloud  
 To rise before me. — Rise, oh, ever rise,  
 Rise like a cloud of incense from the Earth!  
 Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,  
 Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,  
 Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,  
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,  
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

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#### DOMESTIC PEACE.

TELL me, on what holy ground  
 May Domestic Peace be found?  
 Halcyon Daughter of the skies,  
 Far on fearful wings she flies,  
 From the pomp of sceptred state,  
 From the rebel's noisy hate.  
 In a cottaged vale she dwells,  
 Listening to the Sabbath bells!  
 Still around her steps are seen  
 Spotless Honor's meeker mien,  
 Love, the sire of pleasing fears,  
 Sorrow smiling through her tears,  
 And, conscious of the past employ,  
 Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

## GENEVIEVE.

MAID of my love, sweet Genevieve!  
 In beauty's light you glide along:  
 Your eye is like the star of eve,  
 And sweet your voice as seraph's song.  
 Yet not your heavenly beauty gives  
 This heart with passion soft to glow:  
 Within your soul a voice there lives!  
 It bids you hear the tale of woe:  
 When sinking low, the sufferer wan  
 Beholds no hand outstretched to save,  
 Fair as the bosom of the swan  
 That rises graceful o'er the wave,  
 I've seen your breast with pity heave,  
 And therefore love I you, sweet Genevieve!

## A DAY-DREAM.

MY eyes make pictures when they're  
 shut:—

I see a fountain large and fair,  
 A willow and a ruined hut,  
 And thee, and me, and Mary there.  
 O Mary! make thy gentle lap our pillow!

Bend o'er us like a bower, my beautiful  
 green willow!

A wild rose roofs the ruined shed,  
 And that and summer will agree;  
 And lo! where Mary leans her head  
 Two dear names carved upon the tree!  
 And Mary's tears, they are not tears of  
 sorrow:  
 Our sister and our friends will both be  
 here to-morrow.

'Twas day! But now, few, large, and  
 bright,

The stars are round the crescent moon!  
 And now it is a dark, warm night,  
 The balmiest of the month of June.  
 A glow-worm fallen, and on the marge  
 remounting  
 Shines, and its shadow shines, fit stars  
 for our sweet fountain!

Oh, ever, ever be thou blest!

For dearly, Nora, love I thee!  
 This brooding warmth across my breast,

This depth of tranquil bliss—ah, me!  
 Fount, tree, and shed are gone—I know  
 not whither;  
 But in one quiet room, we three are still  
 together.

The shadows dance upon the wall,  
 By the still-dancing fire-flames made;  
 And now they slumber, moveless all!  
 And now they melt to one deep shade!  
 But not from me shall this mild darkness  
 steal thee:  
 I dream thee with mine eyes, and at my  
 heart I feel thee.

Thine eyelash on my cheek doth play;  
 'Tis Mary's hand upon my brow!  
 But let me check this tender lay,  
 Which none may hear but she and  
 thou!  
 Like the still hive at quiet midnight  
 humming,  
 Murmur it to yourselves, ye two beloved  
 women!

## THE HAPPY HUSBAND.

OFT, oft methinks, the while with thee  
 I breath, as from the heart, thy dear  
 And dedicated name, I hear  
 A promise and a mystery,  
 A pledge of more than passing life,  
 Yea, in that very name of wife!

A pulse of love, that ne'er can sleep!  
 A feeling that upbraids the heart  
 With happiness beyond desert,  
 That gladness half requests to weep!  
 Nor bless I not the keener sense  
 And unalarming turbulence

Of transient joys that ask no sting  
 From jealous fears, or coy denying;  
 But born beneath love's brooding wing  
 And into tenderness soon dying,  
 Wheel out their giddy moment, then  
 Resign the soul to love again.

A more precipitated vein  
 Of notes, that eddy in the flow  
 Of smoothest song, they come, they go  
 And leave their sweeter under-strain  
 Its own sweet self — a love of thee  
 That seems, yet cannot greater be !

*KUBLA KHAN; OR, A VISION IN  
 A DREAM.*

A FRAGMENT.

[In the summer of the year 1797, the author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farmhouse between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effect of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in "Purchas's Pilgrimage": — "Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto: and thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall." The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but, alas! without the after restoration of the latter.

Then all the charm  
 Is broken — all that phantom-world so fair  
 Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,  
 And each mis-shape the other. Stay awhile,  
 Poor youth! who scarcely dar'st lift up thine  
 eyes —

The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon  
 The visions will return! And lo! he stays,  
 And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms  
 Come trembling back, unite, and now once more  
 The pool becomes a mirror.

Yet, from the still-surviving recollections in his mind, the author has frequently purposed to finish for himself what had been originally, as it were, given to him. Ἀδριον ἄδριον ἄσω: but the to-morrow is yet to come.]

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
 A stately pleasure-dome decree:  
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
 Through caverns measureless to man  
 Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground  
 With walls and towers were girdled  
 round:  
 And there were gardens bright with  
 sinuous rills  
 Where blossomed many an incense-bearing  
 tree;  
 And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which  
 slanted  
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn  
 cover!

A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was  
 haunted

By woman wailing for her demon-lover!  
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless  
 turmoil seething,

As if this earth in fast thick pants were  
 breathing,

A mighty fountain momentarily was forced;  
 Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding  
 hail,

Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's  
 flail:

And 'mid these dancing rocks at once  
 and ever

It flung up momentarily the sacred river.  
 Five miles meandering with a mazy  
 motion

Through wood and dale the sacred river  
 ran,

Then reached the caverns measureless  
 to man,

And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:  
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from  
 far

Ancestral voices prophesying war!



The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
 Floated midway on the waves;

Where was heard the mingled measure  
 From the fountain and the caves,

It was a miracle of rare device,  
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer  
 In a vision once I saw:  
 It was an Abyssinian maid,  
 And on her dulcimer she played,  
 Singing of Mount Abora.  
 Could I revive within me  
 Her symphony and song,  
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me,

That with music loud and long,  
 I would build that dome in air,  
 That sunny dome! those caves of ice!

And all who heard should see them there,

And all should cry, Beware! Beware!  
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair!  
 Weave a circle round him thrice,  
 And close your eyes with holy dread,  
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

### TIME, REAL AND IMAGINARY.

#### AN ALLEGORY.

ON the wide level of a mountain's head,  
 (I knew not where, but 'twas some  
 faery place)

Their pinions, ostrich-like, for sails outspread,

Two lovely children run an endless race,  
 A sister and a brother!

That far outstripped the other;  
 Yet ever runs she with reverted face,  
 And looks and listens for the boy behind:

For he, alas! is blind!

O'er rough and smooth with even step  
 he passed,  
 And knows not whether he be first or last.

### LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
 All are but ministers of Love,  
 And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I  
 Live o'er again that happy hour,  
 When midway on the mount I lay,  
 Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,  
 Had blended with the lights of eve;  
 And she was there, my hope, my joy,  
 My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man,  
 The statue of the armed knight;  
 She stood and listened to my lay,  
 Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,  
 My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!  
 She loves me best, whene'er I sing  
 The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,  
 I sang an old and moving story —  
 An old rude song, that suited well  
 That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,  
 With downcast eyes and modest grace;  
 For well she knew, I could not choose  
 But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore  
 Upon his shield a burning brand;  
 And that for ten long years he wooed  
 The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined; and ah!  
 The deep, the low, the pleading tone  
 With which I sang another's love,  
 Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,  
 With downcast eyes, and modest grace;  
 And she forgave me, that I gazed  
 Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn  
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,  
And that he crossed the mountain-  
woods,  
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,  
And sometimes from the darksome  
shade,  
And sometimes starting up at once  
In green and sunny glade, —

There came and looked him in the face  
An angel beautiful and bright;  
And that he knew it was a Fiend,  
This miserable Knight!

And that unknowing what he did,  
He leaped amid a murderous band,  
And saved from outrage worse than  
death  
The Lady of the Land; —

And how she wept, and clasped his  
knees;  
And how she tended him in vain —  
And ever strove to expiate  
The scorn that crazed his brain; —

And that she nursed him in a cave;  
And how his madness went away,  
When on the yellow forest leaves  
A dying man he lay; —

His dying words — but when I reached  
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,  
My faltering voice and pausing harp  
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense  
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;  
The music, and the doleful tale,  
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,  
An undistinguishable throng,  
And gentle wishes, long subdued,  
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,  
She blushed with love, and virgin  
shame;

And like the murmur of a dream,  
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved — she stepped aside,  
As conscious of my look she stepped —  
Then suddenly, with timorous eye  
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,  
She pressed me with a meek embrace;  
And bending back her head, looked up,  
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,  
And partly 'twas a bashful art,  
That I might rather feel, than see,  
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,  
And told her love with virgin-pride;  
And so I won my Genevieve,  
My bright and beauteous Bride.

---

SONNET.

As when far off the warbled strains are  
heard,  
That soar on Morning's wing the vales  
among,  
Within his cage the imprisoned matin  
bird  
Swells the full chorus with a generous  
song:  
He bathes no pinion in the dewy light,  
No father's joy, no lover's bliss he  
shares,  
Yet still the rising radiance cheers his  
sight;  
His fellows' freedom soothes the cap-  
tive's cares!  
Thou, Fayette! who didst wake with  
startling voice  
Life's better sun from that long wintry  
night,  
Thus in thy country's triumphs shalt re-  
joice,  
And mock with raptures high the dun-  
geon's might:  
For lo! the morning struggles into day,  
And Slavery's spectres shriek and van-  
ish from the ray!

## THE EOLIAN HARP.

[Composed at Clevedon, Somersetshire.]

My pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclined  
 Thus on mine arm, most soothing sweet it is  
 To sit beside our cot, our cot o'ergrown  
 With white-flowered jasmin, and the broad-leaved myrtle,  
 (Meet emblems they of Innocence and Love!)

And watch the clouds, that late were rich with light,  
 Slow saddening round, and mark the star of eve  
 Serenely brilliant (such should wisdom be)  
 Shine opposite! How exquisite the scents  
 Snatched from yon bean-field! and the world so hushed!

The stilly murmur o' the distant sea  
 Tells us of silence. And that simplest lute,  
 Placed length-ways in the clasping casement, hark!  
 How by the desultory breeze caressed,  
 Like some coy maid half-yielding to her lover,  
 It pours such sweet upbraiding, as must needs  
 Tempt to repeat the wrong! and now, its strings  
 Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes  
 Over delicious surges sink and rise,  
 Such a soft floating witchery of sound  
 As twilight Elfin's make, when they at eve  
 Voyage on gentle gales from Fairy-Land,  
 Where melodies round honey-dropping flowers,  
 Footless and wild, like birds of Paradise,  
 Nor pause, nor perch, hovering on untamed wing!

O! the one life, within us and abroad,  
 Which meets all motion, and becomes its soul,

A light in sound, a sound-like power in light,  
 Rhythm in all thought, and joyance everywhere.  
 Methinks, it should have been impossible  
 Not to love all things in a world so filled,  
 Where the breeze warbles and the mute still air  
 Is Music slumbering on her instrument!  
 And thus, my love! as on the mid-way slope  
 Of yonder hill I stretch my limbs at noon,  
 Whilst through my half-closed eyelids I behold  
 The sunbeams dance, like diamonds, on the main,  
 And tranquil muse upon tranquillity;  
 Full many a thought uncalled and undetained,  
 And many idle flitting phantasies,  
 Traverse my indolent and passive brain,  
 As wild and various as the random gales  
 That swell and flutter on this subject lute!

And what if all of animated nature  
 Be but organic harps diversely framed,  
 That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps  
 Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,  
 At once the Soul of each, and God of all?

But thy more serious eye a mild reproof  
 Darts, O beloved woman! nor such thoughts  
 Dim and unhallowed dost thou not reject,  
 And biddest me walk humbly with my God.  
 Meek daughter in the family of Christ!  
 Well hast thou said and holily dispraised  
 These shapings of the unregenerate mind,  
 Bubbles that glitter as they rise and break

On vain Philosophy's aye-babbling  
spring.  
For never guiltless may I speak of Him,  
The Incomprehensible! save when  
with awe  
I praise Him, and with faith that inly  
feels;

Who with His saving mercies healed  
me,  
A sinful and most miserable man,  
Wildered and dark, and gave me to pos-  
sess  
Peace, and this cot, and thee, heart-  
honored Maid!



## ROBERT TANNAHILL.

1774-1810.

[A LYRICAL poet whose songs rival all but the best of Burns in popularity. Born at Paisley, June 3, 1774. His education was limited, but he was a diligent student and reader. He followed the trade of a weaver in his native town till his twenty-sixth year, when he removed to Lancashire, where he remained for two years, until the declining state of his father's health induced him to return. In 1807 he published a volume of poems and songs, the first edition of which sold in a few weeks, and became immensely popular with all classes of his countrymen. He afterwards fell into a state of morbid despondency, aggravated by bodily weakness, which at length resulted in mental derangement, and he committed suicide by drowning, May 17, 1810.]

### THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

LET us go, lassie, go,  
To the braes o' Balquhither,  
Where the blae-berries grow  
'Mang the bonnie Highland heather;  
Where the deer and the roe,  
Lightly bounding together,  
Sport the lang summer day  
On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower  
By the clear siller fountain,  
And I'll cover it o'er  
Wi' the flowers of the mountain;  
I will range through the wilds,  
And the deep glens sae drearier,  
And return wi' the spoils  
To the bower o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'  
Idly raves round our dwelling,  
And the roar of the linn  
On the night breeze is swelling,  
So merrily we'll sing,  
As the storm rattles o'er us,  
Till the dear shieling ring  
Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer's in prime  
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,  
And the wild mountain thyme  
A' the moorlands perfuming:  
To our dear native scenes  
Let us journey together,  
Where glad innocence reigns  
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

### THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty  
Benlomond,  
And left the red clouds to preside o'er  
the scene,  
While lanely I stray in the calm summer  
gloamin,  
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower  
o' Dumblane.  
How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauldin'  
blossom!  
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle  
o' green;  
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this  
bosom,

Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o'  
Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's  
bonnie;

For guileless simplicity marks her its  
ain:

And far be the villain, divested of feeling,  
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet  
flower o' Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to  
the e'ening;

Thou't dear to the echoes of Calder-  
wood glen:

Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and  
winning,

Is charming young Jessie, the flower  
o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi'  
my Jessie!

The sports o' the city seem'd foolish  
and vain;

I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my  
dear lassie,

Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the  
flower o' Dumblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest  
grandeur, [pain,

Amidst its profusion I'd languish in  
And reckon as naething the height o'  
its splendor,

If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o'  
Dumblane.

### THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.

THE midges dance aboon the burn;

The dews begin to fa';

The pairtricks down the rushy holm  
Set up their e'ening ca'.

Now loud and clear the blackbird's  
sang

Rings through the briery shaw,

While flitting gay the swallows play  
Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloamin' sky

The mavis mends her lay;

The redbreast pours his sweetest strains,

To charm the ling'ring day;

While weary yaldrins seem to wail

Their little nestlings torn,

The merry wren, frae den to den,

Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,

The foxglove shuts its bell;

The honeysuckle and the birk

Spread fragrance through the dell.

Let others crowd the giddy court

Of mirth and revelry,

The simple joys that Nature yields

Are dearer far to me.

## MRS. MARY TIGHE.

1774-1810.

[THE daughter of William Blatchford of the county of Wicklow, Ireland. Her history is but little known to the public. Mrs. Tighe is chiefly known by her poem of *Psyche* in six cantos, founded on the classic fable of Apuleius, of the lives of Cupid and Psyche, or the allegory of Love and the Soul. Some of her minor pieces are also scarcely exceeded for beauty and pathos by anything of the kind in the language.]

### PSYCHE GAZING ON CUPID.

[From *The Marriage of Cupid and Psyche*.]

ALLOW'D to settle on celestial eyes,  
Soft sleep, exulting, now exerts his  
sway,

From Psyche's anxious pillow gladly  
flies

To veil those orbs, whose pure and lam-  
bent ray

The powers of heaven submissively  
obey.

Trembling and breathless then she  
softly rose,

And seized the lamp, where it ob-  
scurely lay,

With hand too rashly daring to disclose  
The sacred veil which hung mysterious  
o'er her woes.

Twice, as with agitated step she went,  
The lamp expiring shone with doubtful  
gleam,  
As though it warn'd her from her rash  
intent:  
And twice she paused, and on its trem-  
bling beam  
Gazed with suspended breath, while  
voices seem  
With murmuring sound along the roof  
to sigh;  
As one just waking from a troublous  
dream,  
With palpitating heart and straining eye,  
Still fix'd with fear remains, still thinks  
the danger nigh.

Oh, daring Muse! wilt thou indeed  
essay  
To paint the wonders which that lamp  
could show?  
And canst thou hope in living words to  
say  
The dazzling glories of that heavenly  
view?  
Ah! well I ween, that if with pencil true  
That splendid vision could be well ex-  
press'd,  
The fearful awe imprudent Psyche knew  
Would seize with rapture every wonder-  
ing breast,  
When Love's all-potent charms divinely  
stood confess'd.

All imperceptible to human touch,  
His wings display celestial essence  
light;  
The clear effulgence of the blaze is  
such,  
The brilliant plumage shines so heav-  
enly bright,  
That mortal eyes turn dazzled from the  
sight;  
A youth he seems, in manhood's fresh-  
est years;  
Round his fair neck, as clinging with  
delight,  
Each golden curl resplendently appears,

Or shades his darker brow, which **grace**  
majestic wears:

Or o'er his guileless front the ringlets  
bright  
Their rays of sunny lustre seem to  
throw,  
That front than polished ivory more  
white!  
His blooming cheeks with deeper  
blushes glow  
Than roses scatter'd o'er a bed of snow:  
While on his lips, distill'd in balmy dews  
(Those lips divine, that even in silence  
know  
The heart to touch), persuasion to in-  
fuse,  
Still hangs a rosy charm that never  
vainly sues.

The friendly curtain of indulgent sleep  
Disclosed not yet his eyes' resistless sway,  
But from their silky veil there seem'd  
to peep  
Some brilliant glances with a softened  
ray,  
Which o'er his features exquisitely play,  
And all his polish'd limbs suffuse with  
light.  
Thus through some narrow space the  
azure day,  
Sudden its cheerful rays diffusing bright,  
Wide darts its lucid beams, to gild the  
brow of night.

His fatal arrows and celestial bow  
Beside the couch were negligently  
thrown,  
Nor needs the god his dazzling arms to  
show  
His glorious birth; such beauty round  
him shone  
As sure could spring from Beauty's self  
alone;  
The bloom which glow'd o'er all of  
soft desire  
Could well proclaim him Beauty's cher-  
ish'd son:  
And Beauty's self will oft those charms  
admire,  
And steal his witching smile, his glance's  
living fire.

Speechless with awe, in transport  
strangely lost,

Long Psyche stood with fix'd adoring  
eye;

Her limbs immovable, her senses toss'd  
Between amazement, fear, and ecstasy,  
She hangs enamor'd o'er the deity.

Till from her trembling hand extin-  
guish'd falls

The fatal lamp — he starts — and sud-  
denly

Tremendous thunders echo through the  
halls,

While ruin's hideous crash bursts o'er  
th' affrighted walls.

Dread horror seizes on her sinking  
heart,

A mortal chillness shudders at her  
breast,

Her soul shrinks fainting from death's  
icy dart,

The groan scarce utter'd dies but half  
express'd,

And down she sinks in deadly swoon  
oppress'd;

But when at length, awaking from her  
trance,

The terrors of her fate stand all con-  
fess'd,

In vain she casts around her timid  
glance;

The rudely frowning scenes her former  
joys enhance.

No traces of those joys, alas, remain!

A desert solitude alone appears;  
No verdant shade relieves the sandy

plain,

The wide-spread waste no gentle foun-  
tain cheers;

One barren face the dreary prospect  
wears;

Nought through the vast horizon meets  
her eye

To calm the dismal tumult of her fears;  
No trace of human habitation nigh:

A sandy wild beneath, above a threat-  
ening sky.

### THE LILY.

How withered, perish'd seems the form  
Of yon obscure unsightly root!

Yet from the blight of wintry storm,  
It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,  
No beauty in the scaly folds,

Nor see within the dark embrace  
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,  
The lily wraps her silver vest,

Till vernal suns and vernal gales  
Shall kiss once more her fragrant  
breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap  
The undelighting slighted thing;

There in the cold earth buried deep,  
In silence let it wait the spring.

Oh! many a stormy night shall close  
In gloom upon the barren earth,

While still, in undisturbed repose,  
Uninjured lies the future birth;

And Ignorance with sceptic eye,  
Hope's patient smile shall wonder-  
ing view:

Or mock her fond credulity,  
As her soft tears the spot bedew.

Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear!

The sun, the shower indeed shall  
come;

The promis'd verdant shoot appear,  
And nature bid her blossoms bloom.

And thou, O virgin queen of spring!

Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,  
Bursting thy green sheath's silken  
string,

Unveil thy charms and perfume shed;

Unfold thy robes of purest white,

Unsullied from their darksome grave,  
And thy soft petals' silvery light

In the mild breeze unfettered wave.

So Faith shall seek the lowly dust  
Where humble Sorrow loves to lie,  
And bid her thus her hopes intrust,  
And watch with patient, cheerful eye;

And bear the long, cold wintry night,  
And bear her own degraded doom;  
And wait till Heaven's reviving light,  
Eternal spring! shall burst the gloom.

## ROBERT SOUTHEY.

1774-1843.

[ROBERT SOUTHEY was born at Bristol on Aug. 12, 1774. He was educated at Westminster School and at Balliol College, Oxford; and after some years of wandering and unsettlement he went to live, in 1803, at Greta Hall, near Keswick, which remained his home till his death in 1843. In 1813 he was made poet laureate. Besides his countless prose works, his volumes of verse were very numerous; the chief of them are:—*Poems by Robert Lovell and Robert Southey, of Balliol College, Oxford*, 2 vols., 1795-9; *Joan of Arc*, 1796; *Poems*, 1797; *Thalaba the Destroyer*, 1801; *Madoc*, 1805; *Metrical Tales and other Poems*, 1805; *The Curse of Kehama*, 1810; *Roderick, the last of the Goths*, 1814; *A Vision of Judgment*, 1821.]

### FROM "RODERICK."

[The King is in disguise on his final mission to exterminate the Moors.]

ON foot they came,  
Chieftains and men alike; the Oaken  
Cross,  
Triumphant borne on high, precedes  
their march,  
And broad and bright the argent banner  
shone.  
Roderick, who dealing death from side  
to side,  
Had through the Moorish army now  
made way,  
Beheld it flash, and judging well what  
aid  
Approach'd, with sudden impulse that  
way rode,  
To tell of what had pass'd, . . . lest in  
the strife  
They should engage with Julian's men,  
and mar  
The mighty consummation. One ran  
on  
To meet him fleet of foot, and having  
given  
His tale to this swift messenger, the  
Goth  
Halted awhile to let Orelia breathe.

Siverian, quoth Pelayo, if mine eyes  
Deceive me not, yon horse, whose reeking  
sides  
Are red with slaughter, is the same on  
whom  
The Apostate Orpas in his vauntery  
Wont to parade the streets of Cordoba.  
But thou shouldst know him best; regard  
him well:  
Is't not Orelia?  
Either it is he,  
The old man replied, or one so like to  
him,  
Whom all thought matchless, that similitude  
Would be the greater wonder. But  
behold,  
What man is he who in that disarray  
Doth with such power and majesty bestride  
The noble steed, as if he felt himself  
In his own proper seat? Look how he  
leans  
To cherish him; and how the gallant  
horse  
Curves up his stately neck, and bends  
his head,  
As if again to court that gentle touch.  
And answer to the voice which praises  
him.



Can it be Maccabee? rejoin'd the King,  
 Or are the secret wishes of my soul  
 Indeed fulfill'd, and hath the grave  
     given up  
 Its dead? . . . So saying, on the old  
     man he turn'd  
 Eyes full of wide astonishment, which  
     told  
 The incipient thought that for incredible  
 He spake no farther. But enough had  
     past;  
 For old Siverian started at the words  
 Like one who sees a spectre, and ex-  
     claim'd,  
 Blind that I was to know him not till  
     now!  
 My Master, O my Master!  
     He meantime  
 With easy pace moved on to meet their  
     march.  
 King, to Pelayo he began, this day  
 By means scarce less than miracle, thy  
     throne  
 Is stablish'd, and the wrongs of Spain  
     revenged.  
 Orpas the accursed, upon yonder field  
 Lies ready for the ravens. By the  
     Moors  
 Treacherously slain, Count Julian will  
     be found  
 Before Saint Peter's altar; unto him  
 Grace was vouchsafed; and by that  
     holy power  
 Which at Visonia from the Primate's  
     hand  
 Of his own proper act to me was given,  
 Unworthy as I am, . . . yet sure I think  
 Not without mystery, as the event hath  
     shown, . . .  
 Did I accept Count Julian's penitence,  
 And reconcile the dying man to Heaven.  
 Beside him hath his daughter fallen  
     asleep;  
 Deal honorably with his remains, and  
     let  
 One grave with Christian rites receive  
     them both.  
 Is it not written that as falls the Tree  
 So it shall lie?  
     In this and all things else,  
 Pelayo answered, looking wistfully

Upon the Goth, thy pleasure shall be  
     done.  
 Then Roderick saw that he was known  
     and turn'd  
 His head away in silence. But the old  
     man  
 Laid hold upon his bridle, and look'd  
     up  
 In his master's face, weeping and si-  
     lently.  
 Thereat the Goth with fervent pressure  
     took  
 His hand, and bending down toward  
     him, said,  
 My good Siverian, go not thou this day  
 To war! I charge thee keep thyself  
     from harm!  
 Thou art past the age for battles, and  
     with whom  
 Hereafter should thy mistress talk o'  
     me  
 If thou wert gone? . . . Thou seest!  
     I am unarm'd;  
 Thus disarray'd as thou beholdest me,  
 Clean through yon miscreant army have  
     I cut  
 My way unhurt; but being once by  
     Heaven  
 Preserved, I would not perish with the  
     guilt  
 Of having wilfully provoked my death.  
 Give me thy helmet and thy cuirass! . . .  
     nay, . . .  
 Thou wert not wont to let me ask in  
     vain,  
 Nor to gainsay me when my will was  
     known!  
 To thee methinks I should be still the  
     King. . . .

O who could tell what deeds were  
     wrought that day,  
 Or who endure to hear the tale of rage,  
 Hatred, and madness, and despair, and  
     fear,  
 Horror, and wounds, and agony, and  
     death,  
 The cries, the blasphemies, the shrieks,  
     and groans,  
 And prayers, which mingled with the  
     din of arms  
 In one wild uproar of terrific sounds;

While over all predominant was heard,  
 Reiterate from the conquerors o'er the  
     field,  
 Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Vic-  
     tory!  
 Roderick and Vengeance! . . .

The evening darken'd, but the aveng-  
     ing sword  
 Turned not away its edge till night had  
     closed  
 Upon the field of blood. The Chief-  
     tains then  
 Blew the recall, and from their perfect  
     work  
 Return'd rejoicing, all but he for whom  
 All look'd with most expectance. He  
     full sure  
 Had thought upon that field to find his  
     end  
 Desired, and with Florinda in the grave  
 Rest, in indissoluble union joined.  
 But still where through the press of war  
     he went  
 Half-arm'd, and like a lover seeking  
     death,  
 The arrows past him by to right and  
     left,  
 The spear-point pierced him not, the  
     scymitar  
 Glanced from his helmet; he, when he  
     beheld  
 The rout complete, saw that the shield  
     of Heaven  
 Had been extended over him once  
     more,  
 And bowed before its will. Upon the  
     banks  
 Of Sella was Orelia found, his legs  
 And flanks incarnadined, his poitral  
     smeared  
 With froth and foam and gore, his sil-  
     ver mane  
 Sprinkled with blood, which hung on  
     every hair,  
 Aspersed like dewdrops; trembling  
     there he stood  
 From the toil of battle, and at times  
     sent forth  
 His tremulous voice far echoing loud  
     and shrill,

A frequent anxious cry, with which he  
     seem'd  
 To call the master whom he loved so  
     well,  
 And who had thus again forsaken him.  
 Siverian's helm and cuirass on the grass  
 Lay near; and Julian's sword, its hilt  
     and chain  
 Clotted with blood; but where was he  
     whose hand  
 Had wielded it so well that glorious  
     day? . . .

Days, months, and years, and gener-  
     ations pass'd,  
 And centuries held their course, before,  
     far off  
 Within a hermitage near Viseu's walls  
 A humble tomb was found, which bore  
     inscribed  
 In ancient characters King Roderick's  
     name.

---

FROM "THALABA."

HE found a Woman in the cave,  
     A solitary Woman,  
     Who by the fire was spinning,  
     And singing as she spun.  
 The pine boughs were cheerfully blaz-  
     ing,  
 And her face was bright with the flame;  
     Her face was as a Damsel's face,  
     And yet her hair was gray.  
 She bade him welcome with a smile,  
     And still continued spinning,  
     And singing as she spun. . . .  
 The thread she spun it gleam'd like  
     gold  
 In the light of the odorous fire,  
 Yet 'twas it so wonderfully thin,  
 That, save when it shone in the light,  
 You might look for it closely in vain.  
 The youth sat watching it,  
 And she observed his wonder,  
 And then again she spake,  
 And still her speech was song;  
 "Now twine it round thy hands I say,  
 Now twine it round thy hands I pray;  
 My thread is small, my thread is fine,

But he must be  
A stronger than thee,  
Who can break this thread of mine ! ”

And up she raised her bright blue eyes,  
And sweetly she smiled on him,  
And he conceived no ill;  
And round and round his right hand,  
And round and round his left,  
He wound the thread so fine.  
And then again the Woman spake,  
And still her speech was song,  
“ Now thy strength, O Stranger, strain !  
Now then break the slender chain.”

Thalaba strove, but the thread  
By magic hands was spun,  
And in his cheek the flush of shame  
Arose, commixt with fear.  
She beheld and laugh'd at him,  
And then again she sung,  
“ My thread is small, my thread is fine,  
But he must be  
A stronger than thee,  
Who can break this thread of mine ! ”

And up she raised her bright blue eyes,  
And fiercely she smiled on him :  
“ I thank thee, I thank thee, Hodei-  
rah's son !  
I thank thee for doing what can't be  
undone,  
For binding thyself in the chain I have  
spun ! ”

Then from his head she wrench'd  
A lock of his raven hair,  
And cast it in the fire,  
And cried aloud as it burnt,  
“ Sister ! Sister ! hear my voice !  
“ Sister ! Sister ! come and rejoice !  
The thread is spun,  
The prize is won,  
The work is done,  
For I have made captive Hodeirah's  
Son.”

---

FROM “KEHAMA.”

O FORCE of faith ! O strength of virtu-  
ous will !  
Behold him in his endless martyr-  
dom,

Triumphant still !  
The Curse still burning in his heart and  
brain,  
And yet doth he remain  
Patient the while, and tranquil, and con-  
tent !  
The pious soul hath framed unto itself  
A second nature, to exist in pain  
As in its own allotted element.

Such strength the will reveal'd had  
given  
This holy pair, such influxes of grace,  
That to their solitary resting place  
They brought the peace of Heaven.  
Yea, all around was hallow'd ! Danger,  
Fear,  
Nor thought of evil ever enter'd here.  
A charm was on the Leopard when he  
came  
Within the circle of that mystic glade ;  
Submit he crouch'd before the heavenly  
maid,  
And offer'd to her touch his speckled  
side ;  
Or with arch'd back erect, and bend-  
ing head,  
And eyes half-closed for pleasure, would  
he stand  
Courting the pressure of her gentle  
hand.  
Trampling his path through wood and  
brake,  
And canes which crackling fall before his  
way,  
And tassel-grass, whose silvery feathers  
play  
O'ertopping the young trees,  
On comes the Elephant, to slake  
His thirst at noon in yon pellucid  
springs.  
Lo ! from his trunk upturn'd, aloft he  
flings  
The grateful shower ; and now  
Plucking the broad-leaved bough  
Of yonder plane, with wavey motion  
slow,  
Fanning the languid air,  
He moves it to and fro.  
But when that form of beauty meets his  
sight,  
The trunk its undulating motion stops,

From his forgetful hold the plane-branch  
drops,  
Reverent he kneels, and lifts his rational  
eyes

To her as if in prayer;  
And when she pours her angel voice  
in song  
Entranced he listens to the thrilling  
notes,  
Till his strong temples, bathed with  
sudden dews,  
Their fragrance of delight and love  
diffuse.

Lo! as the voice melodious floats  
around,  
The Antelope draws near,  
The Tigress leaves her toothless cubs  
to hear;  
The Snake comes gliding from the secret  
brake,

Himself in fascination forced along  
By that enchanting song;  
The antic Monkeys, whose wild gam-  
bols late,  
When not a breeze waved the tall jun-  
gle grass,  
Shook the whole wood, are hush'd, and  
silently

Hang on the cluster'd tree.  
All things in wonder and delight are  
still;  
Only at times the Nightingale is heard,  
Not that in emulous skill that sweetest  
bird

Her rival strain would try,  
A mighty songster, with the Maid to vie;  
She only bore her part in powerful  
sympathy.  
Well might they thus adore that heavenly  
Maid!

For never Nymph of Mountain,  
Or Grove, or Lake, or Fountain,  
With a diviner presence fill'd the shade.  
No idle ornaments deface  
Her natural grace,  
Musk-spot, nor sandal-streak, nor scar-  
let stain,  
Ear-drop nor chain, nor arm nor ankle-  
ring,  
Nor trinketry on front, or neck, or  
breast,

Marring the perfect form: she seem'd a  
thing  
Of Heaven's prime uncorrupted work, a  
child

Of early nature undefiled,  
A daughter of the years of inno-  
cence.

And therefore all things loved her.  
When she stood  
Beside the glassy pool, the fish, that  
flies

Quick as an arrow from all other  
eyes,  
Hover'd to gaze on her. The mother  
bird,

When Kailyal's step she heard,  
Sought not to tempt her from her se-  
cret nest,

But hastening to the dear retreat  
would fly  
To meet and welcome her benignant  
eye.

---

### LOVE'S IMMORTALITY.

[From *Kehama*.]

THEY sin who tell us love can die:  
With life all other passions fly,  
All others are but vanity.  
In Heaven ambition cannot dwell,  
Nor avarice in the vaults of Hell:  
Earthly these passions, as of Earth,  
They perish where they have their  
birth.

But Love is indestructible;  
Its holy flame for ever burneth,  
From Heaven it came, to Heaven re-  
turneth.

Too oft on Earth a troubled guest,  
At times deceived, at times oppress;  
It here is tried and purified,  
And hath in Heaven its perfect rest.  
It soweth here with toil and care,  
But the harvest-time of Love is there.  
Oh! when a mother meets on high  
The babe she lost in infancy,  
Hath she not then for pains and fear,  
The day of woe, the anxious night,  
For all her sorrow, all her tears,  
An over-payment of delight?

*STANZAS WRITTEN IN HIS  
LIBRARY.*

My days among the dead are pass'd;  
Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
The mighty minds of old;  
My never-failing friends are they  
With whom I converse night and day.

With them I take delight in weal,  
And seek relief in woe;  
And while I understand and feel  
How much to them I owe,  
My cheeks have often been bedew'd  
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead: with  
them  
I live in long past years,  
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,  
Partake their griefs and fears;  
And from their sober lessons find  
Instruction with a humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead: anon  
With them my place will be;  
And I with them shall travel on  
Through all futurity;  
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
Which will not perish in the dust.

---

*THE HOLLY TREE.*

OH Reader! hast thou ever stood to see  
The Holly Tree?  
The eye that contemplates it well per-  
ceives  
Its glossy leaves,  
Order'd by an Intelligence so wise,  
As might confound the Atheist's sophis-  
tries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are  
seen  
Wrinkled and keen;  
No grazing cattle through their prickly  
round  
Can reach to wound;

But, as they grow where nothing is to  
fear,  
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless  
leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious  
eyes,  
And moralize;  
And in this wisdom of the Holly Tree  
Can emblems see,  
Wherewith perchance to make a pleas-  
ant rhyme,  
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might  
appear  
Harsh and austere;  
To those, who on my leisure would in-  
trude,  
Reserved and rude; —  
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,  
Like the high leaves upon the Holly  
Tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt I  
know,  
Some harshness show,  
All vain asperities I day by day  
Would wear away,  
Till the smooth temper of my age  
should be  
Like the high leaves upon the Holly  
Tree.

And as when all the summer trees are  
seen  
So bright and green,  
The Holly leaves a sober hue display  
Less bright than they;  
But when the bare and wintry woods  
we see,  
What then so cheerful as the Holly  
Tree?

So serious should my youth appear  
among  
The thoughtless throng;  
So would I seem amid the young and  
gay  
More grave than they;  
That in my age as cheerful I might be  
As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

*HOW THE WATER COMES  
DOWN AT LODORE.*

HERE it comes sparkling,  
And there it lies darkling.  
Here smoking and frothing,  
Its tumult and wrath in,  
It hastens along conflicting strong;  
Now striking and raging,  
As if a war waging,  
Its caverns and rocks among.  
Rising and leaping,  
Sinking and creeping,  
Swelling and flinging,  
Showering and springing,  
Eddying and whisking,  
Spouting and frisking,  
Turning and twisting  
    Around and around;  
Collecting, disjecting,  
    With endless rebound;  
    Smiting and fighting,  
    A sight to delight in,  
    Confounding, astounding,  
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its  
    sound.

Receding and speeding,  
And shocking and rocking,  
And darting and parting,  
And threading and spreading,  
And whizzing and hissing,  
And dripping and skipping,  
And brightening and whitening,  
And quivering and shivering,  
And hitting and splitting,  
And shining and twining,  
And rattling and battling,  
And shaking and quaking,  
And pouring and roaring,  
And waving and raving,  
And tossing and crossing,  
And flowing and growing,  
And running and stunning,  
And hurrying and skurrying,  
And glittering and flittering,  
And gathering and feathering,  
And dinning and spinning,  
And foaming and roaming,  
And dropping and hopping,  
And working and jerking,  
And guggling and struggling,  
And heaving and cleaving,

And thundering and floundering,  
And falling and crawling and sprawl-  
ing,  
And driving and riving and striving,  
And sprinkling and twinkling and  
wrinkling,  
And sounding and bounding and  
rounding,  
And bubbling and troubling and  
doubling,  
Dividing and gliding and sliding,  
And grumbling and rumbling and  
tumbling,  
And clattering and battering and  
shattering,  
And gleaming and streaming and  
steaming and beaming,  
And rushing and flushing and brushing  
and gushing,  
And flapping and rapping and clapping  
and slapping,  
And curling and whirling and purling  
and twirling,  
Retreating and meeting and beating  
and sheeting,  
Delaying and straying and playing and  
spraying,  
Advancing and prancing and glancing  
and dancing,  
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and  
boiling,  
And thumping and plumping and  
bumping and jumping,  
And dashing and flashing and splash-  
ing and clashing,  
And so never ending but always de-  
scending,  
Sounds and motions for ever and ever  
are blending;  
All at once, and all o'er, with a mighty  
uproar,  
And in this way the water comes down  
at Lodore.

---

*THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS,  
AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.*

You are old, Father William, the young  
man cried,  
The few locks that are left you are  
gray;

You are hale, Father William, a hearty  
old man,  
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William  
replied,  
I remember'd that youth would fly  
fast,  
And abused not my health and my  
vigor at first,  
That I never might need them at  
last.

You are old, Father William, the young  
man cried,  
And pleasures with youth pass away,  
And yet you lament not the days that  
are gone,  
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father Wil-  
liam replied,  
I remember'd that youth could not  
last;  
I thought of the future, whatever I did,  
That I never might grieve for the  
past.

You are old, Father William, the young  
man cried,  
And life must be hastening away;  
You are cheerful, and love to converse  
upon death!  
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, Father Wil-  
liam replied;  
Let the cause thy attention engage;  
In the days of my youth I remember'd  
my God!  
And He hath not forgotten my age.

### THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

#### I.

It was a summer evening,  
Old Kaspar's work was done;  
And he before his cottage door  
Was sitting in the sun,  
And by him sported on the green  
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

#### II.

She saw her brother Peterkin  
Roll something large and round,  
That he beside the rivulet,  
In playing there, had found;  
He came to ask what he had found,  
That was so large, and smooth, and  
round.

#### III.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
Who stood expectant by;  
And then the old man shook his head,  
And with a natural sigh,  
'Tis some poor fellow's skull, said he,  
Who fell in the great victory.

#### IV.

I find them in the garden, for  
There's many here about,  
And often when I go to plough,  
The ploughshare turns them out;  
For many thousand men, said he,  
Were slain in the great victory.

#### V.

Now tell us what 'twas all about,  
Young Peterkin he cries,  
And little Wilhelmine looks up  
With wonder-waiting eyes;  
Now tell us all about the war,  
And what they kill'd each other for.

#### VI.

It was the English, Kaspar cried,  
That put the French to rout;  
But what they kill'd each other for,  
I could not well make out.  
But everybody said, quoth he,  
That 'twas a famous victory.

#### VII.

My father lived at Blenheim then,  
Yon little stream hard by;  
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,  
And he was forced to fly:  
So with his wife and child he fled,  
Nor had he where to rest his head,

## VIII.

With fire and sword the country round  
 Was wasted far and wide,  
 And many a childing mother then,  
 And new-born infant, died.  
 But things like that, you know, must be  
 At every famous victory.

## IX.

They say it was a shocking sight,  
 After the field was won,  
 For many thousand bodies here  
 Lay rotting in the sun;  
 But things like that, you know, must be  
 After a famous victory.

## X.

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,  
 And our good Prince Eugene. —  
 Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!  
 Said little Wilhelmine. —  
 Nay — nay — my little girl, quoth he,  
 It was a famous victory.

## XI.

And everybody praised the Duke  
 Who such a fight did win. —  
 But what good came of it at last?  
 Quoth little Peterkin. —  
 Why that I cannot tell, said he,  
 But 'twas a famous victory.

THE VOYAGE OF THALABA  
 AND THE DAMSEL.

THEN did the damsel speak again,  
 "Wilt thou go on with me?  
 The moon is bright, the sea is calm,  
 And I know well the ocean paths;  
 Wilt thou go on with me? —  
 Deliverer! yes! thou dost not fear!  
 Thou wilt go on with me!"  
 "Sail on, sail on!" quoth Thalaba,  
 "Sail on, in Allah's name!"

The moon is bright, the sea is calm,  
 The little boat rides rapidly  
 Across the ocean waves;  
 The line of moonlight on the deep

Still follows as they voyage on;  
 The winds are motionless;  
 The gentle waters gently part  
 In murmurs round the prow.  
 He looks above, he looks around,  
 The boundless heaven, the boundless  
 sea,  
 The crescent moon, the little boat,  
 Nought else above, below.

The moon is sunk, a dusky gray  
 Spreads o'er the eastern sky,  
 The stars grow pale and paler; —  
 Oh beautiful! the godlike sun  
 Is rising o'er the sea!  
 Without an oar, without a sail,  
 The little boat rides rapidly; —  
 Is that a cloud that skirts the sea?  
 There is no cloud in heaven!  
 And nearer now, and darker now —  
 It is — it is — the land!  
 For yonder are the rocks that rise  
 Dark in the reddening morn,  
 For loud around their hollow base  
 The surges rage and roar.

The little boat rides rapidly,  
 And now with shorter toss it heaves  
 Upon the heavier swell;  
 And now so near, they see  
 The shelves and shadows of the cliff,  
 And the low-lurking rocks,  
 O'er whose black summits, hidden  
 half,

The shivering billows burst; —  
 And nearer now they feel the breaker's  
 spray.

Then spake the damsel, "Yonder is  
 our path,  
 Beneath the cavern arch.  
 Now is the ebb, and till the ocean-flow,  
 We cannot over-ride the rocks.  
 Go thou, and on the shore  
 Perform thy last ablutions, and with  
 prayer  
 Strengthen thy heart. — I too have  
 need to pray."

She held the helm with steady hand  
 Amid the stronger waves;  
 Through surge and surf she drove,  
 The adventurer leap'd to land.



*THE INCHCAPE ROCK.*

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,  
The ship was as still as she could be,  
Her sails from heaven received no  
motion,  
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their  
shock  
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape  
Rock;  
So little they rose, so little they fell,  
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The good old Abbot of Aberbrothok  
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape  
Rock;  
On a buoy in the storm it floated and  
swung,  
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surges'  
swell,  
The Mariners heard the warning bell;  
And then they knew the perilous Rock,  
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,  
All things were joyful on that day;  
The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd  
round,  
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen  
A darker speck on the ocean green;  
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,  
And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,  
It made him whistle, it made him sing;  
His heart was mirthful to excess,  
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;  
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,  
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,  
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbro-  
thok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,  
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;  
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,

And he cut the bell from the Inchcape  
float.

Down sank the bell, with a gurgling  
sound,  
The bubbles rose and burst around;  
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes  
to the Rock  
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,  
He scour'd the seas for many a day;  
And now grown rich with plunder'd store,  
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky  
They cannot see the sun on high;  
The wind hath blown a gale all day,  
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,  
So dark it is they see no land.  
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter  
soon,  
For there is the dawn of the rising  
moon."

"Can'st hear," said one, "the breakers  
roar?  
For methinks we should be near the  
shore;  
Now where we are I cannot tell,  
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape  
Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is  
strong;  
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift  
along,  
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering  
shock:  
Cried they, "It is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,  
He curst himself in his despair;  
The waves rush in on every side,  
The ship is sinking beneath the tide,

But even in his dying fear  
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,  
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell,  
The fiends below were ringing his  
knell.

## CAROLINE BOWLES

(MRS. SOUTHEY).

1786-1854.

[MRS. SOUTHEY, a popular poetess, and wife of the Poet Laureate, was the only child of Captain Charles Bowles of Buchland, near Lymington. For more than twenty years her writings were published anonymously. Among the friends who had been attracted to her by her genius, were the poets Southey and Bowles, the former of whom became her husband in 1839. On his death, Mrs. Southey was given a pension of £200 a year. Her principal works are *Ellen Fitz Arthur*, a Poem; *The Widow's Tale*, and other poems; *Solitary Hours*, prose and verse; *Chapters on Churchyards*; *Tales of the Factories*; and *Robin Hood*, with other poems.]

## TO A DYING INFANT.

SLEEP, little baby, sleep!  
Not in thy cradle bed,  
Not on thy mother's breast  
Henceforth shall be thy rest,  
But with the quiet dead!

Yes! with the quiet dead,  
Baby, thy rest shall be!  
Oh! many a weary wight,  
Weary of life and light,  
Would fain lie down with thee.

Flee, little tender nursling!  
Flee to thy grassy nest;  
There the first flowers shall blow;  
The first pure flake of snow  
Shall fall upon thy breast.

Peace! peace! the little bosom  
Labors with shortening breath:—  
Peace! peace! that tremulous sigh  
Speaks his departure nigh!  
Those are the damps of death.

I've seen thee in thy beauty,  
A thing all health and glee;  
But never then wert thou  
So beautiful as now,  
Baby, thou seem'st to me!

Thine upturn'd eyes glazed o'er,  
Like harebells wet with dew;  
Already veiled and hid  
By the convulsed lid,  
Their pupils, darkly blue.

Thy little mouth half open—  
Thy soft lip quivering,  
As if like summer-air,  
Ruffling the rose-leaves, there,  
Thy soul was fluttering.

Mount up, immortal essence!  
Young spirit, haste, depart!—  
And is this death?—Dread thing!  
If such thy visiting,  
How beautiful thou art!

Oh! I could gaze for ever  
Upon thy waxen face;  
So passionless, so pure!  
The little shrine was sure,  
An angel's dwelling-place.

Thou weepest, childless Mother!  
Aye, weep—'twill ease thine heart;—  
He was thy first-born son,  
Thy first, thine only one,  
'Tis hard from him to part.

'Tis hard to lay thy darling  
Deep in the damp cold earth,  
His early crib to see,  
His silent nursery,  
Once gladsome with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber,  
His small mouth's rosy kiss;  
Then, waken'd with a start,  
By thine own throbbing heart,  
His twining arms to miss!

To feel (half conscious why)  
A dull, heart-sinking weight,

Till memory on the soul  
Flashes the painful whole,  
That thou art desolate!

And then, to lie and weep,  
And think the live-long night  
(Feeding thine own distress  
With accurate greediness)  
Of every past delight;

Of all his winning ways,  
His pretty playful smiles,  
His joy at sight of thee,  
His tricks, his mimicry,  
And all his little wiles!

Oh! these are recollections  
Round mothers' hearts that cling,—  
That mingle with the tears  
And smiles of after years,  
With oft awakening.

But thou wilt then, fond Mother!  
In after years look back,  
(Time brings such wondrous easing),  
With sadness not unpleasing,  
E'en on this gloomy track.

Thou'lt say, "My first-born blessing,  
It almost broke my heart,  
When thou wert forced to go!  
And yet for thee, I know,  
'Twas better to depart.

"God took thee in his mercy,  
A lamb, untask'd, untried:  
He fought the fight for thee,  
He won the victory,  
And thou art sanctified!

"I look around, and see  
The evil ways of men;  
And oh! beloved child!  
I'm more than reconciled  
To thy departure then.

"The little arms that clasp'd me;  
The innocent lips that press'd—  
Would they have been as pure  
'Till now, as when of yore  
I lull'd thee on my breast?

"Now, like a dew-drop shrined  
Within a crystal stone,  
Thou'rt safe in Heaven, my dove!  
Safe with the Source of Love,  
The Everlasting One!

"And when the hour arrives,  
From flesh that sets me free,  
Thy spirit may await,  
The first at Heaven's gate,  
To meet and welcome me!"

#### THE PAUPER'S DEATHBED.

TREAD softly! bow the head—  
In reverent silence bow!  
No passing bell doth toll;  
Yet an immortal soul  
Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,  
With lowly reverence bow!  
There's one in that poor shed—  
One by that paltry bed—  
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,  
Lo! Death doth keep his state!  
Enter!—no crowds attend—  
Enter!—no guards defend  
This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold  
No smiling courtiers tread;  
One silent woman stands,  
Lifting with meagre hands  
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—  
An infant wail alone;  
A sob suppress'd—again  
That short deep gasp—and then  
The parting groan!

O! change—O! wondrous change!  
Burst are the prison bars!  
This moment there, so low,  
So agonized—and now  
Beyond the stars!

O! change — stupendous change!  
 There lies the soulless clod!  
 The sun eternal breaks;  
 The new immortal wakes —  
 Wakes with his God.

#### MARINER'S HYMN.

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner!  
 Christian, God speed thee!  
 Let loose the rudder-bands —  
 Good angels lead thee!  
 Set thy sails warily,  
 Tempests will come;  
 Steer thy course steadily;  
 Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow,  
 Breakers are round thee;  
 Let fall the plummet now,  
 Shallows may ground thee.  
 Reef in the foresail, there!  
 Hold the helm fast!  
 So — let the vessel wear —  
 There swept the blast.

“What of the night, watchman?  
 What of the night?”  
 “Cloudy — all quiet —  
 No land yet — all’s right.”  
 Be wakeful, be vigilant —  
 Danger may be  
 At an hour when all seemeth  
 Securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast?  
 Clean out the hold —  
 Hoist up thy merchandise,  
 Heave out thy gold;  
 There — let the ingots go —  
 Now the ship rights;  
 Hurra! the harbor’s near —  
 Lo! the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet  
 At inlet or island;  
 Straight for the beacon steer,  
 Straight for the high land;  
 Crowd all thy canvas on,  
 Cut through the foam —  
 Christian! cast anchor now —  
 Heaven is thy home.

## JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

1775-1841.

[BORN at Seville, Spain, July 11, 1775; of an Irish Catholic family; ordained a priest, 1799; came to England in 1810; left the Catholic Church, and became a tutor in the family of Lord Holland; resided in London as a man of letters, contributing to leading reviews and periodicals, and producing several works in Spanish and English. Among his works were, *Letters from Spain*, 1822; *Practical and Internal Evidence Against Catholicism*, 1825; *Second Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion*, 1833. Died at Liverpool, May 20, 1841. His *Sonnet to Night* was called by Coleridge the finest in the language.]

#### NIGHT AND DEATH.

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first  
 parent knew  
 Thee from report divine, and heard  
 thy name,  
 Did he not tremble for this lovely  
 frame,  
 This glorious canopy of light and  
 blue?  
 Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
 Bathed in the rays of the great set-  
 ting flame,  
 Hesperus with the host of heaven came,

And lo! creation widened in man's  
 view.  
 Who could have thought such darkness  
 lay concealed  
 Within thy beams, O sun! or who  
 could find,  
 Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood re-  
 vealed,  
 That to such countless orbs thou  
 mad'st us blind!  
 Why do we then shun Death with  
 anxious strife?  
 If light can thus deceive, wherefore  
 not life?

## CHARLES LAMB.

1775-1834.

[BORN in the Temple, London, February 10, 1775; was educated at Christ's Hospital, with Coleridge for a school-fellow; became clerk in the India House, 1792; retired on a pension, 1825; died December 27, 1834. His poetry is as follows:—*Poems by S. T. Coleridge, second Edition, to which are now added poems by Charles Lamb and Charles Lloyd, 1797. Blank Verse, by Charles Lloyd and Charles Lamb, 1798. Poetry for Children, entirely original; by the Author of Mrs. Leicester's School, 1809. Poems in The Works of Charles Lamb, 1818. Album Verses, with a few others, by Charles Lamb, 1830.*]

## THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,  
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,  
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;  
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;  
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;  
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,  
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,  
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,  
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?  
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,  
And some are taken from me; all are departed;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

## THE GRANDAME.

ON the green hill top,  
Hard by the house of prayer, a modest roof,  
And not distinguished from its neighbor-barn,  
Save by a slender-tapering length of spire,  
The Grandame sleeps. A plain stone barely tells  
The name and date to the chance passenger.  
For lowly born was she, and long had eat,  
Well-earned, the bread of service:—hers was else  
A mounting spirit, one that entertained  
Scorn of base action, deed dishonorable,  
Or aught unseemly. I remember well  
Her reverend image: I remember, too,  
With what a zeal she served her master's house:  
And how the prattling tongue of garrulous age  
Delighted to recount the oft-told tale  
Or anecdote domestic. Wise she was,  
And wondrous skilled in genealogies,  
And could in apt and voluble terms discourse  
Of births, of titles, and alliances;

Of marriages, and intermarriages;  
 Relationship remote, or near of kin;  
 Of friends offended, family disgraced —  
 Maiden high-born, but wayward, disobeying  
 Parental strict injunction, and regardless  
 Of unmixed blood, and ancestry remote,  
 Stooping to wed with one of low degree.  
 But these are not thy praises; and I wrong  
 Thy honored memory, recording chiefly  
 Things light or trivial. Better 'twere to tell,  
 How with a nobler zeal, and warmer love,

She served her *heavenly master*. I  
 have seen  
 That reverend form bent down with age  
 and pain,  
 And rankling malady. Yet not for this  
 Ceased she to praise her Maker, or  
 withdrew  
 Her trust in him, her faith, and humble  
 hope —  
 So meekly had she learned to bear her  
 cross —  
 For she had studied patience in the  
 school  
 Of Christ, much comfort she had thence  
 derived,  
 And was a follower of the Nazarene.



## WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

1775-1864.

[WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR was born at Warwick, Jan. 30, 1775; died at Florence, Dec. 17, 1864. He resided in Italy almost continuously from 1815 to 1835, and afterwards twenty-one years in Bath. His writings, the dates of which range from 1795 to almost the year of his death, were first collected by himself in two large volumes (1846), and afterwards (1876), with his *Life*, by Mr. John Forster, in eight vols. 8vo.]

### THE SHELL.

[From *Gebir*, Book I.]

I AM not daunted, no; I will engage.  
 But first, said she, what wager will you  
 lay?  
 A sheep, I answered, add whate'er you  
 will.  
 I cannot, she replied, make that return:  
 Our hidèd vessels in their pitchy round  
 Seldom, unless from rapine, hold a  
 sheep.  
 But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue  
 Within, and they that lustre have im-  
 bibed  
 In the Sun's palace-porch, where when  
 unyoked  
 His chariot-wheel stands midway in the  
 wave:  
 Shake one and it awakens, then apply

Its polishèd lips to your attentive ear  
 And it remembers its august abodes,  
 And murmurs as the ocean murmurs  
 there.

### PRAYERS.

[From Book V.]

YE men of Gades, armed with brazen  
 shields,  
 And ye of near Tartessus, where the  
 shore  
 Stoops to receive the tribute which all  
 owe  
 To Baetis and his banks for their attire,  
 Ye too whom Durius bore on level  
 meads,  
 Inherent in your hearts is bravery:  
 For Earth contains no nation where  
 abounds

The generous horse and not the warlike  
man.  
But neither soldier now nor steed avails:  
Nor steed nor soldier can oppose the  
Gods:  
Nor is there aught above like Jove him-  
self,  
Nor weighs against his purpose, when  
once fixt,  
Aught but, with supplicating knee, the  
Prayers.  
Swifter than light are they, and every  
face,  
Tho' different, glows with beauty; at  
the throne  
Of mercy, when clouds shut it from  
mankind,  
They fall bare-bosom'd, and indignant  
Jove  
Drops at the soothing sweetness of their  
voice  
The thunder from his hand: let us  
arise  
On these high places daily, beat our  
breast,  
Prostrate ourselves and deprecate his  
wrath.

### TAMAR AND THE NYMPH.

[From Book VI.]

"OH seek not destin'd evils to divine,  
Found out at last too soon! cease here  
the search,  
'Tis vain, 'tis impious, 'tis no gift of  
mine;  
I will impart far better, will impart  
What makes, when Winter comes, the  
Sun to rest  
So soon on Ocean's bed his paler brow,  
And Night to tarry so at Spring's return.  
And I will tell sometimes the fate of  
men  
Who loos'd from drooping neck the  
restless arm  
Adventurous, ere long nights had satis-  
fied  
The sweet and honest avarice of love;  
How whirlpools have absorb'd them,  
storms o'erwhelm'd,  
And how amid their struggles and their  
prayers

The big wave blacken'd o'er the mouth  
supine:  
Then, when my Tamar trembles at the  
tale,  
Kissing his lips half open with surprise,  
Glance from the gloomy story, and with  
glee  
Light on the fairer fables of the Gods.  
— Thus we may sport at leisure when  
we go  
Where, loved by Neptune and the  
Naiad, loved  
By pensive Dryad pale, and Oread  
The sprightly nymph whom constant  
Zephyr woos,  
Rhine rolls his beryl-color'd wave; than  
Rhine  
What river from the mountains ever  
came  
More stately? most the simple crown  
adorns  
Of rushes and of willows intertwined  
With here and there a flower: his lofty  
brow  
Shaded with vines and mistletoe and oak  
He rears, and mystic bards his fame re-  
sound.  
Or gliding opposite, th' Illyrian gulf  
Will harbor us from ill." While thus  
she spake,  
She toucht his eyelashes with libant lip,  
And breath'd ambrosial odors, o'er his  
cheek  
Celestial warmth suffusing: grief dis-  
persed,  
And strength and pleasure beam'd upon  
his brow.  
Then pointed she before him: first arose  
To his astonisht and delighted view  
The sacred ile that shrines the queen of  
love.  
It stood so near him, so acute each  
sense,  
That not the symphony of lutes alone  
Or coo serene or billing strife of doves,  
But murmurs, whispers, nay the very  
sighs  
Which he himself had utter'd once, he  
heard.  
Next, but long after and far off, appear  
The cloudlike cliffs and thousand towers  
of Crete,

And further to the right, the Cyclades:  
 Phoebus had rais'd and fixt them, to  
     surround  
 His native Delos and aerial fane.  
 He saw the land of Pelops, host of  
     Gods,  
 Saw the steep ridge where Corinth after  
     stood  
 Beckoning the serious with the smiling  
     Arts  
 Into the sunbright bay; unborn the  
     maid  
 That to assure the bent-up hand un-  
     skilled  
 Lookt oft, but oftener fearing who might  
     wake.  
 He heard the voice of rivers; he des-  
     cried  
 Pindan Peneus and the slender nymphs  
 That tread his banks but fear the thun-  
     dering tide;  
 These, and Amphrysos and Apidanus  
 And poplar-crown'd Spercheus, and re-  
     clined  
 On restless rocks Enipeus, where the  
     winds  
 Scatter'd above the weeds his hoary  
     hair.  
 Then, with Pirene and with Panope  
 Evenus, troubled from paternal tears,  
 And last was Achelous, king of iles.  
 Zacythus here, above rose Ithaca,  
 Like a blue bubble floating in the  
     bay.  
 Far onward to the left a glimm'ring  
     light  
 Glanced out oblique, nor vanisht; he  
     inquired  
 Whence that arose, his consort thus re-  
     plied,  
 "Behold the vast Eridanus! ere long  
 We may again behold him and rejoice.  
 Of noble rivers none with mightier force  
 Rolls his unwearied torrent to the main."  
 And now Sicanian Etna rose to view:  
 Darkness with light more horrid she  
     confounds,  
 Baffles the breath and dims the sight of  
     day.  
 Tamar grew giddy with astonishment  
 And, looking up, held fast the bridal  
     vest;

He heard the roar above him, heard the  
     roar  
 Beneath, and felt it too, as he beheld,  
 Hurl, from Earth's base, rocks, moun-  
     tains, to the skies.

---

TO TACÆA.

TO-MORROW, brightest-eyed of Avon's  
     train,  
 To-morrow thou art slavelike bound and  
     sold,  
 Another's and another's; haste away,  
 Winde through the willows, dart along  
     the path,  
 It nought avails thee, nought our plaint  
     avails.  
 O happy those before me, who could  
     say,  
 "Short though thy period, sweet Tacæa,  
     short  
 Ere thou art destined to the depths be-  
     low,  
 Thou passest half thy sunny hours with  
     me."  
 I mourn not, envy not, what others  
     gain,  
 Thee, and thy venerable elms I mourn,  
 Thy old protectors, ruthless was the  
     pride,  
 And gaunt the need that bade their  
     heads lie low.  
 I see the meadow's tender grass start  
     back,  
 See from their prostrate trunks the  
     gory glare.  
 Ah! pleasant was it once to watch thy  
     waves  
 Swelling o'er pliant beds of glossy weed;  
 Pleasant to watch them dip amid the  
     stones,  
 Chirp, and spring over, glance and  
     gleam along,  
 And tripping light their wanton way  
     pursue.  
 Methinks they now with mellow mourn-  
     fulness  
 Bid their faint breezes chide my fond  
     delay,  
 Nor suffer on the bridge nor on the knee



My poor irregularly pencilled page.  
 Alas, Tacea, thou art sore deceived!  
 Here are no foren words, no fatal seal,  
 But thou and all who hear me shall  
     avow  
 The simple notes of sorrow's song are  
     here.

### RÆSULAN IDYL.

HERE, when precipitate Spring with  
     one light bound  
 Into hot Summer's lusty arms expires;  
 And where go forth at morn, at eve, at  
     night,  
 Soft airs, that want the lute to play  
     with them,  
 And softer sighs, that know not what  
     they want;  
 Under a wall, beneath an orange tree  
 Whose tallest flowers could tell the  
     lowlier ones  
 Of sights in Fiesole right up above,  
 While I was gazing a few paces off  
 At what they seemed to show me with  
     their nods,  
 Their frequent whispers and their  
     pointing shoots,  
 A gentle maid came down the garden  
     steps  
 And gathered the pure treasure in her  
     lap.  
 I heard the branches rustle, and stept  
     forth  
 To drive the ox away, or mule, or goat,  
 (Such I believed it must be); for sweet  
     scents  
 Are the swift vehicles of still sweeter  
     thoughts,  
 And nurse and pillow the dull memory  
 That would let drop without them her  
     best stores.  
 They bring me tales of youth and tones  
     of love,  
 And 'tis and ever was my wish and  
     way  
 To let all flowers live freely, and all  
     die,  
 Whene'er their Genius bids their souls  
     depart,

Among their kindred in their native  
     place.  
 I never pluck the rose; the violet's  
     head  
 Hath shaken with my breath upon its  
     bank  
 And not reproacht me; the ever-sacred  
     cup  
 Of the pure lily hath between my hands  
 Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain  
     of gold.  
 I saw the light that made the glossy  
     leaves  
 More glossy; the fair arm, the fairer  
     cheek  
 Warmed by the eye intent on its pur-  
     suit;  
 I saw the foot, that although half-erect  
 From its gray slippers, could not lift  
     her up  
 To what she wanted; I held down a  
     branch,  
 And gathered her some blossoms, since  
     their hour  
 Was come, and bees had wounded  
     them, and flies  
 Of harder wing were working their  
     way through  
 And scattering them in fragments under  
     foot.  
 So crisp were some, they rattled un-  
     evolved,  
 Others, ere broken off, fell into shells,  
 For such appear the petals when de-  
     tacht,  
 Unbending, brittle, lucid, white like  
     snow,  
 And like snow not seen through, by  
     eye or sun;  
 Yet every one her gown received from  
     me  
 Was fairer than the first; . . . I  
     thought not so,  
 But so she praised them to reward my  
     care,  
 I said: *you find the largest.*  
                                     *This indeed,*  
 Cried she, *is large and sweet.*  
                                     She held one forth,  
 Whether for me to look at or to take  
 She knew not nor did I; but taking,  
     it

Would best have solved (and this she  
felt) her doubts,  
I dared not touch it; for it seemed a  
part  
Of her own self; fresh, full, the most  
mature  
Of blossoms, yet a blossom; with a  
touch  
To fall, and yet unfallen.

She drew back  
The boon she tendered, and then, find-  
ing not  
The ribbon at her waist to fix it in,  
Dropt it, as loth to drop it, on the rest.

---

*IPHIGENEIA AND AGAMEMNON.*

IPHIGENEIA, when she heard her doom  
At Aulis, and when all beside the  
King

Had gone away, took his right hand,  
and said,

"O father! I am young and very  
happy.

I do not think the pious Calchas heard  
Distinctly what the Goddess spake.

Old-age

Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who  
knew

My voice so well, sometimes misunder-  
stood

While I was resting on her knee both  
arms

And hitting it to make her mind my  
words,

And looking in her face, and she in  
mine,

Might he not also hear one word amiss,  
Spoken from so far off, even from  
Olympus?"

The father placed his cheek upon her  
head,

And tears dropt down it, but the king  
of men

Replied not. Then the maiden spake  
once more.

"O father! say'st thou nothing?  
Hear'st thou not

Me, whom thou ever hast, until this  
hour,

Listened to fondly, and awakened me  
To hear my voice amid the voice of  
birds,

When it was inarticulate as theirs,  
And the down deadened it within the  
nest?"

He moved her gently from him, silent  
still,

And this, and this alone, brought tears  
from her,

Although she saw fate nearer: then  
with sighs,

"I thought to have laid down my hair  
before

Benignant Artemis, and not have  
dimmed

Her polisht altar with my virgin blood;  
I thought to have selected the white  
flowers

To please the Nymphs, and to have  
asked of each

By name, and with no sorrowful re-  
gret,

Whether, since both my parents willed  
the change,

I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipt  
brow;

And (after those who mind us girls  
the most)

Adore our own Athena, that she would  
Regard me mildly with her azure eyes.

But, father! to see you no more, and  
see

Your love, O father! go ere I am  
gone." . . .

Gently he moved her off, and drew her  
back,

Bending his lofty head far over hers,  
And the dark depths of nature heaved  
and burst.

He turned away; not far, but silent  
still.

She now first shuddered; for in him,  
so nigh,

So long a silence seemed the approach  
of death,

And like it. Once again she raised  
her voice.

"O father! if the ships are now de-  
tained,

And all your vows move not the Gods  
above,

When the knife strikes me there will  
 be one prayer  
 The less to them: and purer can there  
 be  
 Any, or more fervent than the daughter's  
 prayer  
 For her dear father's safety and success?"

A groan that shook him shook not his  
 resolve.

An aged man now entered, and without  
 One word, stepped slowly on, and took  
 the wrist  
 Of the pale maiden. She looked up,  
 and saw  
 The fillet of the priest and calm cold  
 eyes.

Then turned she where her parent  
 stood, and cried  
 "O father! grieve no more: the ships  
 can sail."

#### THE DEATH OF ARTEMIDORA.

"ARTEMIDORA! Gods invisible,  
 While thou art lying faint along the  
 couch,  
 Have tied the sandal to thy slender  
 feet  
 And stand beside thee, ready to convey  
 Thy weary steps where other rivers  
 flow.  
 Refreshing shades will waft thy  
 weariness  
 Away, and voices like thy own  
 come near  
 And nearer, and solicit an embrace."  
 Artemidora sighed, and would have  
 prest  
 The hand now pressing hers, but was  
 too weak.

Trio stood over her dark hair unseen  
 While thus Elpenor spoke. He  
 lookt into  
 Eyes that had given light and life ere-  
 while  
 To those above them, but now dim  
 with tears  
 And wakefulness. Again he spake of  
 joy

Eternal. At that word, that sad  
 word, *joy*,  
 Faithful and fond her bosom heaved  
 once more;  
 Her head fell back; and now a loud  
 deep sob  
 Swelled thro' the darkened chamber;  
 'twas not hers.

#### CORINNA, FROM ATHENS, TO TANAGRA.

[From *Pericles and Aspasia*.]

##### I.

TANAGRA! think not I forget  
 Thy beautifully-storied streets;  
 Be sure my memory bathes yet  
 In clear Thermodon, and yet greets  
 The blythe and liberal shepherd boy,  
 Whose sunny bosom swells with joy  
 When we accept his matted rushes  
 Upheaved with sylvan fruit; away he  
 bounds, and blushes.

##### 2.

I promise to bring back with me  
 What thou with transport will receive,  
 The only proper gift for thee,  
 Of which no mortal shall bereave  
 In later times thy mouldering walls,  
 Until the last old turret falls;  
 A crown, a crown from Athens won,  
 A crown no god can wear, beside La-  
 tona's son.

##### 3.

There may be cities who refuse  
 To their own child the honors due,  
 And look ungently on the Muse;  
 But ever shall those cities rue  
 The dry, unyielding, niggard breast,  
 Offering no nourishment, no rest,  
 To that young head which soon shall  
 rise  
 Disdainfully, in might and glory, to the  
 skies.

##### 4.

Sweetly where caverned Dirce flows  
 Do white-armed maidens chaunt my  
 lay,

Flapping the while with laurel-rose

The honey-gathering tribes away;  
And sweetly, sweetly, Attick tongues  
Lisp your Corinna's early songs;  
To her with feet more graceful come  
The verses that have dwelt in kindred  
breasts at home.

5.

Oh let thy children lean aslant  
Against the tender mother's knee,  
And gaze into her face, and want  
To know what magic there can be  
In words that urge some eyes to dance,  
While others as in holy trance  
Look up to heaven; be such my praise!  
Why linger? I must haste, or lose the  
Delphic bays.

#### CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

WE mind not how the sun in the mid-  
sky

Is hastening on; but when the golden  
orb  
Strikes the extreme of earth, and when  
the gulphs

Of air and ocean open to receive him,  
Dampness and gloom invade us; then  
we think

Ah! thus it is with youth. Too fast  
his feet

Run on for sight; hour follows hour;  
fair maid

Succeeds fair maid; bright eyes be-  
star his couch;

The cheerful horn awakens him; the  
feast,

The revel, the entangling dance,  
allure,

And voices mellower than the Muse's  
own

Heap up his buoyant bosom on their  
wave.

A little while, and then . . . Ah  
youth! youth! youth!

Listen not to my words . . . but stay  
with me!

When thou art gone, Life may go too;  
the sigh

That rises is for thee, and not for  
Life.

#### THE MAID'S LAMENT.

[From the *Examination of Shakespeare.*]

I LOVED him not; and yet now he is gone  
I feel I am alone.

I checked him while he spoke; yet  
could he speak,

Alas, I would not check.

For reasons not to love him once I  
sought

And wearied all my thought  
To vex myself and him; I now would  
give

My love, could he but live  
Who lately lived for me, and when he  
found

'Twas vain, in holy ground  
He hid his face amid the shades of  
death.

I waste for him my breath  
Who wasted his for me; but mine re-  
turns,

And this lorn bosom burns  
With stifling heat, heaving it up in  
sleep,

And waking me to weep  
Tears that had melted his soft heart;  
for years

Wept he as bitter tears.  
"Merciful God!" such was his latest  
prayer,

"These may she never share!"  
Quieter is his breath, his breast more  
cold

Than daisies in the mould,  
Where children spell, athwart the  
churchyard gate,

His name, and life's brief date.  
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you  
be,

And, O, pray too for me.

WHY, why repine, my pensive friend,  
At pleasures slept away?

Some the stern Fates will never lend,  
And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,  
The dew upon the grass;  
I see them, and I ask not why  
• They glimmer or they pass,

With folded arms I linger not  
To call them back — 'twere vain :  
In this, or in some other spot  
I know they'll shine again.

CHILDREN PLAYING IN A  
CHURCHYARD.

CHILDREN, keep up that harmless play,  
Your kindred angels plainly say  
By God's authority ye may.

Be prompt his Holy word to hear,  
It teaches you to banish fear;  
The lesson lies on all sides near.

Ten summers hence the sprightliest lad  
In Nature's face will look more sad,  
And ask where are those smiles she had?

Ere many days the last will close.  
Play on, play on, for then (who  
knows?)  
Ye who play here may here repose.



THOMAS CAMPBELL.

1777-1844.

[THOMAS CAMPBELL was born at Glasgow in 1777 of a good Scotch family. He was educated at the Glasgow Grammar School and University, and after one or two tutorships proceeded to Edinburgh to try his fortunes in literature. He published *The Pleasures of Hope* at the age of twenty-one, and from that date forward his career was one of literary success sufficient, with a pension of £200 from the Crown, to secure him from pecuniary anxiety. He contested successfully the Rectorship of his University with Sir Walter Scott in 1827, and was re-elected the two following years. He removed to London in 1840, but the last years of his life were spent at Boulogne, where he died in 1844. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.]

HOPE.

PRIMEVAL Hope, the Aonian Muses say,  
When Man and Nature mourned their  
first decay,  
When every form of Death and every woe  
Shot from malignant stars to Earth be-  
low,  
When Murder bared her arm, and ram-  
pant War  
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;  
When Peace and Mercy, banished from  
the plain,  
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven  
again;  
All, all forsook the friendless guilty  
mind.  
But, Hope, the charmer, lingered still  
behind.

THE FINAL TRIUMPH OF  
HOPE.

ETERNAL Hope! when yonder spheres  
sublime  
Pealed their first notes to sound the  
march of time,

Their joyous youth began — but not to  
fade. —  
When all the sister planets have de-  
cayed;  
When rapt in fire the realms of ether  
glow,  
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the  
world below;  
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins  
smile,  
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral  
pile!

THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,  
The sun himself must die,  
Before this mortal shall assume  
Its immortality!  
I saw a vision in my sleep  
That gave my spirit strength to sweep  
Adown the gulf of Time!  
I saw the last of human mould,  
That shall creation's death behold,  
As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,

The earth with age was wan,

The skeletons of nations were

Around that lonely man!

Some had expired in fight, — the brands

Still rusted in their bony hands;

In plague and famine some!

Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;

And ships were drifting with the dead

To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,

With dauntless words and high,

That shook the sere leaves from the  
wood

As if a storm passed by —

Saying, We are twins in death, proud  
sun,

Thy face is cold, thy race is run,

'Tis mercy bids thee go;

For thou ten thousand thousand years

Hast seen the tide of human tears,

That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put  
forth

His pomp, his pride, his skill;

And arts that made fire, flood, and  
earth,

The vassals of his will; —

Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,

Thou dim disrowned king of day:

For all those trophied arts

And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,

Healed not a passion or a pang

Entailed on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall

Upon the stage of men,

Nor with thy rising beams recall

Life's tragedy again.

Its piteous pageants bring not back,

Nor waken flesh upon the rack

Of pain anew to writhe;

Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,

Or mown in battle by the sword,

Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies

To watch thy fading fire;

Test of all sumless agonies,

Behold not me expire.

My lips that speak thy dirge of death —

Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath

To see thou shalt not boast.

The eclipse of nature spreads my pall, —

The majesty of darkness shall

Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him

Who gave its heavenly spark;

Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim,

When thou thyself art dark!

No! it shall live again, and shine

In bliss unknown to beams of thine,

By Him recalled to breath,

Who captive led captivity,

Who robbed the grave of victory, —

And took the sting from death!

Go, sun, while mercy holds me up

On nature's awful waste,

To drink this last and bitter cup

Of grief that man shall taste —

Go, tell the night that hides thy face,

Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,

On earth's sepulchral clod,

The darkening universe defy

To quench his immortality,

Or shake his trust in God!

#### LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,

Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!

And I'll give thee a silver pound

To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye would cross Loch-  
gyle,

This dark and stormy water?"

"Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,

And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men

Three days we've fled together;

For, should he find us in the glen,

My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;

Should they our steps discover,

Then who will cheer my bonny bride

When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy island wight,  
 "I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—  
 It is not for your silver bright;  
 But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word, the bonny bird  
 In danger shall not tarry;  
 So, though the waves are raging white,  
 I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,  
 The water-wraith was shrieking;  
 And in the scowl of heaven each face  
 Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,  
 And as the night grew drearer,  
 Adown the glen rode armed men,  
 Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh! haste thee, haste!" the lady  
 cries,  
 "Though tempests round us gather;  
 I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
 But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,  
 A stormy sea before her,—  
 When, oh! too strong for human hand,  
 The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar  
 Of waters fast prevailing;  
 Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,  
 His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed through storm and  
 shade,  
 His child he did discover:  
 One lovely hand she stretched for aid,  
 And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried  
 in grief,  
 "Across this stormy water;  
 And I'll forgive your Highland chief,  
 My daughter!—oh! my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the  
 shore,  
 Return or aid preventing;  
 The waters wild went o'er his child,  
 And he was left lamenting.

# THE LAMENT OF OUTALISSI.

[*Gertrude of Wyoming.*]

"AND I could weep;" th' Oneyda chief  
 His descendant wildly thus begun;  
 "But that I may not stain with grief  
 The death-song of my father's son!  
 Or bow his head in woe;  
 For by my wrongs, and by my wrath!  
 To-morrow Areouski's breath  
 (That fires yon heav'n with storms of  
 death,) Shall light us to the foe:  
 And we shall share, my Christian boy!  
 The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!"

"But thee, my flower, whose breath  
 was given  
 By milder genii o'er the deep,  
 The spirits of the white man's heaven  
 Forbid not thee to weep:  
 Nor will the Christian host,  
 Nor will thy father's spirit grieve  
 To see thee, on the battle's eve,  
 Lamenting take a mournful leave  
 Of her who loved thee most:  
 She was the rainbow to thy sight!  
 Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight!"

"To-morrow let us do or die!  
 But when the bolt of death is hurled,  
 Ah! whither then with thee to fly,  
 Shall Outalissi roam the world?  
 Seek we thy once loved home?  
 The hand is gone that cropt its flowers:  
 Unheard their clock repeats its hours!  
 Cold is the hearth within their bow'rs!  
 And should we thither roam,  
 Its echoes and its empty tread  
 Would sound like voices from the dead!"

"Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,  
 Whose streams my kindred nation  
 quaffed;  
 And by my side, in battle true,  
 A thousand warriors drew the shaft?  
 Ah! there, in desolation cold,  
 The desert serpent dwells alone,  
 Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering  
 bone,  
 And stones themselves to ruin grown,  
 Like me, are death-like old."

Then seek we not their camp—for  
there  
The silence dwells of my despair!

"But hark, the trump!—to-morrow  
thou

In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:  
Even from the land of shadows now  
My father's awful ghost appears,  
Amidst the clouds that round us roll;  
He bids my soul for battle thirst—  
He bids me dry the last—the first—  
The only tears that ever burst  
From Outalissi's soul;  
Because I may not stain with grief  
The death-song of an Indian chief."

---

*THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.*

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-  
cloud had lowered

And the sentinel stars set their watch  
in the sky;

And thousands had sunk on the ground  
overpowered,

The weary to sleep, and the wounded  
to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet  
of straw,

By the wolf-scaring faggot that  
guarded the slain,

At the dead of the night a sweet vision  
I saw,

And thrice ere the morning I dreamt  
it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dread-  
ful array,

Far, far I had roamed on a desolate  
track;

'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on  
the way

To the home of my fathers, that wel-  
comed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so  
oft

In life's morning march, when my  
bosom was young;

I heard my own mountain-goats bleat-  
ing aloft,

And knew the sweet strain that the  
corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and  
fondly I swore

From my home and my weeping  
friends never to part;

My little ones kissed me a thousand  
times o'er,

And my wife sobbed aloud in her full-  
ness of heart.

Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art  
weary and worn;

And fain was their war-broken sol-  
dier to stay;

But sorrow returned with the dawning  
of morn,

And the voice in my dreaming ear  
melted away.

---

*EXILE OF ERIN.*

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile  
of Erin,

The dew on his thin robe was heavy  
and chill:

For his country he sighed, when at  
twilight repairing

To wander alone by the wind-beaten  
hill.

But the day-star attracted his eye's sad  
devotion,

For it rose o'er his own native isle of  
the ocean,

Where once, in the fire of his youthful  
emotion,

He sang the bold anthem of Erin go-  
bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken  
stranger,

The wild deer and wolf to a covert  
can flee;

But I have no refuge from famine and  
danger,

A home and a country remain not to  
me.



Never again in the green sunny bowers,  
Where my forefathers lived, shall I  
    spend the sweet hours,  
Or cover my harp with the wild woven  
    flowers,  
And strike to the numbers of Erin go  
    bragh!

Erin my country! though sad and for-  
    saken,  
    In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten  
    shore;  
But alas! in a far foreign land I  
    awaken,  
    And sigh for the friends who can  
    meet me no more!  
Oh cruel fate! wilt thou never replace  
    me  
In a mansion of peace — where no perils  
    can chase me?  
Never again, shall my brothers embrace  
    me?  
    They died to defend me, or live to  
    deplore!

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the  
    wild wood?  
    Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its  
    fall?  
Where is the mother that looked on  
    my childhood?  
    And where is the bosom friend, dearer  
    than all?  
Oh! my sad heart! long abandoned by  
    pleasure,  
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treas-  
    ure!  
Tears like the rain-drop, may fall with-  
    out measure,  
    But rapture and beauty they cannot  
    recall.

Yet all its sad recollection suppressing,  
    One dying wish my lone bosom can  
    draw:  
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee this bless-  
    ing!  
    Land of my forefathers! Erin go  
    bragh!  
Buried and cold, when my heart stills  
    her motion,

Green be thy fields — sweetest isle of  
    the ocean!  
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud  
    with devotion —  
    Erin mavournin! — Erin go bragh!

#### FIELD FLOWERS.

YE field flowers! the gardens eclipse  
    you, 'tis true,  
Yet, wildings of nature, I doat upon  
    you;  
    For ye waft me to summers of old,  
When the earth teemed around me with  
    fairy delight,  
And when jaisies and buttercups glad-  
    dened my sight,  
    Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into  
    dreams  
Of the blue Highland mountains and  
    echoing streams,  
    And of birchen glades breathing  
    their balm,  
While the deer was seen glancing in  
    sunshine remote,  
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-  
    pigeon's note  
    Made music that sweetened the  
    calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter  
    tune  
Than ye speak to my heart, little wild-  
    ings of June:  
    Of old ruinous castles ye tell,  
Where I thought it delightful your  
    beauties to find,  
When the magic of Nature first breathed  
    on my mind,  
    And your blossoms were part of her  
    spell.

Even now what affections the violet  
    awakes;  
What loved little islands twice seen in  
    their lakes,  
    Can the wild water-lily restore;  
What landscapes I read in the prim-  
    rose's looks,

And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks  
In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,  
Ere the fever of passion or ague of fear

Had scathed my existence's bloom;  
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,  
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,  
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

---

*YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.*

YE mariners of England,  
That guard our native seas;  
Whose flag has braved a thousand years

The battle and the breeze!  
Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe;  
And sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow!

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave;  
For the deck it was their field of fame  
And Ocean was their grave:  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow!

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep;  
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,  
Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak  
She quells the floods below,  
As they roar on the shore,

When the stormy winds do blow;  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow!

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn,  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return;  
Then, then, ye ocean warriors,  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow;  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow.

---

*THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.*

OF Nelson and the North  
Sing the glorious day's renown,  
When to battle fierce came forth  
All the might of Denmark's crown,  
And her arms along the deep proudly shone:

By each gun the lighted brand  
In a bold, determined hand;  
And the prince of all the land  
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,  
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,  
While the sign of battle flew  
O'er the lofty British line:  
It was ten of April morn by the chime,  
As they drifted on their path;  
There was silence deep as death,  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time.

But the might of England flushed,  
To anticipate the scene;  
And her van the fleetest rushed  
O'er the deadly space between.  
"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried;  
when each gun  
From its adamantine lips  
Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
Like the hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!  
And the havoc did not slack,

Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
 To our cheering sent us back;  
 Their shots along the deep slowly  
     boom: —  
 Then ceased, and all is wail,  
 As they strike the shattered sail;  
 Or, in conflagration pale,  
 Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,  
 As he hailed them o'er the wave:  
 "Ye are brothers! we are men!  
 And we conquer but to save:  
 So peace instead of death let us bring;  
 But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
 With the crews, at England's feet,  
 And make submission meet  
 To our king."

Then Denmark blessed our chief,  
 That he gave her wounds repose;  
 And the sounds of joy and grief  
 From her people wildly rose,  
 As death withdrew his shades from the  
     day;  
 While the sun looked smiling bright  
 O'er a wide and woeful sight,  
 Where the fires of funeral light  
 Died away.

Now joy, Old England raise,  
 For the tidings of thy might,  
 By the festal cities' blaze,  
 Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;  
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar  
 Let us think of them that sleep,  
 Full many a fathom deep,  
 By thy wild and stormy steep,  
 Elsinore.

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride  
 Once so faithful and so true,  
 On the deck of fame that died,  
 With the gallant good'Riou:  
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their  
     grave;  
 While the billow mournful rolls,  
 And the mermaid's song condoles,  
 Singing glory to the souls  
 Of the brave.

### HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden when the sun was low,  
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;  
 And dark as winter was the flow  
     Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight  
 When the drum beat at dead of night,  
 Commanding fires of death to light  
     The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
 Each horseman drew his battle blade,  
 And furious every charger neighed  
     To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder  
     riven;  
 Then rushed the steed, to battle driven;  
 And louder than the bolts of Heaven  
     Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow  
 On Linden's hills of stained snow,  
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
     Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun  
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
     Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
 Who rush to glory or the grave!  
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,  
     And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few, few shall part where many meet;  
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet;  
 And every turf beneath their feet  
     Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

---

### THE MOTHER.

[*The Pleasures of Hope.*]

LO! at the couch where infant beauty  
     sleeps,  
 Her silent watch the mournful mother  
     keeps;

She, while the lovely babe unconscious  
 lies,  
 Smiles on her slumbering child with  
 pensive eyes,  
 And weaves a song of melancholy joy —  
 "Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my  
 boy:  
 No lingering hour of sorrow shall be  
 thine;  
 No sigh that rends thy father's heart  
 and mine;  
 Bright as his manly sire the son shall  
 be  
 In form and soul; but ah! more blest  
 than he!  
 Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at  
 last,  
 Shall soothe this aching heart for all the  
 past —  
 With many a smile my solitude repay,  
 And chase the world's ungenerous scorn  
 away.

"And say, when summoned from the  
 world and thee,  
 I lay my head beneath the willow-tree,  
 Wilt thou, sweet mourner! at my stone  
 appear,  
 And soothe my parted spirit lingering  
 near?  
 Oh, wilt thou come, at evening hour, to  
 shed  
 The tears of memory o'er my narrow  
 bed;  
 With aching temples on thy hand re-  
 clined,  
 Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,  
 Breathe a deep sigh to winds that mur-  
 mur low,  
 And think on all my love, and all my  
 woe?"

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye  
 Can look regard, or brighten in reply.  
 But when the cherub lip hath learnt to  
 claim  
 A mother's ear by that endearing name;  
 Soon as the playful innocent can prove  
 A tear of pity, or a smile of love,  
 Or cons his murmuring task beneath her  
 care.

Or lisps, with holy look, his evening  
 prayer,  
 Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear  
 The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;  
 How fondly looks admiring Hope the  
 while,  
 At every artless tear, and every smile!  
 How glows the joyous parent to decry  
 A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

---

#### THE RIVER OF LIFE.

THE more we live, more brief appear  
 Our life's succeeding stages:  
 A day to childhood seems a year,  
 And years like passing ages.  
 The gladsome current of our youth  
 Ere passion yet disorders,  
 Steals lingering like a river smooth  
 Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,  
 And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,  
 Ye Stars, that measure life to man,  
 Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and  
 breath  
 And life itself is vapid,  
 Why, as we reach the Falls of Death,  
 Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange—yet who would  
 change  
 Time's course to slower speeding,  
 When one by one our friends have gone  
 And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength  
 Indemnifying fleetness;  
 And those of youth, a seeming length.  
 Proportion'd to their sweetness.

---

#### FREEDOM AND LOVE.

How delicious is the winning  
 Of a kiss at love's beginning,  
 When two mutual hearts are sighing  
 For the knot there's no untying!

Yet remember, 'midst your wooing,  
Love has bliss, but Love has ruing;  
Other smiles may make you fickle,  
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,  
Just as fate or fancy carries;  
Longest stays, when sorest chidden;  
Laughs and flies, when press'd and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,  
Bind its odor to the lily,

Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,  
Then bind Love to last for ever.

Love's a fire that needs renewal  
Of fresh beauty for its fuel:  
Love's wing moults when caged and  
captured,  
Only free, he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging  
Or the ringdove's neck from changing?  
No! nor fetter'd Love from dying  
In the knot there's no untying.



## THOMAS MOORE.

1779-1852.

[THOMAS MOORE was born at No. 12, Aungier Street, Dublin, on May 28, 1779. He began to print verses at the age of thirteen, and became popular in early youth as a precocious genius. He came to London in 1799, and was received into fashionable society. In 1803 he was made Admiralty Registrar at Bermuda, a post he soon resigned to a deputy, and returned to England after travelling in Canada and the United States. In 1819 he was involved in financial ruin by the embezzlements of his Bermuda agent, and left England in company with Lord John Russell. He came back to England in 1822. After a very quiet life, the end of which was saddened by the deaths of his five children, he died at Sloperton on Feb. 25, 1852. His chief poetical works are: *Odes of Anacreon*, 1800; *Little's Poems*, 1801; *Odes and Epistles*, 1806; *Irish Melodies*, 1807 to 1834; *Lalla Rookh*, 1817; *The Fudge Family in Paris*, 1818; *Rhymes on the Road*, 1819; *The Loves of the Angels*, 1823.]

### PARADISE AND THE PERI.

[*Lalla Rookh*.]

ONE morn a Peri at the gate  
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;  
And as she listened to the Springs  
Of Life within, like music flowing,  
And caught the light upon her wings  
Through the half-open portal glowing,  
She wept to think her recreant race  
Should e'er have lost that glorious  
place!

"How happy!" exclaimed this child of  
air,

"Are the holy spirits who wander there,  
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or  
fall;

Though mine are the gardens of earth  
and sea,

And the stars themselves have flowers  
for me,

One blossom of heaven outblossoms  
them all!

Though sunny the Lake of cool Cash-  
mere,

With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,

And sweetly the founts of that valley  
fall:

Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-  
hay,

And the golden floods, that thitherward  
stray,

Yet—oh, 'tis only the blest can say  
How the waters of heaven outshine  
them all!

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,  
From world to luminous world, as far  
As the universe spreads its flaming  
wall;  
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,  
And multiply each through endless years,  
One minute of heaven is worth them  
all!"

The glorious Angel, who was keeping  
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;  
And, as he nearer drew and listened  
To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened  
Within his eyelids, like the spray  
From Eden's fountain, when it lies  
On the blue flower, which — Bramins  
say —

Blooms nowhere but in paradise!  
"Nymph of a fair, but erring line!"  
Gently he said — "one hope is thine.  
'Tis written in the Book of Fate,  
*The Peri yet may be forgiven  
Who brings to this Eternal Gate  
The Gift that is most dear to Heaven!*  
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin; —  
'Tis sweet to let the Pardoned in!"

Rapidly as comets run  
To th' embraces of the sun: —  
Fleeter than the starry brands,  
Flung at night from angel hands  
At those dark and daring sprites,  
Who would climb th' empyreal heights,  
Down the blue vault the Peri flies,

And, lighted earthward by a glance  
That just then broke from morning's  
eyes,

Hung hovering o'er our world's ex-  
panse.

But whither shall the Spirit go  
To find this gift for Heaven? — "I know  
The wealth," she cries "of every urn,  
In which unnumbered rubies burn,  
Beneath the pillars of Chilminar; —  
I know where the Isles of Perfume are  
Many a fathom down in the sea,  
To the south of sun-bright Araby; —  
I know too where the Genii hid  
The jewelled cup of their king Jamshid,  
With life's elixir sparkling high —  
But gifts like these are not for the sky.

Where was there ever a gem that shone  
Like the steps of Allah's wonderful  
throne?

And the Drops of Life — oh! what  
would they be  
In the boundless Deep of Eternity?"

### DISAPPOINTED HOPES.

[*Lalla Rookh.*]

I KNEW, I knew it could not last —  
'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis  
past!

Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
I never loved a tree or flower,  
But 'twas the first to fade away.  
I never nursed a dear gazelle,  
To glad me with its soft black eye,  
But when it came to know me well,  
And love me, it was sure to die!  
Now too — the joy most like divine  
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,  
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine, —  
Oh, misery! must I lose that too?  
Yet go — on peril's brink we meet; —  
Those frightful rocks — that treacher-  
ous sea —

No, never come again — though sweet,  
Though heaven, it may be death to  
thee.

Farewell — and blessings on thy way,  
Where'er thou go'st, beloved stranger!  
Better to sit and watch that ray,  
And think thee safe, though far away,  
Than have thee near me, and in  
danger!

### THE TEARS OF REPENTANCE.

[*Lalla Rookh.*]

BLEST tears of soul-felt penitence!  
In whose benign, redeeming flow  
Is felt the first, the only sense  
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.  
"There's a drop," said the Peri, "that  
down from the moon  
Falls through the withering airs of June

Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a power,

So balmy a virtue, that e'en in the hour  
That drop descends, contagion dies,  
And health reanimates earth and  
skies! —

Oh! is it not thus, thou man of sin,  
The precious tears of repentance fall?  
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,  
One heavenly drop hath dispelled  
them all!"

And now — behold him kneeling there  
By the child's side, in humble prayer,  
While the same sunbeam shines upon  
The guilty and the guiltless one,  
And hymns of joy proclaim through  
heaven  
The triumph of a soul forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,  
While on their knees they lingered yet,  
There fell a light, more lovely far  
Than ever came from sun or star,  
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,  
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek:  
To mortal eye this light might seem  
A northern flash or meteor beam —  
But well th' enraptured Peri knew  
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw  
From heaven's gate, to hail that tear  
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done —  
The Gates are passed, and Heaven is  
won!

Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am —  
To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and  
sad

Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,  
And the fragrant bowers of Ambera-  
bad!

"Farewell, ye odors of earth, that die,  
Passing away like a lover's sigh! —  
My feast is now of the tooba tree,  
Whose scent is the breath of eternity!

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that  
shone

In my fairy-wreath, so bright and  
brief, —

Oh! what are the brightest that e'er  
have blown,

To the lote tree, springing by Allah's  
Throne,

Whose flowers have a soul in every  
leaf!

Joy, joy for ever! — my task is done —  
The Gates are passed, and Heaven is  
won!"

*HAVE YOU NOT SEEN THE  
TIMID TEAR.*

HAVE you not seen the timid tear  
Steal trembling from mine eye?  
Have you not marked the flush of fear  
Or caught the murmured sigh?  
And can you think my love is chill,  
Nor fixed on you alone?  
And can you rend, by doubting still,  
A heart so much your own?

To you my soul's affections move  
Devoutly, warmly true;  
My life has been a task of love,  
One long, long thought of you.  
If all your tender faith is o'er,  
If still my truth you'll try;  
Alas! I know but one proof more, —  
I'll bless your name, and die!

*WHEN TIME, WHO STEALS.*

WHEN Time, who steals our years away  
Shall steal our pleasures too,  
The memory of the past will stay,  
And half our joys renew.

Then, Chloe, when thy beauty's flower  
Shall feel the wintry air,  
Remembrance will recall the hour  
When thou alone wert fair!

Then talk no more of future gloom;  
Our joys shall always last;  
For hope shall brighten days to come,  
And memory gild the past!

Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,  
I drink to Love and thee:

Thou never canst decay in soul,  
Thou'lt still be young for me.

And as thy lips the tear-drops chase  
Which on my cheek they find,  
So hope shall steal away the trace  
Which sorrow leaves behind!

Then fill the bowl — away the gloom!  
Our joys shall always last;  
For hope shall brighten days to come,  
And memory gild the past!

But mark, at thought of future years  
When love shall lose its soul,  
My Chloe drops her timid tears,  
They mingle with my bowl!

How like this bowl of wine, my fair,  
Our loving life shall fleet;  
Though tears may sometimes mingle  
there,  
The draught will still be sweet!

Then fill the bowl — away with gloom!  
Our joys shall always last;  
For hope will brighten days to come,  
And memory gild the past!

#### A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,  
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep  
time.

Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.  
Row, brothers, row! the stream runs  
fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's  
past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?  
There is not a breath the blue wave to  
curl!

But, when the wind blows off the shore,  
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.  
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs  
fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's  
past!

Ottawa's tide! this trembling moon  
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.  
Saint of this green isle! hear our pray-  
ers,

Oh! grant us cool heavens and favoring  
airs.

Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs  
fast,

The rapids are near, and the daylight's  
past!

#### GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,  
But while fame elates thee,  
Oh! still remember me.  
When the praise thou meetest  
To thine ear is sweetest,  
Oh! then remember me.  
Other arms may press thee,  
Dearer friends caress thee,  
All the joys that bless thee  
Sweeter far may be;  
But when friends are nearest,  
And when joys are dearest,  
Oh! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest  
By the star thou lovest,  
Oh! then remember me.  
Think, when home returning,  
Bright we've seen it burning.  
Oh! thus remember me.  
Oft as summer closes,  
When thine eye reposes  
On its lingering roses,  
Once so loved by thee,  
Think of her who wove them,  
Her who made thee love them,  
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,  
Autumn leaves are lying,  
Oh! then remember me.  
And, at night, when gazing  
On the gay hearth blazing,  
Oh! still remember me.  
Then, should music, stealing  
All the soul of feeling,  
To thy heart appealing,



Draw one tear from thee;  
Then let memory bring thee  
Strains I used to sing thee, —  
Oh! then remember me.

---

*MARY, I BELIEVED THEE TRUE.*

MARY, I believed thee true,  
And I was blest in thus believing;  
But now I mourn that e'er I knew  
A girl so fair and so deceiving!

Few have ever loved like me, —  
Oh! I have loved thee too sincerely!  
And few have e'er deceived like thee,  
Alas! deceived me too severely!

Fare thee well! yet think awhile  
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt  
thee;  
Who now would rather trust that smile,  
And die with thee than live without  
thee!

Fare thee well! I'll think of thee,  
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;  
For see, distracting woman! see,  
My peace is gone, my heart is  
broken! — Fare thee well!

---

*WHY DOES AZURE DECK THE SKY?*

WHY does azure deck the sky?  
'Tis to be like thine eyes of blue;  
Why is red the rose's dye?  
Because it is thy blushes' hue.  
All that's fair, by Love's decree,  
Has been made resembling thee!

Why is falling snow so white,  
But to be like thy bosom fair?  
Why are solar beams so bright?  
That they may seem thy golden hair!  
All that's bright, by Love's decree,  
Has been made resembling thee!

Why are Nature's beauties felt?  
Oh! 'tis thine in her we see!  
Why has music power to melt?

Oh! because it speaks like thee.  
All that's sweet, by Love's decree,  
Has been made resembling thee!

---

*OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.*

OH! breathe not his name, let it sleep in  
the shade,  
Where cold and unhonored his relics  
are laid;  
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that  
we shed,  
As the night-dew that falls on the grass  
o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in  
silence it weeps,  
Shall brighten with verdure the grave  
where he sleeps;  
And the tear that we shed, though in  
secret it rolls,  
Shall long keep his memory green in  
our souls.

---

*WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.*

WHEN he who adores thee has left but  
the name  
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,  
Oh! say, wilt thou weep, when they  
darken the fame  
Of a life that for thee was resigned?  
Yes, weep, and however my foes may  
condemn,  
Thy tears shall efface their decree;  
For Heaven can witness, though guilty  
to them,  
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earli-  
est love;  
Every thought of my reason was thine;  
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit  
above,  
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.  
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends  
who shall live  
The days of thy glory to see;  
But the next dearest blessing that  
Heaven can give  
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

*THE HARP THAT ONCE  
THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.*

THE harp that once through Tara's halls  
The soul of music shed,  
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls  
As if that soul were fled.  
So sleeps the pride of former days,  
So glory's thrill is o'er,  
And hearts, that once beat high for  
praise,  
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright  
The harp of Tara swells:  
The chord alone, that breaks at night,  
Its tale of ruin tells.  
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,  
The only throb she gives  
Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
To show that still she lives.

*FLY NOT YET.*

FLY not yet; 'tis just the hour  
When pleasure, like the midnight flower  
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,  
Begins to bloom for sons of night,  
And maids who love the moon.  
'Twas but to bless these hours of shade  
That beauty and the moon were made;  
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing  
Set the tides and goblets flowing.  
Oh! stay, — oh! stay, —  
Joy so seldom weaves a chain  
Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain  
To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet; the fount that played  
In times of old through Ammon's shade,  
Though icy cold by day it ran,  
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began  
To burn when night was near;  
And thus should woman's heart and looks  
At noon be cold as winter brooks,  
Nor kindle till the night, returning,  
Brings their genial hour for burning.  
Oh! stay, — oh! stay, —  
When did morning ever break,  
And find such beaming eyes awake  
As those that sparkle here?

*RICH AND RARE WERE THE  
GEMS SHE WORE.*

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,  
And a bright gold ring on her wand  
she bore;  
But, oh! her beauty was far beyond  
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

"Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,  
So lone and lovely, through this bleak  
way?  
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold  
As not to be tempted by woman or  
gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,  
No son of Erin will offer me harm:  
For, though they love women and  
golden store,  
Sir Knight! they love honor and virtue  
more."

On she went, and her maiden smile  
In safety lighted her round the green  
isle;  
And blest for ever is she who relied  
Upon Erin's honor and Erin's pride.

*AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF  
THE WATERS MAY GLOW.*

As a beam o'er the face of the waters  
may glow,  
While the tide runs in darkness and  
coldness below,  
So the cheek may be tinged with a  
warm sunny smile,  
Though the cold heart to ruin runs  
darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow  
that throws  
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and  
our woes,  
To which life nothing darker or brighter  
can bring,  
For which joy has no balm and afflic-  
tion no sting:

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoy-  
ment will stay,

Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright ray,  
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,  
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

*THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.*

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;  
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,  
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene  
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green:  
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,  
Oh! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,  
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,  
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,  
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

*I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.*

I SAW thy form in youthful prime,  
Nor thought that pale decay  
Would steal before the steps of Time,  
And waste its bloom away, Mary!  
Yet still thy features wore that light  
Which fleets not with the breath;  
And life ne'er looked more truly bright  
Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,  
Yet humbly, calmly glide,

Nor seem to know the wealth that shines  
Within their gentle tide, Mary!  
So, veiled beneath the simplest guise,  
Thy radiant genius shone,  
And that which charmed all other eyes  
Seemed worthless in thine own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,  
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;  
Or could we keep the souls we love,  
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!  
Though many a gifted mind we meet,  
Though fairest forms we see,  
To live with them is far less sweet  
Than to remember thee, Mary!

*SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.*

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,  
And lovers are round her sighing;  
But coldly she turns from their gaze,  
and weeps,  
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,  
Every note which he loved awaking;—  
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,  
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,  
They were all that to life had entwined him;  
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,  
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest  
When they promise a glorious morrow;  
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,  
From her own loved island of sorrow.

*BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE  
ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.*

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing  
young charms,  
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,  
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet  
in my arms,  
Like fairy-gifts fading away,  
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this  
moment thou art,  
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,  
And around the dear ruin each wish of  
my heart  
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are  
thine own,  
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,  
That the fervor and faith of a soul can  
be known,  
To which time will but make thee  
more dear;  
No, the heart that has truly loved never  
forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close,  
As the sun-flower turns on her god,  
when he sets,  
The same look which she turned  
when he rose.

*DRINK TO HER.*

DRINK to her who long  
Hath waked the poet's sigh,  
The girl who gave to song  
What gold could never buy.  
Oh! woman's heart was made  
For minstrel hands alone;  
By other fingers played,  
It yields not half the tone.  
Then here's to her who long  
Hath waked the poet's sigh,  
The girl who gave to song  
What gold could never buy.

At Beauty's door of glass  
Where Wealth and Wit once stood,  
They asked her, "which might pass?"  
She answered, "he who could."  
With golden key Wealth thought

To pass — but 'twould not do :  
While Wit a diamond brought,  
Which cut his bright way through.  
So here's to her who long  
Hath waked the poet's sigh,  
The girl who gave to song  
What gold could never buy.

The love that seeks a home  
Where wealth and grandeur shines,  
Is like the gloomy gnome  
That dwells in dark gold mines.  
But oh! the poet's love  
Can boast a brighter sphere;  
Its native home's above,  
Though woman keeps it here.  
Then drink to her who long  
Hath waked the poet's sigh,  
The girl who gave to song  
What gold could never buy.

*OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.*

OH! blame not the bard, if he fly to  
the bowers  
Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling  
at Fame,  
He was born for much more, and in  
happier hours  
His soul might have burned with a  
holier flame;  
The string that now languishes loose  
o'er the lyre,  
Might have bent a proud bow to the  
warrior's dart;  
And the lip, which now breathes but  
the song of desire,  
Might have poured the full tide of a  
patriot's heart.

But, alas for his country! — her pride  
has gone by,  
And that spirit is broken, which never  
would bend;  
O'er the ruin her children in secret  
must sigh,  
For 'tis treason to love her, and death  
to defend.  
Unprized are her sons, till they've  
learned to betray;

Undistinguished they live, if they  
shame not their sires;  
And the torch, that would light them  
through dignity's way,  
Must be caught from the pile where  
their country expires.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleas-  
ure's soft dream  
He should try to forget what he  
never can heal;  
Oh! give but a hope — let a vista but  
gleam  
Through the gloom of his country,  
and mark how he'll feel!  
Every passion it nursed, every bliss it  
adored,  
That instant, his heart at her shrine  
would lay down;  
While the myrtle, now idly entwined  
with his crown,  
Like the wreath of Harmodius,  
should cover his sword.

But though glory be gone, and though  
hope fade away,  
Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in  
his songs;  
Not even in the hour when his heart is  
most gay  
Will he lose the remembrance of  
thee and thy wrongs.  
The stranger shall hear thy lament on  
his plains;  
The sigh of thy heart shall be sent  
o'er the deep,  
Till thy masters themselves, as they  
rivet thy chains,  
Shall pause at the song of their cap-  
tive, and weep!

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty  
bright  
My heart's chain wove;  
When my dream of life from morn till  
night  
Was love, still love.  
New hope may bloom,  
And days may come

Of milder, calmer beam,  
But there's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream:  
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may  
soar,  
When wild youth's past;  
Though he wins the wise, who frowned  
before,  
To smile at last;  
He'll never meet  
A joy so sweet,  
In all his noon of fame,  
As when first he sung to woman's ear  
His soul-felt flame,  
And, at every close, she blushed to hear  
The one loved name.

No — that hallowed form is ne'er for-  
got  
Which first love traced;  
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot  
On memory's waste.  
'Twas odor fled  
As soon as shed;  
'Twas morning's wingèd dream;  
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again  
On life's dull stream:  
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine  
again  
On life's dull stream.

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,  
But no one knows for whom it  
beameth;  
Right and left its arrows fly,  
But what they aim at no one dream-  
eth.  
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon  
My Nora's lid that seldom rises;  
Few its looks, but every one,  
Like unexpected light, surprises.  
O my Nora Creina, dear,  
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,  
Beauty lies  
In many eyes,  
But love in yours, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,  
 But all so close the nymph hath  
 laced it,  
 Not a charm of beauty's mould  
 Presumes to stay where Nature placed  
 it.

Oh, my Nora's gown for me,  
 That floats as wild as mountain  
 breezes,

Leaving every beauty free  
 To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.  
 Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,  
 My simple, graceful Nora Creina,  
 Nature's dress  
 Is loveliness —  
 The dress you wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,  
 But when its points are gleaming  
 round us,  
 Who can tell if they're designed  
 To dazzle merely, or to wound us?  
 Pillowed on my Nora's heart  
 In safer slumber Love reposes —  
 Bed of peace! whose roughest part  
 Is but the crumpling of the roses.  
 O my Nora Creina, dear,  
 My mild, my artless Nora Creina,  
 Wit, though bright,  
 Hath no such light  
 As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

---

#### AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

At the mid hour of night, when stars  
 are weeping, I fly  
 To the lone vale we loved, when life  
 shone warm in thine eye;  
 And I think oft, if spirits can steal  
 from the regions of air,  
 To revisit past scenes of delight, thou  
 wilt come to me there,  
 And tell me our love is remembered,  
 even in the sky!

Then I sing the wild song 'twas once  
 such pleasure to hear,  
 When our voices, commingling,  
 breathed, like one, on the ear;  
 And, as Echo far off through the vale  
 my sad orison rolls,

I think, O my love! 'tis thy voice,  
 from the Kingdom of Souls,  
 Faintly answering still the notes that  
 once were so dear.

---

#### 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer  
 Left blooming alone;  
 All her lovely companions  
 Are faded and gone;  
 No flower of her kindred,  
 No rosebud is nigh,  
 To reflect back her blushes,  
 To give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
 To pine on the stem;  
 Since the lovely are sleeping,  
 Go sleep thou with them.  
 Thus kindly I scatter  
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
 Where thy mates of the garden  
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,  
 When friendships decay,  
 And from Love's shining circle  
 The gems drop away!  
 When true hearts lie withered  
 And fond ones are flown,  
 Oh! who would inhabit  
 This bleak world alone?

---

#### THE MINSTREL-BOY.

THE Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,  
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;  
 His father's sword he has girded on,  
 And his wild harp slung behind  
 him. —  
 "Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,  
 "Though all the world betrays thee,  
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall  
 guard,  
 One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! — but the foeman's chain

Could not bring his proud soul under;  
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,  
For he tore its cords asunder:  
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,  
Thou soul of love and bravery!  
Thy songs were made for the brave and free,  
They shall never sound in slavery!"

*FAREWELL! — BUT WHENEVER  
YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.*

FAREWELL! — but whenever you welcome the hour  
That awakens the night-song of mirth  
in your bower,  
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,  
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.  
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain  
Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain,  
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw  
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you.

And still on that evening when pleasure fills up  
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,  
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,  
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;  
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,  
And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles —  
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,  
Some kind voice had murmured, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst; there are relics of joy,

Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;  
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,  
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.  
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!  
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled —  
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

*OH! DOUBT ME NOT.*

OH! doubt me not — the season  
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,  
And now the vestal, Reason,  
Shall watch the fire awaked by Love.

Although this heart was early blown,  
And fairest hands disturbed the tree,  
They only-shook some blossoms down,  
Its fruit has all been kept for thee.  
Then doubt me not — the season  
Is o'er when Folly made me rove,  
And now the vestal, Reason,  
Shall watch the fire awaked by Love.

And though my lute no longer  
May sing of Passion's ardent spell,  
Yet, trust me, all the stronger  
I feel the bliss I do not tell.  
The bee through many a garden roves,  
And hums his lay of courtship o'er,  
But, when he finds the flower he loves,  
He settles there, and hums no more.  
Then doubt me not — the season  
Is o'er when Folly kept me free,  
And now the vestal, Reason,  
Shall guard the flame awaked by thee.

*COME O'ER THE SEA.*

COME o'er the sea,  
 Maiden, with me,  
 Mine through sunshine, storm, and  
 snows;  
 Seasons may roll,  
 But the true soul  
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.  
 Let fate frown on, so we love and part  
 not;  
 'Tis life where thou art, 'tis death where  
 thou art not.  
 Then come o'er the sea,  
 Maiden, with me,  
 Come wherever the wild wind blows;  
 Seasons may roll,  
 But the true soul  
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Was not the sea  
 Made for the free,  
 Land for courts and chains alone?  
 Here we are slaves,  
 But, on the waves,  
 Love and liberty's all our own.  
 No eye to watch, and no tongue to  
 wound us,  
 All earth forgot, and all heaven around  
 us —  
 Then come o'er the sea,  
 Maiden, with me,  
 Mine through sunshine, storm, and  
 snows;  
 Seasons may roll,  
 But the true soul  
 Burns the same where'er it goes.

*YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.*

YOU remember Ellen, our hamlet's  
 pride,  
 How meekly she blessed her humble  
 lot,  
 When the stranger, William, had made  
 her his bride,  
 And love was the light of their lowly  
 cot.  
 Together they toiled through winds and  
 rains,

Till William at length in sadness  
 said,  
 "We must seek our fortune on other  
 plains;" —  
 Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roamed a long and a weary way,  
 Nor much was the maiden's heart at  
 ease,  
 When now, at the close of one stormy  
 day,  
 They see a proud castle among the  
 trees.  
 "To-night," said the youth, "we'll  
 shelter there;  
 The wind blows cold, and the hour  
 is late:"  
 So he blew the horn with a chieftain's  
 air,  
 And the porter bowed as they passed  
 the gate.  
 "Now, welcome, lady," exclaimed the  
 youth,  
 "This castle is thine, and these dark  
 woods all!"  
 She believed him crazed, but his words  
 were truth,  
 For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!  
 And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves  
 What William the stranger wooed  
 and wed;  
 And the light of bliss, in these lordly  
 groves,  
 Shines pure as it did in the lowly  
 shed.

*HAS SORROW THY YOUNG  
 DAYS SHADED.*

HAS sorrow thy young days shaded,  
 As clouds o'er the morning fleet?  
 Too fast have those young days faded,  
 That, even in sorrow, were sweet?  
 Does Time with his cold wing wither  
 Each feeling that once was dear? —  
 Then, child of misfortune, come hither,  
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul, so tender,  
 Been like our Lagenian mine,  
 Where sparkles of golden splendor



All over the surface shine?  
 But, if in pursuit we go deeper,  
 Allured by the gleam that shone,  
 Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,  
 Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,  
 That flitted from tree to tree  
 With the talisman's glittering glory —  
 Has Hope been that bird to thee?  
 On branch after branch alighting,  
 The gem did she still display,  
 And, when nearest and most inviting,  
 Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the young hours have fled,  
 When sorrow itself looked bright;  
 If thus the fair hope hath cheated,  
 That led thee along so light;  
 If thus the cold world now wither  
 Each feeling that once was dear: —  
 Come, child of misfortune, come hither,  
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

---

*THE TIME I'VE LOST IN  
 WOOING.*

THE time I've lost in wooing,  
 In watching and pursuing  
 The light that lies  
 In woman's eyes,  
 Has been my heart's undoing.  
 Though Wisdom oft has sought me,  
 I scorned the lore she brought me,  
 My only books  
 Were woman's looks,  
 And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,  
 I hung with gaze enchanted,  
 Like him the Sprite  
 Whom maids by night  
 Oft meet in glen that's haunted.  
 Like him, too, Beauty won me;  
 But while her eyes were on me;  
 If once their ray  
 Was turned away,  
 Oh! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?  
 And is my proud heart growing  
 Too cold or wise

For brilliant eyes  
 Again to set it glowing?  
 No — vain, alas! th' endeavor  
 From bonds so sweet to sever; —  
 Poor Wisdom's chance  
 Against a glance  
 Is now as weak as ever.

---

*COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.*

COME, rest in this bosom, my own  
 stricken deer,  
 Though the herd have fled from thee,  
 thy home is still here:  
 Here still is the smile that no cloud can  
 o'ercast,  
 And a heart and a hand all thy own to  
 the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not  
 the same  
 Through joy and through torment,  
 through glory and shame?  
 I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that  
 heart,  
 I but know that I love thee, whatever  
 thou art.

Thou hast called me thy Angel in mo-  
 ments of bliss,  
 And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors  
 of this,  
 Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy  
 steps to pursue,  
 And shield thee, and save thee, or per-  
 ish there too.

---

*I SAW FROM THE BEACH.*

I SAW from the beach, when the morn-  
 ing was shining,  
 A bark o'er the waters move glori-  
 ously on;  
 I came when the sun o'er that beach  
 was declining,  
 The bark was still there, but the  
 waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early  
 promise,  
 So passing the spring-tide of joy we  
 have known;  
 Each wave, that we danced on at morn-  
 ing, ebbs from us,  
 And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak  
 shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorn-  
 ing  
 The close of our day, the calm eve of  
 our night; —  
 Give me back, give me back the wild  
 freshness of Morning,  
 Her clouds and her tears are worth  
 Evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that mo-  
 ment's returning,  
 When passion first waked a new life  
 through his frame,  
 And his soul—like the wood that  
 grows precious in burning—  
 Gave out all its sweets to love's ex-  
 quisite flame!

---

### *LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.*

FROM life without freedom, oh! who  
 would not fly?  
 For one day of freedom, oh! who would  
 not die?  
 Hark, hark! 'tis the trumpet, the call  
 on the brave,  
 The death-song of tyrants, and dirge of  
 the slave.  
 Our country lies bleeding, oh! fly to  
 her aid,—  
 One arm that defends, is worth hosts  
 that invade.

In Death's kindly bosom our last hope  
 remains,  
 The dead fear no tyrants; the grave  
 has no chains.  
 On, on to the combat! the heroes that  
 bleed  
 For virtue and mankind, are heroes in-  
 deed!

And oh! e'en if Freedom from this  
 world be driven,  
 Despair not—at least we shall find her  
 in heaven!

---

### *HERE'S THE BOWER.*

HERE's the bower she loved so much,  
 And the tree she planted;  
 Here's the harp she used to touch,—  
 Oh! how that touch enchanted!  
 Roses now unheeded sigh,  
 Where's the hand to wreath *them*?  
 Songs around neglected lie,  
 Where's the lip to breathe *them*?  
 Here's the bower she loved so much  
 And the tree she planted;  
 Here's the harp she used to touch,  
 Oh! how that touch enchanted!

Spring may bloom, but she we loved  
 Ne'er shall feel its sweetness,  
 Time that once so fleetly moved,  
 Now hath lost its fleetness.  
 Years were days, when here she strayed,  
 Days were moments near her;  
 Heaven ne'er formed a brighter maid,  
 Nor pity wept a dearer!  
 Here's the bower she loved so much,  
 And the tree she planted;  
 Here's the harp she used to touch,—  
 Oh! how that touch enchanted!

---

### *LOVE AND HOPE.*

AT morn, beside yon summer sea,  
 Young Hope and Love reclined:  
 But scarce had noon-tide come, when  
 he  
 Into his bark leaped smilingly,  
 And left poor Hope behind!

"I go," said Love, "to sail awhile,  
 Across this sunny main;"—  
 And then so sweet his parting smile,  
 That Hope, who never dreamed of  
 guile,  
 Believed he'd come again.

She lingered there, till evening's beam  
 Along the waters lay;  
 And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream,  
 Oft traced his name, which still the  
 stream  
 As often washed away.

At length, a sail appears in sight,  
 And toward the maiden moves;  
 'Tis Wealth that comes, and gay and  
 bright,  
 His golden bark reflects the light;  
 But, ah, it is not Love's!

Another sail — 'twas Friendship showed  
 Her night lamp o'er the sea;  
 And calm the light that lamp bestowed,  
 But Love had lights that warmer glowed  
 And where, alas! was He?

Now fast around the sea and shore  
 Night threw her darkling chain;  
 The sunny sails were seen no more,  
 Hope's morning dreams of bliss were  
 o'er —  
 Love never came again!

---

*THOU ART, O GOD!*

I.

THOU art, O God! the life and light  
 Of all this wondrous world we see;  
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
 Are but reflections caught from Thee.  
 Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,  
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.

II.

When day, with farewell beam, delays  
 Among the opening clouds of even,  
 And we can almost think we gaze  
 Through golden vistas into Heaven;  
 Those hues, that make the sun's decline  
 So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

III.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,  
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,  
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose  
 plume

Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes; —  
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
 So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

IV.

When youthful spring around us  
 breathes,  
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;  
 And every flower the summer wreathes  
 Is born beneath that kindling eye.  
 Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,  
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.

---

*THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING  
 SHOW.*

I.

THIS world is all a fleeting show  
 For man's illusion given;  
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,  
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow, —  
 There's nothing true but Heaven!

II.

And false the light on Glory's plume,  
 As fading hues of even;  
 And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's  
 bloom,  
 Are blossoms gathered for the tomb, —  
 There's nothing bright but Heaven!

III.

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,  
 From wave to wave we're driven,  
 And fancy's flash and reason's ray  
 Serve but to light the troubled way, —  
 There's nothing calm but Heaven!

---

*FALL'N IS THY THRONE.*

I.

FALL'N is thy throne, O Israel!  
 Silence is o'er thy plains;  
 Thy dwellings all lie desolate,  
 Thy children weep in chains.  
 Where are the dews that fed thee  
 On Etham's barren shore?  
 That fire from Heaven which led thee,  
 Now lights thy path no more.

## II.

Lord! Thou didst love Jerusalem; —  
 Once, she was all Thy own;  
 Her love Thy fairest heritage,  
 Her power Thy glory's throne,  
 Till evil came, and blighted  
 Thy long-loved olive-tree; —  
 And Salem's shrines were lighted  
 For other gods than Thee!

## III.

Then sunk the star of Solyma; —  
 Then passed her glory's day,  
 Like heath that, in the wilderness,  
 The wild wind whirls away.  
 \*Silent and waste her bowers,  
 Where once the mighty trod,  
 And sunk those guilty towers,  
 Where Baal reigned as God!

## IV.

"Go," — said the Lord, — "ye conquer-  
 ors!  
 Steep in her blood your swords,  
 And raze to earth her battlements,  
 For they are not the Lord's!  
 Till Zion's mournful daughter  
 O'er kindred bones shall tread,  
 And Hinnom's vale of slaughter  
 Shall hide but half her dead!"

—  
*O THOU WHO DRY'ST THE  
 MOURNER'S TEAR!*

## I.

O THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear!  
 How dark this world would be,  
 If, when deceived and wounded here,  
 We could not fly to Thee.  
 The friends, who in our sunshine live,  
 When winter comes are flown:  
 And he, who has but tears to give,  
 Must weep those tears alone.  
 But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,  
 Which, like the plants that throw  
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
 Breathes sweetness out of woe.

## II.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,  
 And e'en the hope that threw  
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,  
 Is dimmed and vanished too!  
 Oh! who would bear life's stormy  
 doom,  
 Did not thy wing of love  
 Come, brightly wafting through the  
 gloom  
 Our peace-branch from above?  
 Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows  
 bright  
 With more than rapture's ray;  
 As darkness shows us worlds of light  
 We never saw by day!

—  
*SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.*

## I.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's  
 dark sea!  
 Jehovah has triumphed — his people  
 are free.  
 Sing — for the pride of the tyrant is  
 broken,  
 His chariots, and horsemen, all splen-  
 did and brave,  
 How vain was their boasting! — the  
 Lord hath but spoken,  
 And chariots and horsemen are sunk  
 in the wave.  
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's  
 dark sea!  
 Jehovah has triumphed — his people  
 are free.

## II.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the  
 Lord,  
 His word was our arrow, his breath was  
 our sword! —  
 Who shall return to tell Egypt the story  
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of  
 her pride?  
 For the Lord hath looked out from his  
 pillar of glory,  
 And all her brave thousands are  
 dashed in the tide.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's  
dark sea!  
Jehovah has triumphed — his people  
are free.

*OFT IN THE STILL NIGHT.*

OFT, in the stilly night,  
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
Fond Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me;  
The smiles, the tears  
Of boyhood's years,  
The words of love then spoken;  
The eyes that shone,  
Now dimm'd and gone,  
The cheerful hearts now broken!  
Thus, in the stilly night,  
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

When I remember all  
The friends, so link'd together,  
I've seen around me fall,  
Like leaves in wintry weather;  
I feel like one  
Who treads alone  
Some banquet-hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed!  
Thus, in the stilly night,  
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

*THE JOURNEY ONWARDS.*

As slow our ship her foamy track  
Against the wind was cleaving,  
Her trembling pennant still look'd back  
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.  
So loth we part from all we love,  
From all the links that bind us;  
So turn our hearts, as on we rove,  
To those we've left behind us!

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years  
We talk with joyous seeming —  
With smiles that might as well be tears,  
So faint, so sad their beaming;  
While memory brings us back again  
Each early tie that twined us,  
O, sweet's the cup that circles then  
To those we've left behind us!

And when in other climes, we meet  
Some isle or vale enchanting,  
Where all looks flowery wild and sweet,  
And nought but love is wanting;  
We think how great had been our bliss  
If Heaven had but assign'd us  
To live and die in scenes like this,  
With some we've left behind us!

As travellers oft look back at eve  
When eastward darkly going,  
To gaze upon that light they leave  
Still faint behind them glowing, —  
So, when the close of pleasure's day  
To gloom hath near consign'd us,  
We turn to catch one fading ray  
Of joy that's left behind us.

## HORACE SMITH.

1779-1849.

[AUTHOR of several novels and verses. In connection with his brother James he wrote clever parodies and criticisms in the *Picnic*, the *London Review*, and the *Monthly Mirror*. In the last appeared those imitations from his own and his brother's hand which were published in 1813 as *The Rejected Addresses*, one of the most successful and popular works that has ever appeared. Besides these he wrote *Brambletye House*, in imitation of Scott's historical novels; also, *Tor Hill*, *Walter Colyton*, *The Moneyed Man*, *The Merchant*, and several others. His best performance is the *Address to the Mummy*, some parts of which exhibit the finest sensibility and an exquisite poetic taste.]

ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY IN  
BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

AND thou hast walk'd about (how  
strange a story!)

In Thebes' streets three thousand  
years ago,

When the Memnonium was in all its  
glory,

And time had not begun to over-  
throw

Those temples, palaces, and piles stu-  
pendous,

Of which the very ruins are tremen-  
dous!

Speak! for thou long enough hast  
acted dummy;

Thou hast a tongue, come let us hear  
its tune;

Thou'rt standing on thy legs above  
ground, mummy!

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon.  
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied  
creatures,

But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs  
and features.

Tell us — for doubtless thou canst rec-  
ollect —

To whom should we assign the  
Sphinx's fame?

Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect  
Of either pyramid that bears his  
name?

Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?  
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung  
by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and for-  
bidden

By oath to tell the secrets of thy  
trade —

Then say, what secret melody was hid-  
den

In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise  
play'd?

Perhaps thou wert a priest — if so my  
struggles

Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its  
juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pin-  
ion'd flat,

Has hob-a-nobb'd with Pharaoh,  
glass to glass;

Or dropp'd a halfpenny in Homer's hat,  
Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido

pass,

Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,  
A torch, at the great Temple's dedica-  
tion.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when  
arm'd,

Has any Roman soldier maul'd and  
knuckled,

For thou wert dead, and buried, and  
embalm'd,

Ere Romulus and Remus had been  
suckled:

Antiquity appears to have begun

Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that wither'd  
tongue

Might tell us what those sightless  
orbs have seen,

How the world look'd when it was  
fresh and young,  
And the great deluge still had left it  
green;  
Or was it then so old, that history's  
pages  
Contain'd no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf!  
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy  
vows;  
But prithee tell us something of thyself;  
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-  
house;  
Since in the world of spirits thou hast  
slumber'd,  
What hast thou seen — what strange  
adventures number'd?

Since first thy form was in this box ex-  
tended,  
We have, above ground, seen some  
strange mutations;  
The Roman empire has begun and ended,  
New worlds have risen — we have  
lost old nations,  
And countless kings have into dust been  
humbled,  
Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has  
crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy  
head,  
When the great Persian conqueror,  
Cambyses,  
March'd armies o'er thy tomb with  
thundering tread,  
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,  
And shook the pyramids with fear and  
wonder,  
When the gigantic Memnon fell asun-  
der?

If the tomb's secrets may not be con-  
fess'd,  
The nature of thy private life unfold:  
A heart has throbb'd beneath that leath-  
ern breast,  
And tears adown that dusky cheek  
have roll'd:  
Have children climb'd those knees, and  
kiss'd that face?

What was thy name and station, age  
and race?

Statue of flesh — immortal of the dead!  
Imperishable type of evanescence!  
Posthumous man, who quit'st thy nar-  
row bed,  
And standest undecay'd within our  
presence,  
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judg-  
ment morning,  
When the great trump shall thrill thee  
with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument  
endure,  
If its undying guest be lost forever?  
Oh, let us keep the soul embalm'd and  
pure  
In living virtue, that, when both must  
sever,  
Although corruption may our frame con-  
sume,  
The immortal spirit in the skies may  
bloom.

# HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

DAY-STARS! that ope your eyes with  
morn to twinkle  
From rainbow galaxies of earth's  
creation,  
And dew-drops on her lonely altars  
sprinkle  
As a libation!

Ye matin worshippers! who bending  
lowly  
Before the uprisen sun — God's lid-  
less eye —  
Throw from your chalices a sweet and  
holy  
Incense on high!

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied  
beauty  
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,  
What numerous emblems of instructive  
duty  
Your forms create!

'Neath cloister'd boughs, each floral  
 bell that swingeth  
 And tolls its perfume on the passing  
 air,  
 Makes sabbath in the fields, and ever  
 ringeth  
 A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch  
 and column  
 Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,  
 But to that fane, most Catholic and  
 solemn,  
 Which God hath plann'd;

To that cathedral, boundless as our  
 wonder,  
 Whose quenchless lamps the sun and  
 moon supply —  
 Its choir the winds and waves, its organ  
 thunder,  
 Its dome the sky.

There — as in solitude and shade I  
 wander  
 Through the green aisles, or, stretch'd  
 upon the sod,  
 Awed by the silence, reverently ponder  
 The ways of God —

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers, are living  
 preachers,  
 Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a  
 book,  
 Supplying to my fancy numerous teach-  
 ers  
 From loneliest nook.

Floral Apostles! that in dewy splendor  
 "Weep without woe, and blush with-  
 out a crime,"  
 O may I deeply learn and ne'er surren-  
 der  
 Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy  
 glory,  
 Array'd," the lilies cry, "in robes like  
 ours;  
 How vain your grandeur! Ah, how  
 transitory  
 Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly  
 Artist!  
 With which thou paintest Nature's  
 wide-spread hall,  
 What a delightful lesson thou impartest  
 Of love to all.

Not useless are ye, Flowers! though  
 made for pleasure:  
 Blooming o'er field and wave, by day  
 and night,  
 From every source your sanction bids me  
 treasure  
 Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors  
 hoary  
 For such a world of thought could  
 furnish scope?  
 Each fading calyx a memento mori,  
 Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collec-  
 tion!  
 Upraised from seed or bulb interred  
 in earth,  
 Ye are to me a type of resurrection,  
 And second birth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands  
 remaining,  
 Far from all voice of teachers or  
 divines,  
 My soul would find, in flowers of thy  
 ordaining,  
 Priests, sermons, shrines!



## REV. GEORGE CROLY.

1780-1860.

## CUPID CARRYING PROVISIONS.

THERE was once a gentle time  
When the world was in its prime;  
And every day was holiday,  
And every month was lovely May.  
Cupid then had but to go  
With his purple wings and bow;  
And in blossomed vale and grove  
Every shepherd knelt to love.

Then a rosy, dimpled cheek,  
And a blue eye, fond and meek;  
And a ringlet-wreathen brow,  
Like hyacinths on a bed of snow;  
And a low voice, silver sweet,  
From a lip without deceit;  
Only those the hearts could move  
Of the simple swains to love.

But that time is gone and past,  
Can the summer always last?  
And the swains are wiser grown,  
And the heart is turned to stone,  
And the maiden's rose may wither,  
Cupid's fled, no man knows whither.  
But another Cupid's come,  
With a brow of care and gloom:  
Fixed upon the earthly mould,  
Thinking of the sullen gold;  
In his hand the bow no more,

At his back the household store,  
That the bridal gold must buy:  
Useless now the smile and sigh:  
But he wears the pinion still,  
Flying at the sight of ill.

Oh, for the old true-love time,  
When the world was in its prime!

## DOMESTIC LOVE.

O! LOVE of loves! — to thy white hand  
is given

Of earthly happiness the golden key.  
Thine are the joyous hours of winter's  
even,

When the babes cling around their  
father's knee;

And thine the voice, that, on the mid-  
night sea,

Melts the rude mariner with thoughts  
of home,

Peopling the gloom with all he longs  
to see.

Spirit! I've built a shrine; and thou  
hast come

And on its altar closed — forever closed  
thy plume.

## EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

1781-1849.

[BORN 17th of March, 1781, at the New Foundry, Masbro', near Rotherham, Yorkshire; wrote in his seventeenth year *The Vernal Walk*; worked in his father's foundry until 1804; made trials of business in Sheffield, of which the first failed; published his first volume of verse, 1823; *Village Patriarch*, 1829; *Corn Law Rhymer*, 1831; retired from business, 1841; died 1st of December, 1849.]

## SONG.

CHILD, is thy father dead?  
Father is gone!  
Why did they tax his bread?  
God's will be done!

Mother has sold her bed:  
Better to die than wed!  
Where shall she lay her head?  
Home we have none!

Father clammed<sup>1</sup> thrice a week —  
 God's will be done!  
 Long for work did he seek,  
 Work he found none.  
 Tears on his hollow cheek  
 Told what no tongue could speak:  
 Why did his master break?  
 God's will be done!

Doctor said air was best —  
 Food we had none;  
 Father, with panting breast,  
 Groaned to be gone:  
 Now he is with the blest —  
 Mother says death is best!  
 We have no place of rest —  
 Yes, we have one!

### AN EXCURSION TO THE MOUNTAINS.

[From *The Village Patriarch*.]

#### I.

COME, Father of the Hamlet! grasp  
 again  
 Thy stern ash plant, cut when the woods  
 were young;  
 Come, let us leave the plough-subjected  
 plain,  
 And rise, with freshened hearts, and  
 nerves restrung,  
 Into the azure dome that, haply, hung  
 O'er thoughtful power, ere suffering had  
 begun.

#### II.

Flowers peep, trees bud, boughs trem-  
 ble, rivers run;  
 The redwing saith, it is a glorious morn.  
 Blue are thy Heavens, thou Highest!  
 and thy sun  
 Shines without cloud, all fire. How  
 sweetly, borne  
 On wings of morning o'er the leafless  
 thorn,  
 The tiny wren's small twitter warbles  
 near!  
 How swiftly flashes in the stream the  
 trout!  
 Woodbine! our father's ever-watchful  
 ear

<sup>1</sup> Fasted; was hungry.

Knows, by thy rustle, that thy leaves  
 are out.  
 The trailing bramble hath not yet a  
 sprout;  
 Yet harshly to the wind the wanton  
 prates,  
 Not with thy smooth lisp, woodbine of  
 the fields!  
 Thou future treasure of the bee, that  
 waits  
 Gladly on thee, spring's harbinger!  
 when yields  
 All bounteous earth her odorous flow-  
 ers, and builds  
 The nightingale, in beauty's fairest  
 land.

#### III.

Five rivers, like the fingers of a hand,  
 Flung from black mountains, mingle,  
 and are one  
 Where sweetest valleys quit the wild  
 and grand,  
 And eldest forests, o'er the silvan Don,  
 Bid their immortal brother journey on,  
 A stately pilgrim, watched by all the  
 hills.  
 Say, shall we wander where, through  
 warriors' graves,  
 The infant Yewden, mountain-cradled,  
 trills  
 Her doric notes? Or, where the Locks-  
 ley raves  
 Of broil and battle, and the rocks and  
 caves  
 Dream yet of ancient days? Or, where  
 the sky  
 Darkens o'er Rivilin, the clear and cold,  
 That throws his blue length, like a  
 snake, from high?  
 Or, where deep azure brightens into gold  
 O'er Sheaf, that mourns in Eden? Or,  
 where rolled  
 On tawny sands, through regions pas-  
 sion-wild,  
 And groves of love, in jealous beauty  
 dark,  
 Complains the Porter, Nature's thwarted  
 child,  
 Born in the waste, like headlong Wim-  
 ing? Hark!

The poised hawk calls thee, Village  
Patriarch!  
He calls thee to his mountains! Up,  
away!  
Up, up, to Stanedge! higher still  
ascend,  
Till kindred rivers, from the summit  
gray,  
To distant seas their course in beauty  
bend,  
And, like the lives of human millions,  
blend  
Disparted waves in one immensity!

---

*A POET'S EPITAPH.*

STOP, Mortal! Here thy brother lies,  
The Poet of the Poor.  
His books were rivers, woods, and skies,  
The meadow and the moor.  
His teachers were the torn hearts' wail,  
The tyrant and the slave,  
The street, the factory, the jail,  
The palace — and the grave!  
The meanest thing, earth's feeblest  
worm,  
He feared to scorn or hate;  
And honored in a peasant's form  
The equal of the great.  
But if he loved the rich who make  
The poor man's little more,  
Ill could he praise the rich who take  
From plundered labor's store.  
A hand to do, a head to plan,  
A heart to feel and dare —  
Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man  
Who drew them as they are.

---

*PLAINT.*

DARK, deep, and cold the current flows  
Unto the sea where no wind blows,  
Seeking the land which no one knows.

O'er its sad gloom still comes and goes  
The mingled wail of friends and foes,  
Borne to the land which no one knows.

Why shrieks for help yon wretch, who  
goes

With millions, from a world of woes,  
Unto the land which no one knows?

Though myriads go with him who goes,  
Alone he goes where no wind blows,  
Unto the land which no one knows.

For all must go where no wind blows,  
And none can go for him who goes;  
None, none return whence no one  
knows.

Yet why should he who shrieking goes  
With millions, from a world of woes,  
Reunion seek with it or those?

Alone with God, where no wind blows,  
And Death, his shadow — doomed, he  
goes:  
That God is there the shadow shows.

Oh, shoreless Deep, where no wind  
blows!  
And, thou, oh Land which no one  
knows!  
That God is All, His shadow shows.

---

*THE HAPPY LOT.*

BLESS'D is the hearth where daughters  
gird the fire,  
And sons that shall be happier than  
their sire,  
Who sees them crowd around his even-  
ing chair,  
While love and hope inspire his word-  
less prayer.  
Oh, from their home paternal may they  
go,  
With little to unlearn, though much to  
know!  
Them, may no poison'd tongue, no evil  
eye,  
Curse for the virtues that refuse to die;  
The generous heart, the independent  
mind,  
Till truth, like falsehood, leaves a sting  
behind!  
May temperance crown their feast, and  
friendship share!

May Pity come, Love's sister-spirit,  
 there!  
 May they shun baseness as they shun  
 the grave!  
 May they be frugal, pious, humble,  
 brave!  
 Sweet peace be theirs — the moonlight  
 of the breast —  
 And occupation, and alternate rest;  
 And dear to care and thought the usual  
 walk;  
 Theirs be no flower that withers on the  
 stalk,  
 But roses cropp'd, that shall not bloom  
 in vain;  
 And hope's bless'd sun, that sets to rise  
 again.  
 Be chaste their nuptial bed, their home  
 be sweet,  
 Their floor resound the tread of little  
 feet;  
 Bless'd beyond fear and fate, if bless'd  
 by thee,  
 And heirs, O Love! of thine Eternity.

---

*LOVE STRONG IN DEATH.*

WE watch'd him, while the moonlight,  
 Beneath the shadow'd hill,  
 Seem'd dreaming of good angels,  
 And all the woods were still.  
 The brother of two sisters  
 Drew painfully his breath:  
 A strange fear had come o'er him,  
 For love was strong in death.  
 The fire of fatal fever  
 Burn'd darkly on his cheek,

And often to his mother  
 He spoke, or tried to speak:  
 "I felt as if from slumber  
 I never could awake:  
 Oh, Mother, give me something  
 To cherish for your sake!  
 A cold, dead weight is on me —  
 A heavy weight, like lead:  
 My hands and feet seem sinking  
 Quite through my little bed:  
 I am so tired, so weary —  
 With weariness I ache:  
 Oh, Mother, give me something  
 To cherish for your sake!  
 Some little token give me,  
 Which I may kiss in sleep —  
 To make me feel I'm near you,  
 And bless you though I weep.  
 My sisters say I'm better —  
 But, then, their heads they shake:  
 Oh, Mother, give me something  
 To cherish for your sake!  
 Why can't I see the poplar,  
 The moonlit stream and hill,  
 Where, Fanny says, good angels  
 Dream, when the woods are still?  
 Why can't I see you, Mother?  
 I surely am awake:  
 Oh, haste! and give me something  
 To cherish for your sake!"  
 His little bosom heaves not;  
 The fire hath left his cheek;  
 The fine chord — is it broken?  
 The strong chord — could it break?  
 Ah, yes! the loving spirit  
 Hath wing'd his flight away:  
 A mother and two sisters  
 Look down on lifeless clay.

## LEIGH HUNT.

1784-1859.

[BORN at Southgate, Middlesex, October 19, 1784; was educated at Christ's Hospital; contributed to various periodicals; was an editor of *The Examiner*, 1808; was imprisoned for libel on the Prince Regent, 1811; visited Byron and Shelley in Italy, 1822; received a pension from the Crown, 1847; died August 28, 1859. Besides many works in prose, he published *Juvenilia*, 1801; *The Feast of the Poets*, 1814; *The Descent of Liberty, A Mask*, 1815; *The Story of Rimini*, 1816; *Foliage*, 1818; *Poetical Works*, 1832; *Captain Sword and Captain Pen*, 1835; *A Legend of Florence*, 1840; *The Palfrey*, 1842; *Stories in Verse*, 1855. For the bibliography of Leigh Hunt see "List of the Writings of William Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, chronologically arranged with notes, &c., by Alexander Ireland," 1868.]

## ABOUT BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

ABOUT BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)

Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,

And saw, within the moonlight in his room,

Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel, writing in a book of gold:—

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,

And to the presence in the room he said,

"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,

And, with a look made of all sweet accord,

Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"

Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,

But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,

Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night

It came again with a great wakening light,

And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

## MORNING AT RAVENNA.

'Tis morn, and never did a lovelier day

Salute Ravenna from its leafy bay:

For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,

Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,

And April, with his white hands wet with flowers,

Dazzles the bride-maids looking from the towers:

Green vineyards and fair orchards, far and near,

Glitter with drops, and heaven is sapphire clear,

And the lark rings it, and the pine trees glow,

And odors from the citrons come and go,

And all the landscape—earth, and sky, and sea—

Breathes like a bright-eyed face that laughs out openly.

The seats with boughs are shaded from above

Of bays and roses—trees of wit and love;

And in the midst, fresh whistling through the scene,

The lightsome fountain starts from out the green,

Clear and compact; till, at its height o'errun,

It shakes its loosening silver in the sun.

*THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.*

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and  
 loved a royal sport,  
 And one day, as his lions strove, sat  
 looking on the court:  
 The nobles filled the benches round,  
 the ladies by their side,  
 And 'mongst them Count de Lorge, with  
 one he hoped to make his bride;  
 And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see  
 that crowning show,  
 Valor and love, and a king above, and  
 the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with  
 horrid laughing jaws;  
 They bit, they glared, gave blows like  
 beams, a wind went with their paws;  
 With wallowing might and stifled roar  
 they rolled one on another,  
 Till all the pit, with sand and mane,  
 was in a thund'rous smother;  
 The bloody foam above the bars came  
 whizzing through the air;  
 Said Francis then, "Good gentlemen,  
 we're better here than there!"

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a  
 beauteous, lively dame,  
 With smiling lips, and sharp bright eyes,  
 which always seemed the same:  
 She thought, "The Count, my lover, is  
 as brave as brave can be;  
 He surely would do desperate things to  
 show his love of me!  
 King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the  
 chance is wondrous fine;  
 I'll drop my glove to prove his love;  
 great glory will be mine!"

She dropped her glove to prove his love;  
 then looked on him and smiled;  
 He bowed, and in a moment leaped  
 among the lions wild:  
 The leap was quick; return was quick;  
 he soon regained his place;  
 Then threw the glove, but not with love,  
 right in the lady's face!  
 "In truth!" cried Francis, "rightly  
 done!" and he rose from where he  
 sat:  
 "No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets  
 love a task like that!"

*AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.*

How sweet it were, if without feeble  
 fright,  
 Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,  
 An angel came to us, and we could bear  
 To see him issue from the silent air  
 At evening in our room, and bend on  
 ours  
 His divine eyes, and bring us from his  
 bowers  
 News of dear friends, and children who  
 have never  
 Been dead indeed, — as we shall know  
 forever.  
 Alas! we think not what we daily see  
 About our hearths, — angels, that are  
 to be,  
 Or may be, if they will, and we prepare  
 Their souls and ours to meet in happy  
 air, —  
 A child, a friend, a wife whose soft  
 heart sings  
 In unison with ours, breeding its future  
 wings.

## JOHN WILSON

(CHRISTOPHER NORTH).

1785-1854.

[BORN at Paisley. An eminent Scotch poet and essayist, who received his education at Oxford. After putting forth some minor lyrical attempts, he published in 1812 *The Isle of Palmos*, which was well received. In 1816, he produced *The City of the Plague*; in 1820 was nominated to the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. In 1825 he began the celebrated *Noctes Ambrosianæ* under the name of Christopher North. He also wrote numerous political articles and literary criticisms for Blackwood's Magazine, which was started as an outlet for Scottish Toryism. Died at Edinburgh in 1854.]

## THE SABBATH-DAY.

WHEN by God's inward light, a happy  
child,  
I walk'd in joy, as in the open air,  
It seem'd to my young thought the Sab-  
bath smiled  
With glory and with love. So still, so  
fair,  
The heavens look'd ever on that hal-  
low'd morn,  
That, without aid of memory, something  
there  
Had surely told me of its glad return.  
How did my little heart at evening burn,  
When, fondly seated on my father's  
knee,  
Taught by the lip of love, I breathed the  
prayer,  
Warm from the fount of infant piety!  
Much is my spirit changed; for years  
have brought  
Intenser feeling and expanded thought;  
— Yet, must I envy every child I see!

## THE MIDNIGHT OCEAN.

It is the midnight hour: the beau-  
teous sea,  
Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven  
discloses,  
While many a sparkling star, in quiet  
glee,  
Far down within the watery sky reposes.  
As if the Ocean's heart were stirr'd  
With inward life, a sound is heard,

Like that of dreamer murmuring in his  
sleep;

'Tis partly the billow, and partly the air  
That lies like a garment floating fair  
Above the happy deep.

The sea, I ween, cannot be fann'd  
By evening freshness from the land,  
For the land it is far away;  
But God hath will'd that the sky-born  
breeze

In the centre of the loneliest seas  
Should ever sport and play.

The mighty Moon she sits above,  
Encircled with a zone of love,  
A zone of dim and tender light  
That makes her wakeful eye more  
bright:

She seems to shine with a sunny ray,  
And the night looks like a mellow'd  
day!

The gracious Mistress of the Main  
Hath now an undisturb'd reign,  
And from her silent throne looks down,  
As upon children of her own,  
On the waves that lend their gentle  
breast

In gladness for her couch of rest!

## THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting  
sun,  
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided  
snow:  
Long had I watch'd the glory moving  
on

O'er the still radiance of the lake below.  
 Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated  
     slow!  
 Even in its very motion there was rest:  
 While every breath of eve that chanced  
     to blow  
 Wafted the traveller to the beauteous  
     West.  
 Emblem, methought, of the departed  
     soul!  
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss  
     is given;  
 And by the breath of mercy made to  
     roll  
 Right onwards to the golden gates of  
     Heaven,  
 Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful  
     lies  
 And tells to man his glorious destinies.

---

MARY.

THREE days before my Mary's death,  
 We walk'd by Grassmere shore;  
 "Sweet Lake!" she said, with faltering  
     breath,  
 "I ne'er shall see thee more!"

Then turning round her languid head,  
 She look'd me in the face,  
 And whisper'd, "When thy friend is  
     dead,  
 Remember this lone place."

Vainly I struggled at a smile,  
 That did my fears betray;  
 It seem'd that on our darling isle  
 Foreboding darkness lay.

My Mary's words were words of truth;  
 None now behold the Maid;  
 Amid the tears of age and youth,  
 She in her grave was laid.

Long days, long nights, I ween, were  
     past  
 Ere ceased her funeral knell;  
 But to the spot I went at last  
 Where she had breathed "farewell!"

Methought I saw the phantom stand  
 Beside the peaceful wave;  
 I felt the pressure of her hand —  
 Then look'd towards her grave.

Fair, fair beneath the evening sky  
 The quiet church-yard lay:  
 The tall pine-grove most solemnly  
 Hung mute above her clay.

Dearly she loved their arching spread,  
 Their music wild and sweet,  
 And, as she wish'd on her deathbed,  
 Was buried at their feet.

Around her grave a beauteous fence  
 Of wild-flowers shed their breath,  
 Smiling like infant innocence  
 Within the gloom of death.

Such flowers from bank of mountain  
     brook  
 At eve we used to bring,  
 When every little mossy nook  
 Betray'd returning Spring.

Oft had I fix'd the simple wreath  
 Upon her virgin breast;  
 But now such flowers as form'd it,  
     breathe  
 Around her bed of rest.

Yet all within my silent soul,  
 As the hush'd air, was calm;  
 The natural tears that slowly stole,  
 Assuaged my grief like balm.

The air that seem'd so thick and dull  
 For months unto my eye;  
 Ah me! how bright and beautiful  
 It floated on the sky!

A trance of high and solemn bliss  
 From purest ether came;  
 'Mid such a heavenly scene as this,  
 Death is an empty name!

The memory of the past return'd  
 Like music to my heart, —  
 It seem'd that causelessly I mourn'd,  
 When we were told to part.

"God's mercy," to myself I said,  
 "To both our souls is given —  
 To me, sojourning on earth's shade;  
 To her — a Saint in heaven!"



## THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

BESIDE her babe, who sweetly slept,  
A widow'd mother sat and wept  
O'er years of love gone by;  
And as the sobs thick-gathering came,  
She murmur'd her dead husband's name  
'Mid that sad lullaby.

Well might that lullaby be sad,  
For not one single friend she had  
On this cold-hearted earth;  
The sea will not give back its prey —  
And they were wrapt in foreign clay  
Who gave the orphan birth.

Steadfastly as a star doth look  
Upon a little murmuring brook,  
She gazed upon the bosom  
And fair brow of her sleeping son —  
"O merciful Heaven! when I am gone  
Thine is this earthly blossom!"

While thus she sat — a sunbeam broke  
Into the room; the babe awoke,  
And from its cradle smiled!  
Ah me! what kindling smiles met there!  
I know not whether was more fair,  
The mother or her child!

With joy fresh-sprung from short alarms,  
The smiler stretch'd his rosy arms,  
And to her bosom leapt —  
All tears at once were swept away,  
And said a face as bright as day, —  
"Forgive me that I wept!"

Sufferings there are from nature sprung,  
Ear hath not heard, nor poet's tongue  
May venture to declare;  
But this as Holy Writ is sure,  
"The griefs she bids us here endure  
She can herself repair!"



## HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

1785-1806.

[BORN at Nottinghamshire, England, March 21, 1785. Apprenticed to a stocking-weaver, afterwards to an attorney; printed a volume of verses, *Clifton Grove, with other Poems*, 1803; obtained a sizarship in St. Johns College, Cambridge, 1804. For two years was at the head of his class, became a tutor in mathematics, but destroyed his health by excessive study, and died of consumption at Cambridge, Oct. 19, 1806.]

## CHILDHOOD.

PICTURED in memory's mellowing  
glass, how sweet  
Our infant days, our infant joys to greet;  
To roam in fancy in each cherished  
scene,  
The village churchyard, and the village  
green.  
The woodland walk remote, the green-  
wood glade,  
The mossy seat beneath the hawthorn's  
shade,  
The whitewashed cottage, where the  
woodbine grew,  
And all the favorite haunts our child-  
hood knew!

How sweet, while all the evil shuns the  
gaze,  
To view the unclouded skies of former  
days!  
Beloved age of innocence and smiles,  
When each winged hour some new  
delight beguiles,  
When the gay heart, to life's sweet day-  
spring true,  
Still finds some insect pleasure to pur-  
sue.  
Blest Childhood, hail! thee simply will  
I sing,  
And from myself the artless picture  
bring;  
These long-lost scenes to me the past  
restore,

Each humble friend, each *pleasure*, now  
no more,  
And every stump familiar to my sight,  
Recalls some fond idea of delight.

This shrubby knoll was once my favorite seat;

Here did I love at evening to retreat,  
And muse alone, till in the vault of night,

Hesper, aspiring, show'd his golden light.

Here, once again, remote from human noise,

I sit me down to think of former joys;  
Pause on each scene, each treasured scene, once more,

And once again each infant walk explore,

While as each grove and lawn I recognize,

My melted soul suffuses in my eyes.

#### THE DAME SCHOOL.

HERE first I entered, though with toil and pain,

The low vestibule of learning's fane:

Entered with pain, yet soon I found the way,

Though sometimes toilsome, many a sweet display.

Much did I grieve, on that ill-fated morn,

When I was first to school reluctant borne;

Severe I thought the dame, though oft she tried

To soothe my swelling spirits when I sighed;

And oft, when harshly she reprov'd, I wept,

To my lone corner broken-hearted crept,

And thought of tender home, where anger never kept.

But soon inured to alphabetic toils,  
Alert I met the dame with jocund smiles;

First at the form, my task for ever true,  
A little favorite rapidly I grew:

And oft she stroked my head with fond delight,

Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight;

And as she gave my diligence its praise,

Talked of the honors of my future days.

#### IRRESISTIBLE TIME.

REAR thou aloft thy standard. — Spirit, rear

Thy flag on high! — Invincible, and throned

In unparticipated might. Behold Earth's proudest boast, beneath thy silent sway,

Sweep headlong to destruction, thou the while,

Unmoved and heedless, thou dost hear the rush

Of mighty generations, as they pass

To the broad gulf of ruin, and dost stamp

Thy signet on them, and they rise no more.

Who shall contend with Time — unvanquished Time,

The conqueror of conquerors, and lord Of desolation? — Lo! the shadows fly,

The hours and days, and years and centuries,

They fly, they fly, and nations rise and fall.

The young are old, the old are in their graves.

Heardst thou that shout? It rent the vaulted skies;

It was the voice of people, — mighty crowds, —

Again! 'tis hushed — Time speaks, and all is hushed;

In the vast multitude now reigns alone Unruffled solitude. They all are still;

All — yea, the whole — the incalculable mass,

Still as the ground that clasps their cold remains.

Rear thou aloft thy standard. — Spirit,  
 rear  
 Thy flag on high; and glory in thy  
 strength.  
 But do thou know, the season yet shall  
 come,  
 When from its base thine adamantine  
 throne  
 Shall tumble; when thine arm shall  
 cease to strike,  
 Thy voice forget its petrifying power;  
 When saints shall shout, and *Time shall*  
*be no more.*  
 Yea, He doth come — the mighty cham-  
 pion comes,  
 Whose potent spear shall give thee thy  
 death-wound,  
 Shall crush the conqueror of conquer-  
 ors,  
 And desolate stern desolation's lord.  
 Lo! where He cometh! the Messiah  
 comes!  
 The King! the Comforter! the Christ!  
 — He comes  
 To burst the bonds of death, and over-  
 turn  
 The power of Time.

### SONNET TO MY MOTHER.

AND canst thou, Mother, for a moment  
 think  
 That we, thy children, when old age  
 shall shed  
 Its blanching honors on thy weary  
 head,  
 Could from our best of duties ever  
 shrink?  
 Sooner the sun from his high sphere  
 should sink  
 Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in  
 that day,  
 To pine in solitude thy life away,  
 Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's  
 cold brink.  
 Banish the thought! — where'er our  
 steps may roam,  
 O'er smiling plains, or wastes without  
 a tree,

Still will fond memory point our  
 hearts to thee,  
 And paint the pleasures of thy peace-  
 ful home;  
 While duty bids us all thy griefs as-  
 suage,  
 And smooth the pillow of thy sinking  
 age.

"I AM PLEASED, AND YET I'M  
 SAD."

#### I.

WHEN twilight steals along the ground,  
 And all the bells are ringing round,  
 One, two, three, four, and five;  
 I at my study window sit,  
 And wrapt in many a musing fit,  
 To bliss am all alive.

#### II.

But though impressions calm and sweet,  
 Thrill round my heart a holy heat,  
 And I am inly glad;  
 The tear-drop stands in either eye,  
 And yet I cannot tell thee why,  
 I am pleased, and yet I'm sad.

#### III.

The silvery rack that flies away,  
 Like mortal life or pleasure's ray,  
 Does that disturb my breast?  
 Nay what have I, a studious man,  
 To do with life's unstable plan,  
 Or pleasure's fading vest?

#### IV.

Is it that here I must not stop,  
 But o'er yon blue hills' woody top,  
 Must bend my lonely way?  
 Now, surely no, for give but me  
 My own fire-side, and I shall be  
 At home where'er I stray.

#### V.

Then is it that yon steeple there,  
 With music sweet shall fill the air,  
 When thou no more canst hear?  
 Oh no! oh no! for then forgiven,  
 I shall be with my God in Heaven,  
 Released from every fear.

## VI.

Then whence it is I cannot tell,  
 But there is some mysterious spell  
 That holds me when I'm glad;  
 And so the tear-drop fills my eye,  
 When yet in truth I know not why,  
 Or wherefore I am sad.

## ODE TO THE HARVEST MOON.

MOON of harvest, herald mild  
 Of plenty, rustic labor's child,  
 Hail! oh hail! I greet thy beam,  
 As soft it trembles o'er the stream,  
 And gilds the straw-thatched ham-  
 let wide,  
 Where innocence and peace  
 reside;  
 'Tis thou that glad'st with joy the rustic  
 throng,  
 Promptest the tripping dance, th' ex-  
 hilarating song.

Moon of harvest, I do love  
 O'er the uplands now to rove,  
 While thy modest ray serene  
 Gilds the wide surrounding scene;  
 And to watch thee riding high  
 In the blue vault of the sky,  
 Where no thin vapor intercepts thy  
 ray,  
 But in unclouded majesty thou walkest  
 on thy way.

Pleasing 'tis, O modest moon!  
 Now the night is at her noon,  
 'Neath thy sway to musing lie,  
 While around the zephyrs sigh,  
 Fanning soft the sun-tanned wheat,  
 Ripened by the summer's heat;  
 Picturing all the rustic's joy  
 When boundless plenty greets his  
 eye,

And thinking soon,  
 Oh, modest moon!  
 How many a female eye will roam  
 Along the road,  
 To see the load,  
 The last dear load of harvest  
 home.

Storms and tempests, floods and  
 rains,  
 Stern despoilers of the plains,  
 Hence away, the season flee,  
 Foes to light-heart jollity;  
 May no winds careering high,  
 Drive the clouds along the sky;  
 But may all nature smile with aspect  
 boon,  
 When in the heavens thou show'st thy  
 face, oh, Harvest Moon!

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,  
 The husbandman, with sleep-sealed  
 eyes;  
 He dreams of crowded barns, and  
 round  
 The yard he hears the flail re-  
 sound;  
 Oh! may no hurricane destroy  
 His visionary views of joy:  
 God of the winds! oh, hear his humble  
 prayer,  
 And while the moon of harvest shines,  
 thy blustering whirlwind spare.

Sons of luxury, to you  
 Leave I sleep's dull power to woo:  
 Press ye still the downy bed,  
 While feverish dreams surround  
 your head;  
 I will seek the woodland glade,  
 Penetrate the thickest shade,  
 Wrapt in contemplation's dreams,  
 Musing high on holy themes,  
 While on the gale  
 Shall softly sail  
 The nightingale's enchanting tunc,  
 And oft my eyes  
 Shall grateful rise  
 To thee, the modest Harvest Moon!

## CLIFTON GROVE.

Lo! in the west, fast fades the lingering  
 light,  
 And day's last vestige takes its silent  
 flight.  
 No more is heard the woodman's meas-  
 ured stroke

Which, with the dawn, from yonder  
 dingle broke;  
 No more, hoarse clamoring o'er the up-  
 lifted head,  
 The crows, assembling, seek their wind-  
 rock'd bed.  
 Stilled is the village hum—the wood-  
 land sounds  
 Have ceased to echo o'er the dewy  
 grounds,  
 And general silence reigns, save when  
 below,  
 The murmuring Trent is scarcely heard  
 to flow;  
 And save when, swung by 'nighted  
 rustic late,  
 Oft, on its hinge, rebounds the jarring  
 gate:  
 Or, when the sheep bell, in the distant  
 vale,  
 Breathes its wild music on the downy  
 gale.  
 Now, when the rustic wears the social  
 smile,  
 Released from day and its attendant  
 toil,  
 And draws his household round their  
 evening fire,  
 And tells the oft-told tales that never  
 tire:  
 Or, where the town's blue turrets dimly  
 rise,  
 And manufacture taints the ambient  
 skies,  
 The pale mechanic leaves the laboring  
 loom,  
 The air-pent hold, the pestilential room,  
 And rushes out, impatient to begin  
 The stated course of customary sin:  
 Now, now, my solitary way I bend  
 Where solemn groves in awful state im-  
 pend,  
 And cliffs, that boldly rise above the  
 plain,  
 Bespeak, blest Clifton! thy sublime do-  
 main.  
 Here, lonely wandering o'er the sylvan  
 bower,  
 I come to pass the meditative hour;  
 To bid awhile the strife of passion cease,  
 And woo the calms of solitude and  
 peace.

And oh! thou sacred power, who rear'st  
 on high  
 Thy leafy throne where waving poplars  
 sigh!  
 Genius of woodland shades! whose  
 mild control  
 Steals with resistless witchery to the  
 soul,  
 Come with thy wonted ardor and in-  
 spire  
 My glowing bosom with thy hallowed  
 fire.  
 And thou, too, Fancy! from thy starry  
 sphere,  
 Where to the hymning orbs thou lend'st  
 thine ear,  
 Do thou descend, and bless my ravished  
 sight,  
 Veiled in soft visions of serene delight.  
 At thy command the gale that passes by  
 Bears in its whispers mystic harmony.  
 Thou wav'st thy wand, and lo! what  
 forms appear!  
 On the dark cloud what giant shapes  
 career!  
 The ghosts of Ossian skim the misty  
 vale,  
 The hosts of Sylphids on the moon-  
 beam sail.

---

*TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.*

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen  
 sire!  
 Whose modest form, so delicately fine,  
 Was nursed in whirling storms,  
 And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young Spring first ques-  
 tioned Winter's sway,  
 And dared the sturdy blusterer to the  
 fight,  
 Thee on this bank he threw  
 To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,  
 Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,  
 Unnoticed and alone,  
 Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid  
the storms  
Of chill adversity; in some lone walk  
Of life she rears her head,  
Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on  
her blows  
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,  
And hardens her to bear  
Serene the ills of life.



## ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

1784-1842.

[BORN of comparatively humble parentage in Dumfriesshire. Began life as a stone-mason, but his early literary ability attracted the attention of the public and won for him the esteem and friendship of men of genius. In 1810 he obtained a position of trust in the Studio of Chantrey, a London sculptor, which afforded him an opportunity to employ his active pen and for intercourse with men of literary tastes. His reputation rests chiefly upon his smaller pieces, which are very natural and intensely Scotch, vigorous and even splendid in their higher moods, affectingly pathetic in their softer strains. His novels, *Paul Jones*, etc., are full of glittering description and exaggerated and unnatural character.]

### THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE.

THE sun rises bright in France,  
And fair sets he;  
But he has tint the blythe blink he had  
In my ain countree.

O it's nae my ain ruin  
That saddens aye my e'e,  
But the dear Marie I left ahin',  
Wi' sweet bairnies three.

My lanely hearth burn'd bonnie,  
An' smiled my ain Marie;  
I've left a' my heart behin'  
In my ain countree.

The bud comes back to summer,  
And the blossom to the bee;  
But I'll win back — O never,  
To my ain countree.

O I am leal to high Heaven,  
Where soon I hope to be,  
An' there I'll meet ye a' soon  
Frae my ain countree!

### A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,  
A wind that follows fast,  
And fills the white and rustling sail,  
And bends the gallant mast.  
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
While, like the eagle free,  
Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
Old England on the lee.

Oh, for a soft and gentle wind!  
I heard a fair one cry;  
But give to me the swelling breeze,  
And white waves heaving high.  
The white waves heaving high, my lads,  
The good ship tight and free,—  
The world of waters is our home,  
And merry men are we.

### SABBATH MORNING.

DEAR is the hallow'd morn to me,  
When village bells awake the day;  
And, by their sacred minstrelsy,  
Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the winged hour,  
Spent in thy hallow'd courts, O Lord!  
To feel devotion's soothing power,  
And catch the manna of thy word.

And dear to me the loud Amen,  
Which echoes through the blest  
abode,  
Which swells and sinks, and swells  
again,  
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

And dear the rustic harmony,  
Sung with the pomp of village art;  
That holy, heavenly melody,  
The music of a thankful heart.

In secret I have often pray'd,  
And still the anxious tear would fall;  
But on thy sacred altar laid,  
The fire descends, and dries them all.

Oft when the world, with iron hands,  
Has bound me in its six-days' chain,  
This bursts them, like the strong man's  
bands,  
And lets my spirit loose again.

Then dear to me the Sabbath morn;  
The village bells, the shepherd's voice;  
These oft have found my heart forlorn,  
And always bid that heart rejoice.

Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,  
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms;  
Ours be the prophet's car of fire,  
That bears us to a Father's arms.

---

*THOU HAST SWORN BY THY  
GOD.*

THOU hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,  
By that pretty white han' o' thine,  
And by all the lowing stars in heaven,  
That thou wad aye be mine;  
And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie,  
And by that kind heart o' thine,  
By a' the stars sown thick o'er heaven,  
That thou shalt aye be mine.

Then foul fa' the hands that wad loose  
sic bands,

An' the heart that wad part sic love;  
But there's nae hand can loose my band,  
But the finger o' God above.

Though the wee wee cot maun be my  
biel'd,

And my claithing e'er so mean,  
I wad la me up rich i' the faulds o' luvie,  
Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow for me  
Far safter than the down;  
And love wad winnow owre us his kind  
kind wings,

And sweetly I'd sleep, an' soun'.  
Come here to me, thou lass o' my luvie,  
Come here, and kneel wi' me,  
The morn is fu' o' the presence o' my  
God,

And I canna pray but thee.

The morn-wind is sweet 'mang the beds  
o' new flowers,

The wee birds sing kindlie an' hie,  
Our gude-man leans owre his kale-yard  
dyke,

And a blythe auld bodie is he.  
The Beuk maun be taen when the carle  
comes hame,

Wi' the holie psalmodie,  
And thou maun speak o' me to thy God,  
And I will speak o' thee.

---

*BONNIE LADY ANN.*

THERE's kames o' honey 'tween my  
luve's lips,

An' gowd amang her hair;  
Her breasts are lapt in a holie veil,  
Nae mortal een keek there.

What lips dare kiss, or what hand dare  
touch,

Or what arm o' luvie dare span  
The honey lips, the creamy loof,  
Or the waist o' Lady Ann?

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red  
rose,

Wat wi' the blobs o' dew;

But nae gentle lip nor simple lip  
 Maun touch her Ladie mou';  
 But a broidered belt wi' a buckle o'  
 gowd  
 Her jimpy waist maun span;  
 O she's an armfu' fit for heaven,  
 My bonnie Lady Ann!

Her bower casement is latticed wi'  
 flowers,  
 Tied up wi' silver thread,  
 An' comely she sits in the midst,  
 Men's longing een to feed.  
 She waves the ringlets frae her cheeks,  
 Wi' her milky milky han',  
 An' her cheeks seem touched wi' the  
 finger o' God;  
 My bonnie Lady Ann!

The morning cloud is tassell'd wi' gowd,  
 Like my luv's broider'd cap,  
 An' on the mantle which my luv wears  
 Are monie a gowden drap.  
 Her bonnie ee bree's a holie arch,  
 Cast by no earthly han',  
 An' the breath o' God's atween the lips  
 O' my bonnie Lady Ann!

I am her father's gardener lad,  
 And poor poor is my fa';  
 My auld mither gets my wee wee fee,  
 Wi' fatherless bairnies twa.  
 My Lady comes, my Lady goes  
 Wi' a fu' an' kindly han';  
 O the blessing o' God maun mix wi' my  
 luv,  
 An' fa' on Lady Ann!

#### *SHE'S GONE TO DWELL IN HEAVEN.*

SHE'S gone to dwell in heaven, my lassie,  
 She's gone to dwell in heaven:  
 Ye're owre pure, quo' the voice o' God,  
 For dwelling out o' heaven!  
 O what'll she do in heaven, my lassie?  
 O what'll she do in heaven?  
 She'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angels'  
 sangs,  
 An' make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,  
 She was beloved by a';  
 But an angel fell in love wi' her,  
 An' took her frae us a'.  
 Low there thou lies, my lassie,  
 Low there thou lies;  
 A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,  
 Nor frae it will arise!

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie,  
 Fu' soon I'll follow thee;  
 Thou left me nought to covet ahin',  
 But took gudeness itself wi' thee.

I looked on thy death-cold face, my  
 lassie,  
 I looked on thy death-cold face;  
 Thou seemed a lily new cut i' the bud,  
 An' fading in its place.

I looked on thy death-shut eye, my  
 lassie,  
 I looked on thy death-shut eye;  
 An' a lovelier light in the brow of heaven  
 Fell time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,  
 Thy lips were ruddy and calm;  
 But gone was the holy breath o' heaven  
 To sing the evening psalm.

There's nought but dust now mine,  
 lassie,  
 There's nought but dust now mine;  
 My soul's wi' thee i' the cauld, cauld  
 grave,  
 An' why should I stây behin'?

#### *MY NANIE O.*

RED rows the Nith, 'tween bank and  
 brae,  
 Mirk is the night and rainie O,  
 Though heaven and earth should mix in  
 storm,  
 I'll gang and see my Nanie O;  
 My Nanie O, my Nanie O;  
 My kind and winsome Nanie O,  
 She holds my heart in love's dear hand,  
 And nane can do't but Nanie O.



In preaching time sae meek she stands,  
 Sae saintly and sae bonnie O,  
 I cannot get ae glimpse of grace,  
 For thieving looks at Nanie O;  
 My Nanie O, my Nanie O;  
 The world's in love with Nanie O;  
 That heart is hardly worth the wear  
 That wadna love my Nanie O.

My breast can scarce contain my heart,  
 When dancing she moves finely O;  
 I guess what heaven is by her eyes,  
 They sparkle sae divinely O;  
 My Nanie O, my Nanie O;

The flower o' Nithsdale's Nanie O;  
 Love looks frae 'neath her long brown  
 hair,  
 And says, I dwell with Nanie O.

Tell not, thou star at gray daylight,  
 O'er Tinwald-top so bonnie O,  
 My footsteps 'mang the morning dew  
 When coming frae my Nanie O;  
 My Nanie O, my Nanie O;  
 Nane ken o' me and Nanie O;  
 The stars and moon may tell't a boon,  
 They winna wrang my Nanie O!



## MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

1786-1855.

[BORN at Alnsford, Hampshire, Dec. 16, 1786. Published in early life three volumes of poems, and then became a successful and highly popular prose writer. Her principal works are *Our Village*, five vols., 1824-32. *Belford Regis*, 1835; *Country Stories*, 1850; *Recollections*, 1851; *Atherton and other Tales*, 1854. And a number of dramas of which *Rienzi*, 1828, was the most successful. Died Jan. 10, 1855.]

### TO MY MOTHER SLEEPING.

SLEEP on, my mother! sweet and in-  
 nocent dreams  
 Attend thee, best and dearest! Dreams  
 that gild  
 Life's clouds like setting suns, with  
 pleasures filled,  
 And saintly joy, such as thy mind be-  
 seems,—  
 Thy mind where never stormy passion  
 gleams,  
 Where their soft nest the dovelike vir-  
 tues build;  
 And calmest thoughts, like violets dis-  
 till'd,  
 Their fragrance mingle with bright wis-  
 dom's beams.  
 Sleep on, my mother! not the lily's bell  
 So sweet; not the enamor'd west-  
 wind's sighs  
 That shake the dew-drop from her  
 snowy cell  
 So gentle; not that dew-drop ere it flies  
 So pure. E'en slumber loves with thee  
 to dwell,  
 Oh model most beloved of good and  
 wise.

### RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

FRIENDS,

I come not here to talk. Ye know too  
 well  
 The story of our thralldom. We are  
 slaves!  
 The bright sun rises to his course, and  
 lights  
 A race of slaves! He sets, and his last  
 beam  
 Falls on a slave: not such as, swept  
 along  
 By the full tide of power, the conqueror  
 leads  
 To crimson glory and undying fame;  
 But base ignoble slaves, slaves to a  
 horde  
 Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords  
 Rich in some dozen paltry villages,  
 Strong in some hundred spearmen, only  
 great  
 In that strange spell, a name. Each  
 hour, dark fraud,  
 Or open rapine, or protected murder,  
 Cry out against them. But this very  
 day,

An honest man, my neighbor (*pointing to PAOLO*)—there he stands!—  
 Was struck, struck like a dog, by one  
 who wore  
 The badge of Ursini, because, forsooth,  
 He tossed not high his ready cap in air,  
 Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,  
 At sight of that great ruffian. Be we men,  
 And suffer such dishonor? Men, and  
 wash not  
 The stain away in blood? Such shames  
 are common;  
 I have known deeper wrongs. I that  
 speak to ye,  
 I had a brother once, a gracious boy,  
 Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,  
 Of sweet and quiet joy. There was the  
 look  
 Of heaven upon his face, which limners  
 give  
 To the beloved disciple. How I loved  
 That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen  
 years,  
 Brother at once and son! He left my  
 side;  
 A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a  
 smile  
 Parting his innocent lips. In one short  
 hour

The pretty harmless boy was slain! I  
 saw  
 The corse, the mangled corse, and when  
 I cried  
 For vengeance—Rouse, ye Romans!  
 Rouse, ye slaves!  
 Have ye brave sons? Look in the next  
 fierce brawl  
 To see them die. Have ye fair daughters?  
 Look  
 To see them live, torn from your arms,  
 distained,  
 Dishonored: and, if ye dare call for  
 justice,  
 Be answered by the lash. Yet, this is  
 Rome,  
 That sate on her seven hills, and from  
 her throne  
 Of beauty ruled the world! Yet, we are  
 Romans!  
 Why; in that elder day, to be a Roman  
 Was greater than a king! And once  
 again,—  
 Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the  
 tread  
 Of either Brutus! once again, I swear,  
 The eternal city shall be free; her  
 sons  
 Shall walk with princes.



## BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

(BARRY CORNWALL).

1787-1874.

[BRYAN WALLER PROCTER was born in London, Nov. 21, 1787. He was educated, with Byron, at Harrow; studied as a solicitor in the country; returned to London to live in 1807. His period of literary activity extended from 1815 to 1823. In 1832 he was made Metropolitan Commissioner of Lunacy, a post which he resigned in 1861. He died Oct. 4, 1874. His principal works, all published under the pseudonym of Barry Cornwall, are: *Dramatic Scenes*, 1819; *Marcian Colonna*, 1820; *A Sicilian Story*, 1821; *Mirandola*, 1821; *The Flood of Thessaly*, 1823; *English Songs*, 1832.]

### FOR MUSIC.

Now whilst he dreams, O Muses, wind  
 him round!  
 Send down thy silver words, O murmuring Rain!  
 Haunt him, sweet Music! Fall, with  
 gentlest sound,—

Like dew, like night, upon his weary  
 brain!  
 Come, Odors of the rose and violet,—  
 bear  
 Into his charmed sleep all visions fair!  
 So may the lost be found,  
 So may his thoughts by tender love be  
 crowned,

And Hope come shining like a vernal  
morn,  
And with its beams adorn  
The Future, till he breathes diviner air,  
In some soft Heaven of joy, beyond  
the range of Care!

---

THE SEA.

THE Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!  
Without a mark, without a bound,  
It runneth the earth's wide regions  
'round;  
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the  
skies;  
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the Sea! I'm on the Sea!  
I am where I would ever be;  
With the blue above, and the blue be-  
low,  
And silence wheresoe'er I go;  
If a storm should come and awake the  
deep,  
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh! *how* I love) to ride  
On the fierce foaming bursting tide,  
When every mad wave drowns the  
moon,  
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,  
And tells how goeth the world below,  
And why the south-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore,  
But I lov'd the great Sea more and  
more,  
And backwards flew to her billowy  
breast,  
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's  
nest;  
And a mother she *was*, and *is* to me;  
For I was born on the open Sea!

The waves were white, and red the  
morn,  
In the noisy hour when I was born;  
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise  
rolled,  
And the dolphins bared their backs of  
gold;

And never was heard such an outcry  
wild  
As welcomed to life the Ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and  
strife  
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,  
With wealth to spend and a power to  
range,  
But never have sought, nor sighed for  
change;  
And Death, whenever he come to me,  
Shall come on the wide unbounded  
Sea!

---

A REPOSE.

SHE sleeps amongst her pillows soft,  
(A dove, now wearied with her flight),  
And all around, and all a'loft,  
Hang flutes and folds of virgin  
white:  
Her hair out-darkens the dark night,  
Her glance out-shines the starry  
sky;  
But now her locks are hidden quite,  
And closed is her fringed eye!

She sleepeth: wherefore doth she  
start?  
She sigheth; doth she feel no pain?  
None, none! the Dream is near her  
heart;  
The Spirit of sleep is in her brain.  
He cometh down like golden rain,  
Without a wish, without a sound;  
He cheers the sleeper (ne'er in vain),  
Like May, when earth is winter-  
bound.

All day within some cave he lies,  
Dethroned from his nightly sway,—  
Far fading when the dawning skies  
Our souls with wakening thoughts  
array.  
Two Spirits of might doth man obey;  
By each he's wrought, from each he  
learns:  
The one is Lord of life by day:  
The other when starry night returns.

## A PETITION TO TIME.

TOUCH us gently, Time!

Let us glide adown thy stream  
Gently,—as we sometimes glide

Through a quiet dream!  
Humble voyagers are We,  
Husband, wife, and children three—  
(One is lost,—an angel, fled  
To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, Time!

We've not proud nor soaring wings:  
Our ambition, our content

Lies in simple things.  
Humble voyagers are We,  
O'er Life's dim unsounded sea,  
Seeking only some calm clime:—  
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

## INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN.

REST! This little Fountain runs

Thus for aye:—It never stays  
For the look of summer suns,  
Nor the cold of winter days.

Whosoe'er shall wander near,  
When the Syrian heat is worst,  
Let him hither come, nor fear

Lest he may not slake his thirst:  
He will find this little river

Running still, as bright as ever.

Let him drink, and onwards hie,  
Bearing but in thought, that I,

EROTAS, bade the Naiad fall,  
And thank the great god Pan for all!



## LORD BYRON.

1788–1824.

[BORN in London, Jan. 22, 1788. Educated at Harrow, and Trinity College, Cambridge. Published *Hours of Idleness* in 1807. A review of this book in the *Edinburgh* provoked the Satire *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, which was published in March, 1809. After this date Byron travelled in Spain, Greece, and Turkey for two years. On his return he published the two first Cantos of *Childe Harold* in 1812. During the years 1813–1815 he wrote *The Giaour*, *Bride of Abydos*, *Corsair*, *Lara*, *Hebrew Melodies*, *Siege of Corinth*, *Parisina*. The two last were published in the spring of 1816, shortly after Byron's separation from the wife whom he had married on Jan. 2, 1815. This year, 1816, was the most important epoch of his life. He left England never to return; settled first at Geneva, where he made the acquaintance of Shelley, composed the third Canto of *Childe Harold*, *Prisoner of Chillon*, and *Prometheus*, and began *Manfred*. In 1817 he removed to Venice, finished *Manfred*, wrote the *Lament of Tasso*, the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*, and *Beppo*. In the years 1818 and 1819, still residing at Venice, he produced the *Ode on Venice*, *Mazeppa*, and the first four Cantos of *Don Juan*. In 1820 and 1821, while living at Ravenna, he wrote the *Prophecy of Dante*, *Marino Faliero*, *Sardanapalus*, *The Two Foscari*, *Cain*, *Heaven and Earth*, and *A Vision of Judgment*. Part of the two next years was spent at Pisa in close intimacy with Shelley. *Werner*, *The Deformed Transformed*, *The Island*, and the remaining Cantos of *Don Juan*, on which Byron had been from time to time at work during his Ravenna residence, were completed. On July 13, 1823, Byron sailed from Genoa for Greece, in order to take active part in the liberation of that country from Turkish rule. He died of fever at Missolonghi on the 19th of April, 1824, at the age of thirty-six years and three months.]

BEAUTY OF GREECE AND THE  
GRECIAN ISLES.

[*The Giaour*.]

FAIR clime! where every season  
smiles

Benignant o'er these blessèd isles,  
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,  
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,

And lend to loneliness delight.

There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek  
Reflects the tints of many a peak  
Caught by the laughing tides that lave  
These Edens of the Eastern wave:

And if at times a transient breeze  
Break the blue crystal of the seas,  
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,  
How welcome is each gentle air

That wakes and wafts the odors there!  
For there — the rose o'er crag or vale,  
Sultana of the Nightingale,

The maid for whom his melody,  
His thousand songs are heard on  
high,

Blooms blushing to her lover's tale;  
His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,  
Unbent by winds, unchilled by snows,  
Far from the winters of the West,  
By every breeze and season blest,  
Returns the sweets by nature given  
In softest incense back to heaven;  
And grateful yields that smiling sky  
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.  
And many a summer flower is there,  
And many a shade that love might  
share,

And many a grotto, meant for rest,  
That holds the pirate for a guest;  
Whose bark in sheltering cove below,  
Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,  
Till the gay mariner's guitar  
Is heard, and seen the evening star;  
Then stealing with the muffled oar,  
Far shaded by the rocky shore  
Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,  
And turn to groans his roundelay.  
Strange — that where Nature loved to  
trace,

As if for Gods, a dwelling-place,  
And every charm and grace hath mixed  
Within the paradise she fixed,  
There man, enamored of distress,  
Should mar it into wilderness,  
And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower  
That tasks not one laborious hour;  
Nor claims the culture of his hand  
To bloom along the fairy land,  
But springs as to preclude his care,  
And sweetly woos him — but to spare!  
Strange — that where all is peace beside,  
There passion riots in her pride,  
And lust and rapine wildly reign  
To darken o'er the fair domain.  
It is as though the fiends prevailed  
Against the seraphs they assailed,  
And, fixed on heavenly thrones, should  
dwell

The freed inheritors of hell;  
So soft the scene, so formed for joy,  
So curst the tyrants that destroy!

## ANCIENT AND MODERN GREECE.

[*The Giaour.*]

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead  
Ere the first day of death is fled,  
The first dark day of nothingness,  
The last of danger and distress,  
(Before Decay's effacing fingers  
Have swept the lines where beauty  
lingers),

And marked the mild angelic air,  
The rapture of repose that's there,  
The fixed yet tender traits that streak  
The languor of the placid cheek,  
And — but for that sad shrouded eye,  
That fires not, wins not, weeps  
not now,

And but for that chill changeless  
brow,

Where cold Obstruction's apathy  
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,  
As if to him it could impart  
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;  
Yes, but for these and these alone,  
Some moments, ay, one treacherous  
hour,

He still might doubt the tyrant's  
power;

So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,  
The first, last look by death revealed!  
Such is the aspect of this shore;  
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!  
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
We start, for soul is wanting there.  
Hers is the loveliness of death,  
That parts not quite with parting  
breath;

But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,  
Expression's last receding ray,  
A gilded halo hovering round decay,  
The farewell beam of Feeling past  
away!

Spark of that flame, perchance of  
heavenly birth,  
Which gleams, but warms no more its  
cherished earth!

Clime of the unforgotten brave!  
Whose land from plain to mountain-  
cave

Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!  
Shrine of the mighty! can it be  
That this is all remains of thee?  
Approach, thou craven crouching  
slave:

Say, is not this Thermopylæ?  
These waters blue that round you lave,  
Oh, servile offspring of the free —  
Pronounce what sea, what shore is  
this?

The gulf, the rock of Salamis!  
These scenes, their story not unknown,  
Arise, and make again your own;  
Snatch from the ashes of your sires,  
The embers of the former fires;  
And he who in the strife expires  
Will add to theirs a name of fear  
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,  
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,  
They too will rather die than shame:  
For Freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,  
Though baffled oft is ever won.  
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,  
Attest it many a deathless age!  
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,  
Have left a nameless pyramid,  
Thy heroes, though the general doom  
Hath swept the column from their  
tomb,  
A mightier monument command,  
The mountains of their native land!  
There points thy muse to stranger's eye  
The graves of those that cannot die!

### THE PURSUIT OF BEAUTY.

[*The Giaour.*]

As rising on its purple wing  
The insect-queen of eastern spring,  
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer  
Invites the young pursuer near,  
And leads him on from flower to flower,  
A weary chase and wasted hour,  
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,  
With panting heart and tearful eye:  
So Beauty lures the full-grown child,  
With hue as bright, and wing as wild;  
A chase of idle hopes and fears,  
Begun in folly, closed in tears.  
If won, to equal ills betrayed,

Woe waits the insect and the maid;  
A life of pain, the loss of peace,  
From infant's play and man's caprice;  
The lovely toy so fiercely sought,  
Hath lost its charm by being caught,  
For every touch that wooed its stay  
Hath brushed its brightest hues away,  
Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,  
'Tis left to fly or fall alone.  
With wounded wing or bleeding breast  
Ah! where shall either victim rest?  
Can this with faded pinion soar  
From rose to tulip as before?  
Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,  
Find joy within her broken bow?  
No: gayer insects fluttering by  
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that  
die,  
And lovelier things have mercy shown  
To every failing but their own,  
And every woe a tear can claim,  
Except an erring sister's shame.

### REMORSE.

[*The Giaour.*]

THE mind that broods o'er guilty woes  
Is like the Scorpion girt by fire,  
In circle narrowing as it glows,  
The flames around their captive close,  
Till inly searched by thousand throes,  
And maddening in her ire,  
One sad and sole relief she knows,  
The sting she nourished for her foes,  
Whose venom never yet was vain,  
Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,  
And darts into her desperate brain:  
So do the dark in soul expire,  
Or live like Scorpion girt by fire;  
So writhes the mind Remorse hath riven  
Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven,  
Around it flame, within it death!

### LOVE.

[*The Giaour.*]

YES, Love indeed is light from heaven;  
A spark of that immortal fire  
With angels shared, by Alla given,  
To lift from earth our low desire.

Devotion wafts the mind above,  
But heaven itself descends in love;  
A feeling from the Godhead caught,  
To wean from self each sordid thought;  
A Ray of Him who formed the whole;  
A glory circling round the soul!

### ZULEIKA.

[*The Bride of Abydos*, Canto i.]

FAIR, as the first that fell of woman-kind,

When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling,

Whose image then was stamped upon her mind —

But once beguiled — and ever more beguiling;

Dazzling, as that, oh! too transcendent vision

To Sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber given,

When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian,

And paints the lost on Earth revived in Heaven;

Soft, as the memory of buried love;  
Pure, as the prayer which Childhood

wafts above;

Was she — the daughter of that rude old Chief,

Who met the maid with tears — but not of grief.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay

To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?

Who doth not feel, until his failing sight

Faints into dimness with its own delight,  
His changing cheek, his sinking heart

confess

The might — the majesty of Loveliness?  
Such was Zuleika — such around her

shone

The nameless charms unmarked by her alone;

The light of love, the purity of grace,  
The mind, the Music breathing from

her face,

The heart whose softness harmonized the whole —

And oh! that eye was in itself a Soul!

### KNOW YE THE LAND.

[*The Bride of Abydos*, Canto i.]

KNOW ye the land where the cypress and myrtle

Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,

Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,

Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?

Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,  
Where the flowers ever blossom, the

beams ever shine;

Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,

Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gál in her bloom?

Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,

And the voice of the nightingale never is mute,

Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,

In color though varied, in beauty may vie,  
And the purple of Ocean is deepest in

dye;

Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,

And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?

'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the land of the Sun —

Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?

Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell

Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

### THE HELLESPONT.

[*The Bride of Abydos*, Canto ii.]

THE winds are high on Helle's wave,

As on that night of stormy water,  
When Love, who sent, forgot to save

The young, the beautiful, the brave,  
 The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.  
 Oh! when alone along the sky  
 Her turret-torch was blazing high,  
 Though rising gale, and breaking foam,  
 And shrieking sea-birds warned him  
     home;  
 And clouds aloft and tides below,  
 With signs and sounds, forbade to go,  
 He could not see, he would not hear,  
 Or sound or sign foreboding fear;  
 His eye but saw the light of love,  
 The only star it hailed above;  
 His ear but rang with hero's song,  
 "Ye waves, divide not lovers long!"  
 That tale is old, but love anew  
 May nerve young hearts to prove as  
     true.

The winds are high, and Helle's tide  
 Rolls darkly heaving to the main;  
 And Night's descending shadows hide  
 That field with blood bedewed in  
     vain,

The desert of old Priam's pride;  
 The tombs, sole relics of his reign,  
 All—save immortal dreams that could  
     beguile

The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle!  
 Oh! yet—for there my steps have  
     been;

These feet have pressed the sacred  
     shore,

These limbs that buoyant wave hath  
     borne—

Minstrel! with thee to muse, to mourn,  
 To trace again those fields of yore,  
 Believing every hillock green

Contains no fabled hero's ashes,  
 And that around the undoubted scene  
 Thine own "broad Hellespont" still  
     dashes,

Be long my lot, and cold were he  
 Who could there gaze, denying thee!

### MIDNIGHT IN THE EAST.

[*The Siege of Corinth.*]

'Tis midnight: on the mountains brown  
 The cold round moon shines deeply  
     down;

Blue roll the waters, blue the sky  
 Spreads like an ocean hung on high,  
 Bespangled with those isles of light,  
 So wildly, spiritually bright;  
 Who ever gazed upon them shining,  
 And turned to earth without repining,  
 Nor wished for wings to flee away,  
 And mix with their eternal ray?  
 The waves on either shore lay there,  
 Calm, clear, and azure as the air:  
 And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,  
 But murmured meekly as the brook.  
 The winds were pillowed on the waves;  
 The banners drooped along their staves;  
 And, as they fell around them furling,  
 Above them shone the crescent curling;  
 And that deep silence was unbroke,  
 Save where the watch his signal spoke,  
 Save where the steed neighed off and  
     shrill

And echo answered from the hill,  
 And the wide hum of that wild host  
 Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,  
 As rose the Muezzin's voice in air  
 In midnight call to wonted prayer:  
 It rose, that chanted mournful strain,  
 Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain;  
 'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,  
 Such as when winds and harp-strings  
     meet,

And take a long unmeasured tone,  
 To mortal minstrelsy unknown.  
 It seemed to those within the wall  
 A cry prophetic of their fall:  
 It struck even the besieger's ear  
 With something ominous and drear,  
 An undefined and sudden thrill,  
 Which makes the heart a moment still,  
 Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed  
 Of that strange sense its silence framed;  
 Such as a sudden passing-bell  
 Wakes, though but for a stranger's  
     knell.

### TWILIGHT.

[*Parisina.*]

It is the hour when from the boughs  
 The nightingale's high note is heard;  
 It is the hour when lovers' vows  
 Seem sweet in every whispered word;  
 And gentle winds, and waters near,



Make music to the lonely ear.  
 Each flower the dews have lightly wet,  
 And in the sky the stars are met,  
 And on the wave is deeper blue,  
 And on the leaf a browner hue,  
 And in the heaven that clear obscure,  
 So softly dark, and darkly pure,  
 Which follows the decline of day,  
 As twilight melts beneath the moon  
 away.

MANFRED'S SOLILOQUY ON  
 THE JUNGFAU.

[*Manfred.*]

THE spirits I have raised abandon me —  
 The spells which I have studied baffle  
 me —

The remedy I recked of tortured me;  
 I lean no more on superhuman aid,  
 It hath no power upon the past, and for  
 The future, till the past be gulfed in  
 darkness,

It is not of my search. — My mother  
 Earth!

And thou, fresh breaking Day, and you,  
 ye Mountains,  
 Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love  
 ye.

And thou, the bright eye of the universe,  
 That openest over all, and unto all  
 Art a delight — thou shin'st not on my  
 heart.

And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme  
 edge

I stand, and on the torrent's brink be-  
 neath

Behold the tall pines dwindled as to  
 shrubs

In dizziness of distance; when a leap,  
 A stir, a motion, even a breath, would  
 bring

My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed  
 To rest for ever — wherefore do I pause?  
 I feel the impulse — yet I do not plunge;  
 I see the peril — yet do not recede;  
 And my brain reels — and yet my foot  
 is firm:

There is a power upon me which with-  
 holds,

And makes it my fatality to live;

If it be life to wear within myself  
 This barrenness of spirit, and to be  
 My own soul's sepulchre, for I have  
 ceased

To justify my deeds unto myself —  
 The last infirmity of evil. Ay,  
 Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minis-  
 ter, [*An eagle passes.*]

Whose happy flight is highest into  
 heaven,

Well may'st thou swoop so near me — I  
 should be

Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets;  
 thou art gone

Where the eye cannot follow thee; but  
 thine

Yet pierces downward, onward, or  
 above,

With a pervading vision. — Beautiful!  
 How beautiful is all this visible world!  
 How glorious in its action and itself!  
 But we, who name ourselves its sover-  
 eigns, we,

Half dust, half deity, alike unfit  
 To sink or soar, with our mixed essence,  
 make

A conflict of its elements, and breathe  
 The breath of degradation and of  
 pride,

Contending with low wants and lofty  
 will,

Till our mortality predominates,  
 And men are — what they name not to  
 themselves,

And trust not to each other. Hark!  
 the note,

[*The shepherd's pipe in the  
 distance is heard.*]

The natural music of the mountain  
 reed —

For here the patriarchal days are  
 not

A pastoral fable — pipes in the liberal  
 air,

Mixed with the sweet bells of the saun-  
 tering herd;

My soul would drink those echoes. —  
 Oh, that I were

The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,  
 A living voice, a breathing harmony,  
 A bodiless enjoyment — born and dying  
 With the blest tone which made me!

*MANFRED'S MIDNIGHT  
THOUGHTS.*

THE stars are forth, the moon above the  
tops  
Of the snow-shining mountains. — Beautiful!  
I linger yet with Nature, for the night  
Hath been to me a more familiar face  
Than that of man; and in her starry  
shade  
Of dim and solitary loveliness,  
I learned the language of another  
world.  
I do remember me, that in my youth,  
When I was wandering, — upon such a  
night  
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,  
'Midst the chief relics of almighty  
Rome;  
The trees which grew along the broken  
arches  
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and  
the stars  
Shone through the rents of ruin; from  
afar  
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber;  
and  
More near from out the Cæsars' palace  
came  
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,  
Of distant sentinels the fitful song  
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.  
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn  
breach  
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they  
stood  
Within a bowshot. Where the Cæsars  
dwelt,  
And dwell the tuneless birds of night,  
amidst  
A grove which springs through levelled  
battlements,  
And twines its roots with the imperial  
hearths,  
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of  
growth; —  
But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,  
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!  
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan  
halls,

Grovel on earth in indistinct decay. —  
And thou didst shine, thou rolling  
moon, upon  
All this, and cast a wide and tender  
light,  
Which softened down the hoar austerity  
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,  
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;  
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,  
And making that which was not, till  
the place  
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er  
With silent worship of the great of  
old! —  
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who  
still rule  
Our spirits from their urns. —  
'Twas such a night!  
'Tis strange that I recall it at this time;  
But I have found our thoughts take  
wildest flight  
Even at the moment when they should  
array  
Themselves in pensive order.

—  
*MY NATIVE LAND — GOOD  
NIGHT.*

[*Childe Harold, Canto i.*]

"ADIEU, adieu! my native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue;  
The night-winds sigh, the breakers  
roar,  
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
Yon sun that sets upon the sea  
We follow in his flight:  
Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
My native Land — Good Night!

"A few short hours, and he will rise  
To give the morrow birth;  
And I shall hail the main and skies,  
But not my mother earth.  
Deserted is my own good hall,  
Its hearth is desolate;  
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;  
My dog howls at the gate.

"Come hither, hither, my little page,  
Why dost thou weep and wail?  
Or dost thou dread the billow's rage,

Or tremble at the gale?  
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;  
Our ship is swift and strong:  
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly  
More merrily along."

"Let winds be shrill, let waves roll  
high,

I fear not wave nor wind:  
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I  
Am sorrowful in mind;  
For I have from my father gone,  
A mother whom I love,  
And have no friend, save these alone,  
But thee — and One above.

"My father blessed me fervently,  
Yet did not much complain;  
But sorely will my mother sigh  
Till I come back again." —

"Enough, enough, my little lad!  
Such tears become thine eye;  
If I thy guileless bosom had,  
My own would not be dry.

"Come hither, hither, my stanch yeo-  
man,

Why dost thou look so pale?  
Or dost thou dread a French foeman?  
Or shiver at the gale?" —

"Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?  
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;  
But thinking on an absent wife  
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

"My spouse and boys dwell near thy  
hall,

Along the bordering lake,  
And when they on their father call,  
What answer shall she make?" —

"Enough, enough, my yeoman good,  
Thy grief let none gainsay;  
But I, who am of lighter mood,  
Will laugh to flee away.

"For who would trust the seeming  
sighs

Of wife or paramour?  
Fresh feeres will dry the bright blue  
eyes

We late saw streaming o'er.  
For pleasures past I do not grieve,

Nor perils gathering near;  
My greatest grief is that I leave  
No thing that claims a tear.

"And now I'm in the world alone,  
Upon the wide, wide sea:  
But why should I for others groan,  
When none will sigh for me?  
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,  
Till fed by stranger hands;  
But long ere I come back again  
He'd tear me where he stands.

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go  
Athwart the foaming brine;  
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,  
So not again to mine.  
Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves!  
And when you fail my sight,  
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!  
My native Land — Good Night!"

#### PARNASSUS.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto i.]

OH, thou Parnassus! whom I now  
survey,  
Not in the frenzy of a dreamer's eye,  
Not in the fabled landscape of a  
lay,  
But soaring snow-clad through thy  
native sky,  
In the wild pomp of mountain maj-  
esty!  
What marvel if I thus essay to sing?  
The humblest of thy pilgrims passing  
by  
Would gladly woo thine echoes with  
his string,  
Though from thy heights no more one  
Muse will wave her wing.

Oft have I dreamed of thee! whose  
glorious name

Who knows not, knows not man's  
divinest lore;

And now I view thee, 'tis, alas! with  
shame

That I, in feeblest accents must adore.  
When I recount thy worshippers of  
yore,

I tremble, and can only bend the  
knee;  
Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to  
soar,  
But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy  
In silent joy to think at last I look on  
thee!

Happier in this than mightiest bards  
have been,  
Whose fate to distant homes confined  
their lot,  
Shall I unmoved behold the hallowed  
scene,  
Which others rave of, though they  
know it not?  
Though here no more Apollo haunts  
his grot,  
And thou, the Muses' seat art now  
their grave,  
Some gentle spirit still pervades the  
spot,  
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the  
cave,  
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon  
melodious wave.

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### ATHENS.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto ii.]

ANCIENT of days! august Athena!  
where,  
Where are thy men of might? thy  
grand in soul?  
Gone—glimmering through the dream  
of things that were:  
First in the race that led to Glory's  
goal,  
They won, and passed away — is this  
the whole?  
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an  
hour!  
The warrior's weapon and the sophist's  
stole  
Are sought in vain, and o'er each  
mouldering tower,  
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits  
the shade of power.

Son of the morning, rise! approach  
you here!  
Come — but molest not yon defence-  
less urn:  
Look on this spot — a nation's sepul-  
chre!  
Abode of gods, whose shrines no  
longer burn,  
Even gods must yield — religions take  
their turn:  
'Twas Jove's — 'tis Mahomet's — and  
other creeds  
Will rise with other years, till man  
shall learn  
Vainly his incense soars, his victim  
bleeds;  
Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose  
hope is built on reeds.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye  
to heaven —  
Is't not enough, unhappy thing! to  
know  
Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly  
given,  
That being, thou would'st be again,  
and go,  
Thou knowest not, reckest not to  
what region, so  
On earth no more, but mingled with  
the skies?  
Still wilt thou dream on future joy  
and woe?  
Regard and weigh yon dust before it  
flies:  
That little urn saith more than thousand  
homilies.

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### REAL AND UNREAL SOLITUDE.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto ii.]

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood  
and fell,  
To slowly trace the forest's shady  
scene,  
Where things that own not man's do-  
minion dwell,  
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely  
been  
To climb the trackless mountain all  
unseen,

With the wild flock that never needs  
a fold;  
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls  
to lean;  
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold  
Converse with Nature's charms, and  
view her stores unrolled.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the  
shock of men;  
To hear, to see, to feel, and to pos-  
sess,  
And roam along, the world's tired  
denizen,  
With none who bless us, none whom  
we can bless;  
Minions of splendor shrinking from  
distress!  
None that, with kindred consciousness  
endued,  
If we were not, would seem to smile  
the less  
Of all that flattered, followed, sought,  
and sued;  
This is to be alone; this, this is soli-  
tude!

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THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BAT-  
TLE OF WATERLOO.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto iii.]

THERE was a sound of revelry by  
night,  
And Belgium's capital had gathered  
then  
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and  
bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and  
brave men;  
A thousand hearts beat happily; and  
when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which  
spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage-  
bell;  
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes  
like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? — No; 'twas but  
the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony  
street;  
On with the dance! let joy be uncon-  
fined;  
No sleep till morn, when Youth and  
Pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing Hours with  
flying feet —  
But hark! — that heavy sound breaks  
in once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than  
before!  
Arm! arm! it is — it is — the cannon's  
opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high  
hall  
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he  
did hear  
That sound the first amidst the fes-  
tival,  
And caught its tone with Death's pro-  
phetic ear;  
And when they smiled because he  
deemed it near,  
His heart more truly knew that peal  
too well  
Which stretched his father on a bloody  
bier,  
And roused the vengeance blood  
alone could quell:  
He rushed into the field, and, foremost  
fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to  
and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings  
of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an  
hour ago  
Blushed at the praise of their own  
loveliness;  
And there were sudden partings, such  
as press  
The life from out young hearts, and  
choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated: who  
could guess

If ever more should meet those mutual  
eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful  
morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste :  
the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the  
clattering car,  
Went pouring forward with impetuous  
speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of  
war;  
And the deep thunder peal on peal  
afar;  
And near, the beat of the alarming  
drum  
Roused up the soldier ere the morn-  
ing star;  
While thronged the citizens with ter-  
ror dumb,  
Or whispering, with white lips — "The  
foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's  
gathering" rose,  
The war-note of Lochiel, which Al-  
byn's hills  
Have heard, and heard, too, have her  
Saxon foes : —  
How in the noon of night that pibroch  
thrills  
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath  
which fills  
Their mountain pipe, so fill the  
mountaineers  
With the fierce native daring which  
instils  
The stirring memory of a thousand  
years,  
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each  
clansman's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her  
green leaves,  
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as  
they pass,  
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er  
grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave, — alas !  
Ere evening to be trodden like the  
grass

Which now beneath them, but above  
shall grow  
In its next verdure, when this fiery  
mass  
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,  
And burning with high hope, shall  
moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty  
life,  
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly  
gay,  
The midnight brought the signal-  
sound of strife,  
The morn the marshalling in arms, —  
the day  
Battle's magnificently-stern array !  
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which  
when rent  
The earth is covered thick with other  
clay,  
Which her own clay shall cover,  
heaped and pent,  
Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in one  
red burial blent !

### THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto iii.]

CLEAR, placid Leman ! thy contrasted  
lake,  
While the wild world I dwelt in, is a  
thing  
Which warns me, with its stillness, to  
forsake  
Earth's troubled waters for a purer  
spring.  
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing  
To waft me from distraction; once I  
loved  
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft mur-  
muring  
Sound sweet as if a sister's voice re-  
proved,  
That I with stern delights should e'er  
have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all be-  
tween  
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk,  
yet clear,

Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly  
 seen,  
 Save darkened Jura, whose capt  
 heights appear  
 Precipitously steep; and drawing  
 near,  
 There breathes a living fragrance from  
 the shore,  
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood;  
 on the ear  
 Drops the light drip of the suspended  
 oar,  
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-  
 night carol more:

He is an evening reveller, who makes  
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill;  
 At intervals, some bird from out the  
 brakes  
 Starts into voice a moment, then is  
 still.  
 There seems a floating whisper on the  
 hill,  
 But that is fancy, for the starlight dews  
 All silently their tears of love instil,  
 Weeping themselves away, till they in-  
 fuse  
 Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of  
 her hues.

### THE ISOLATION OF GENIUS.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto iii.]

HE who ascends to mountain-tops,  
 shall find  
 The loftiest peaks most wrapt in  
 clouds and snow;  
 He who surpasses or subdues man-  
 kind,  
 Must look down on the hate of those  
 below.  
 Though high above the sun of glory  
 glow,  
 And far beneath the earth and ocean  
 spread,  
 Round him are icy rocks, and loudly  
 blow  
 Contending tempests on his naked  
 head,  
 And thus reward the toils which to  
 those summits led.

### THE STARS.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto iii.]

YE stars! which are the poetry of  
 heaven!  
 If in your bright leaves we would read  
 the fate  
 Of men and empires, — 'tis to be for-  
 given,  
 That in our aspirations to be great,  
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal  
 state,  
 And claim a kindred with you; for ye  
 are  
 A beauty and a mystery, and create  
 In us such love and reverence from  
 afar,  
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have  
 named themselves a star.

### THE RHINE.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto iii.]

THE castled crag of Drachenfels  
 Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,  
 Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
 Between the banks which bear the vine,  
 And hills all rich with blossomed trees,  
 And fields which promise corn and wine,  
 And scattered cities crowning these,  
 Whose far white walls along them shine,  
 Have strewed a scene, which I should  
 see  
 With double joy wert thou with me.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,  
 And hands which offer early flowers,  
 Walk smiling o'er this paradise;  
 Above, the frequent feudal towers  
 Through green leaves lift their walls of  
 gray;  
 And many a rock which steeply lowers,  
 And noble arch in proud decay,  
 Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;  
 But one thing want these banks of  
 Rhine, —  
 Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

I send the lilies given to me;  
 Though long before thy hand they touch,  
 I know that they must withered be,

But yet reject them not as such;  
 For I have cherished them as dear,  
 Because they yet may meet thine eye,  
 And guide thy soul to mine even here,  
 When thou behold'st them drooping  
     nigh,  
 And know'st them gathered by the  
     Rhine,  
 And offered from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,  
 The charm of this enchanted ground,  
 And all its thousand turns disclose  
 Some fresher beauty varying round:  
 The haughtiest breast its wish might  
     bound  
 Through life to dwell delighted here;  
 Nor could on earth a spot be found  
 To nature and to me so dear,  
 Could thy dear eyes in following mine  
 Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

### VENICE.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto iv.]

I STOOD in Venice, on the Bridge of  
     Sighs;  
 A palace and a prison on each hand:  
 I saw from out the wave her struc-  
     tures rise  
 As from the stroke of the enchanter's  
     wand:  
 A thousand years their cloudy wings  
     expand  
 Around me, and a dying Glory smiles  
 O'er the far times when many a sub-  
     ject land  
 Look'd to the wingèd Lion's marble  
     piles,  
 Where Venice sate in state, throned on  
 her hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from  
     ocean,  
 Rising with her tiara of proud towers  
 At airy distance, with majestic mo-  
     tion,  
 A ruler of the waters and their  
 powers:

And such she was; — her daughters  
     had their dowers  
 From spoils of nations, and the ex-  
     haustless East  
 Pour'd in her lap all gems in spark-  
     ling showers.  
 In purple was she robed, and of her  
     feast  
 Monarchs partook, and deem'd their  
     dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no  
     more,  
 And silent rows the songless gondo-  
     lier:  
 Her palaces are crumbling to the  
     shore,  
 And music meets not always now the  
     ear:  
 Those days are gone — but Beauty still  
     is here.  
 States fall, arts fade — but Nature  
     doth not die,  
 Nor yet forget how Venice once was  
     dear,  
 The pleasant place of all festivity,  
 The revel of the earth, the masque of  
     Italy!

But unto us she hath a spell beyond  
 Her name in story, and her long  
     array  
 Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms  
     despond  
 Above the dogeless city's vanish'd  
     sway;  
 Ours is a trophy which will not decay  
 With the Rialto; Shylock and the  
     Moor,  
 And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn  
     away —  
 The keystones of the arch! though  
     all were o'er,  
 For us repeopled were the solitary  
     shore.

The beings of the mind are not of  
     clay;  
 Essentially immortal, they create  
 And multiply in us a brighter ray



And more beloved existence: that  
 which Fate  
 Prohibits to dull life, in this our state  
 Of mortal bondage, by these spirits  
 supplied,  
 First exiles, then replaces what we  
 hate;  
 Watering the heart whose early  
 flowers have died,  
 And with a fresher growth replenishing  
 the void.

—  
*A MOONLIGHT NIGHT AT  
 VENICE.*

[*Childe Harold*, Canto iv.]

THE moon is up, and yet it is not  
 night—  
 Sunset divides the sky with her—a  
 sea  
 Of glory streams along the Alpine  
 height  
 Of blue Friuli's mountain; Heaven  
 is free  
 From clouds, but of all colors seems  
 to be,—  
 Melted to one vast Iris of the West,—  
 Where the Day joins the past Eternity  
 While, on the other hand, meek  
 Dian's crest  
 Floats through the azure air—an is-  
 land of the blest!

A single star is at her side, and reigns  
 With her o'er half the lovely heaven;  
 but still  
 Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and  
 remains  
 Rolled o'er the peak of the fair Rhae-  
 tian hill,  
 As Day and Night contending were,  
 until  
 Nature reclaimed her order;—gently  
 flows  
 The deep-dyed Brenta, where their  
 hues instil  
 The odorous purple of a new-born  
 rose,  
 Which streams upon her stream, and  
 glassed within it glows.

Filled with the face of heaven, which,  
 from afar,  
 Comes down upon the waters; all  
 its hues,  
 From the rich sunset to the rising  
 star,  
 Their magical variety diffuse:  
 And now they change; a paler  
 shadow strews  
 Its mantle o'er the mountains; part-  
 ing day  
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each  
 pang imbues  
 With a new color as it gasps away  
 The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—  
 and all is gray.

—  
*ROME.*

[*Childe Harold*, Canto iv.]

OH Rome! my country! city of the  
 soul!  
 The orphans of the heart must turn  
 to thee,  
 Lone mother of dead empires! and  
 control  
 In their shut breasts their petty misery.  
 What are our woes and sufferance?  
 Come and see  
 The cypress, hear the owl, and plod  
 your way  
 O'er steps of broken thrones and  
 temples, Ye!  
 Whose agonies are evils of a day—  
 A world is at our feet as fragile as our  
 clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she  
 stands,  
 Childless and crownless, in her voice-  
 less woe;  
 An empty urn within her withered  
 hands,  
 Whose holy dust was scattered long  
 ago;  
 The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes  
 now;  
 The very sepulchres lie tenantless  
 Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou  
 flow,

Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?  
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle  
her distress.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War,  
Flood, and Fire,  
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled  
city's pride;  
She saw her glories star by star expire,  
And up the steep barbarian monarchs  
ride,  
Where the car climbed the Capitol;  
far and wide  
Temple and tower went down, nor  
left a site:  
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the  
void,  
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar  
light,  
And say, "here was, or is," where all is  
doubly night?

The double night of ages, and of her,  
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath  
wrapt and wrap  
All round us: we but feel our way  
to err:  
The ocean hath its chart, the stars  
their map,  
And Knowledge spreads them on her  
ample lap;  
But Rome is as the desert, where we  
steer  
Stumbling o'er recollections; now we  
clap  
Our hands, and cry "Eureka!" it is  
clear—  
When but some false mirage of ruin  
rises near.

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!  
The trebly hundred triumphs! and  
the day  
When Brutus made the dagger's edge  
surpass  
The conqueror's sword in bearing  
fame away!  
Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's  
lay,  
And Livy's pictured page! — but  
these shall be

Her resurrection; all beside — decay.  
Alas for Earth, for never shall we see  
That brightness in her eye she bore  
when Rome was free!

### FREEDOM'S TRUE HEROES.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto iv.]

CAN tyrants but by tyrants conquered  
be,  
And Freedom find no champion and  
no child  
Such as Columbia saw arise when she  
Sprung forth a Pallas, armed and un-  
defiled?  
Or must such minds be nourished in  
the wild,  
Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst  
the roar  
Of cataracts, where nursing Nature  
smiled  
On infant Washington? Hath Earth  
no more  
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe  
no such shore?

But France got drunk with blood to  
vomit crime,  
And fatal have her Saturnalia been  
To Freedom's cause, in every age and  
clime;  
Because the deadly days which we  
have seen,  
And vile Ambition, that built up be-  
tween  
Man and his hopes an adamantine  
wall,  
And the base pageant last upon the  
scene,  
Are grown the pretext for the eternal  
thrall  
Which nips life's tree, and dooms man's  
worst — his second fall.

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn,  
but flying,  
Streams like the thunder-storm against  
the wind;  
Thy trumpet voice, though broken  
now and dying,  
The loudest still the tempest leaves  
behind;

Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and  
the rind,  
Chopped by the axe, looks rough and  
little worth,  
But the sap lasts, — and still the seed  
we find  
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the  
North;  
So shall a better spring less bitter fruit  
bring forth.

### THE FOUNTAIN OF EGERIA.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto iv.]

EGERIA! sweet creation of some  
heart  
Which found no mortal resting-place  
so fair  
As thine ideal breast; whate'er thou  
art  
Or wert, — a young Aurora of the air,  
The nympholepsy of some fond de-  
spair;  
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,  
Who found a more than common  
votary there  
Too much adoring; whatsoe'er thy  
birth,  
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and  
softly bodied forth.

The mosses of thy fountain still are  
sprinkled  
With thine Elysian water-drops; the  
face  
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years  
unwrinkled,  
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the  
place,  
Whose green, wild margin now no  
more erase  
Art's works; nor must the delicate  
waters sleep,  
Prisoned in marble, bubbling from  
the base  
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap  
The rill runs o'er, and round fern,  
flowers, and ivy creep,

Fantastically tangled: the green hills  
Are clothed with early blossoms,  
'through the grass

The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and  
the bills  
Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye  
pass;  
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in  
their class,  
Implore the pausing step, and with  
their dyes  
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy  
mass;  
The sweetness of the violet's deep  
blue eyes,  
Kissed by the breath of heaven, seems  
colored by its skies.

Here didst thou dwell, in this en-  
chanted cover,  
Egeria! thy all heavenly bosom beat-  
ing  
For the far footsteps of thy mortal  
lover;  
The purple Midnight veiled that mys-  
tic meeting  
With her most starry canopy, and  
seating  
Thyself by thine adorer, what befel?  
This cave was surely shaped out for  
the greeting  
Of an enamored Goddess, and the  
cell  
Haunted by holy Love — the earliest  
oracle!

### INVOCATION TO NEMESIS.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto iv.]

AND thou, who never yet of human  
wrong  
Left the unbalanced scale, great Ne-  
mesis!  
Here, where the ancient paid thee  
homage long —  
Thou who didst call the Furies from  
the abyss,  
And round Orestes bade them howl  
and hiss  
For that unnatural retribution — just  
Had it but been from hands less  
near — in this  
Thy former realm, I call thee from  
the dust!

Dost thou not hear my heart? — Awake!  
thou shalt, and must.

And if my voice break forth, 'tis not  
that now

I shrink from what is suffered: let  
him speak

Who hath beheld decline upon my  
brow,

Or seen my mind's convulsion leave  
it weak;

But in this page a record will I seek.  
Not in the air shall these my words  
disperse,

Though I be ashes; a far hour shall  
wreak

The deep prophetic fulness of this  
verse,

And pile on human heads the mountain  
of my curse!

That curse shall be Forgiveness. —  
Have I not —

Hear me, my mother Earth! behold  
it, Heaven! —

Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?  
Have I not suffered things to be for-  
given?

Have I not had my brain seared, my  
heart riven,

Hopes sapped, name blighted, Life's  
life lied away?

And only not to desperation driven,  
Because not altogether of such clay  
As rots into the souls of those whom I  
survey.

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy  
Have I not seen what human things  
could do?

From the loud roar of foaming calumny  
To the small whisper of the as paltry  
few,

And subtler venom of the reptile crew,  
The Janus glance of whose significant  
eye,

Learning to lie with silence, would  
seem true,

And without utterance, save the shrug  
or sigh,

Deal round to happy fools its speech-  
less obloquy.

But I have lived, and have not lived  
in vain:

My mind may lose its force, my blood  
its fire,

And my frame perish even in con-  
quering pain;

But there is that within me which  
shall tire

Torture and Time, and breathe when I  
expire.

### THE STATUE OF APOLLO.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto iv.]

OR view the Lord of the unerring  
bow,

The God of life, and poesy, and light—  
The Sun in human limbs arrayed,

and brow  
All radiant from his triumph in the  
fight;

The shaft hath just been shot—the  
arrow bright

With an immortal's vengeance; in his  
eye

And nostril beautiful disdain, and  
might

And majesty, flash their full lightnings  
by,

Developing in that one glance the Deity.

But in his delicate form—a dream of  
Love,

Shaped by some solitary nymph,  
whose breast

Longed for a deathless lover from  
above,

And maddened in that vision—are  
expressed

All that ideal beauty ever blessed  
The mind with in its most unearthly  
mood,

When each conception was a heav-  
enly guest—

A ray of immortality—and stood  
Starlike, around, until they gathered to  
a god!

And if it be Prometheus stole from  
Heaven

The fire which we endure, it was re-  
paid

By him to whom the energy was given  
Which this poetic marble hath arrayed  
With an eternal glory—which, if  
made  
By human hands, is not of human  
thought;  
And Time himself hath hallowed it,  
nor laid  
One ringlet in the dust—nor hath it  
caught  
A tinge of years, but breathes the flame  
with which 'twas wrought.

### THE OCEAN.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto iv.]

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue  
Ocean—roll!  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee  
in vain;  
Man marks the earth with ruin—  
his control  
Stops with the shore;—upon the  
watery plain  
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth  
remain  
A shadow of man's ravage, save his  
own,  
When, for a moment, like a drop of  
rain,  
He sinks into thy depths with bub-  
bling groan,  
Without a grave, unknelled, unconfined,  
and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—  
thy fields  
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost  
arise  
And shake him from thee; the vile  
strength he wields  
For earth's destruction thou dost all  
despise,  
Spurning him from thy bosom to the  
skies,  
And send'st him, shivering in thy  
playful spray  
And howling, to his gods, where haply  
lies

His petty hope in some near port or  
bay,  
And dashest him again to earth:—  
there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike  
the walls  
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations  
quake,  
And monarchs tremble in their cap-  
itals,  
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs  
make  
Their clay creator the vain title take  
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;  
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy  
flake,  
They melt into thy yeast of waves,  
which mar  
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of  
Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in  
all save thee—  
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage,  
what are they?  
Thy waters washed them power while  
they were free,  
And many a tyrant since; their shores  
obey  
The stranger, slave, or savage; their  
decay  
Has dried up realms to deserts:—  
not so thou;—  
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves'  
play—  
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure  
brow—  
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou  
rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Al-  
mighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempest; in all time,  
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or  
gale, or storm,  
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless,  
and sublime—  
The image of Eternity—the throne  
Of the Invisible; even from out thy  
slime

The monsters of the deep are made :  
 each zone  
 Obeys thee : thou goest forth, dread,  
 fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and  
 my joy  
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast  
 to be  
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from  
 a boy  
 I wantoned with thy breakers — they  
 to me  
 Were a delight ; and if the freshen-  
 ing sea  
 Made them a terror — 'twas a pleas-  
 ing fear,  
 For I was as it were a child of thee,  
 And trusted to thy billows far and  
 near,  
 And laid my hand upon thy mane — as  
 I do here.

### SOLITUDE.

[*Childe Harold*, Canto iv.]

OH ! that the desert were my dwell-  
 ing-place,  
 With one fair spirit for my minister,  
 That I might all forget the human  
 race,  
 And, hating no one, love but only her !  
 Ye elements ! — in whose ennobling  
 stir  
 I feel myself exalted — Can ye not  
 Accord me such a being ? Do I err  
 In deeming such inhabit many a spot ?  
 Though with them to converse can rarely  
 be our lot.

There is a pleasure in the pathless  
 woods,  
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
 There is society, where none intrudes,  
 By the deep Sea, and music in its  
 roar :  
 I love not Man the less, but Nature  
 more,  
 From these our interviews, in which  
 I steal

From all I may be, or have been be-  
 fore,  
 To mingle with the Universe, and  
 feel  
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot  
 all conceal.

### SONG OF THE CORSAIRS.

[*The Corsair*, Canto i.]

O'ER the glad waters of the dark blue  
 sea,  
 Our thoughts as boundless, and our  
 souls as free,  
 Far as the breeze can bear, the billows  
 foam,  
 Survey our empire, and behold our  
 home !  
 These are our realms, no limits to their  
 sway —  
 Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.  
 Ours the wild life in tumult still to  
 range  
 From toil to rest, and joy in every  
 change.  
 Oh, who can tell ? not thou, luxurious  
 slave !  
 Whose soul would sicken o'er the heav-  
 ing wave ;  
 Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and  
 ease !  
 Whom slumber soothes not — pleasure  
 cannot please —  
 Oh, who can tell save he whose heart  
 hath tried,  
 And danced in triumph o'er the waters  
 wide,  
 The exulting sense — the pulse's mad-  
 dening play,  
 That thrills the wanderer of that track-  
 less way ?  
 That for itself can woo the approaching  
 fight,  
 And turn what some deem danger to  
 delight ;  
 That seeks what cravens shun with more  
 than zeal,  
 And where the feeblér faint — can only  
 feel —  
 Feel — to the rising bosom's inmost  
 core,

Its hope awaken and its spirit soar?  
 No dread of death — if with us die our  
   foes —  
 Save that it seems even duller than re-  
   pose :  
 Come when it will — we snatch the  
   life of life —  
 When lost — what reck's it — by disease  
   or strife?  
 Let him who crawls enamored of  
   decay,  
 Cling to his couch, and sicken years  
   away;  
 Heave his thick breath, and shake his  
   palsied head;  
 Ours — the fresh turf, and not the fever-  
   ish bed.  
 While gasp by gasp he falters forth his  
   soul,  
 Ours with one pang — one bound —  
   escapes control.  
 His corse may boast its urn and narrow  
   cave,  
 And they who loathed his life may gild  
   his grave :  
 Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely  
   shed,  
 When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres  
   our dead.  
 For us, even banquets fond regrets sup-  
   ply  
 In the red cup that crowns our memory;  
 And the brief epitaph in danger's day,  
 When those who win at length divide  
   the prey,  
 And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er  
   each brow,  
 How had the brave who fell exulted  
   now!

CONRAD'S LOVE FOR MEDORA.

[*The Corsair*, Canto i.]

NONE are all evil — quickening round  
   his heart,  
 One softer feeling would not yet depart;  
 Oft could he sneer at others as beguiled  
 By passions worthy of a fool or child;  
 Yet 'gainst that passion vainly still he  
   strove,  
 And even in him it asks the name of  
   Love!

Yes, it was love — unchangeable — un-  
   changed,  
 Felt but for one from whom he never  
   ranged;  
 Though fairest captives daily met his  
   eye,  
 He shunned, nor sought, but coldly  
   passed them by;  
 Though many a beauty drooped in pris-  
   oned bower,  
 None ever soothed his most unguarded  
   hour.  
 Yes — it was Love — if thoughts of ten-  
   derness,  
 Tried in temptation, strengthened by  
   distress,  
 Unmoved by absence, firm in every  
   clime,  
 And yet — oh, more than all! — untired  
   by time;  
 Which nor defeated hope, nor baffled  
   wile,  
 Could render sullen, were she near to  
   smile;  
 Nor rage could fire, nor sickness fret to  
   vent  
 On her one murmur of his discontent;  
 Which still would meet with joy, with  
   calmness part,  
 Lest that his look of grief should reach  
   her heart;  
 Which nought removed, nor menaced  
   to remove —  
 If there be love in mortals — — this was  
   love!  
 He was a villain — ay — reproaches  
   shower  
 On him — but not the passion, nor its  
   power,  
 Which only proved all other virtues  
   gone,  
 Not guilt itself could quench the love-  
   liest one!

THE PARTING OF CONRAD AND  
 MEDORA.

[*The Corsair*, Canto i.]

SHE rose — she sprung — she clung to  
   his embrace,  
 Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden  
   face,

He dared not raise to his that deep-blue  
 eye,  
 Which downcast drooped in tearless  
 agony.  
 Her long fair hair lay floating o'er his  
 arms,  
 In all the wildness of dishevelled  
 charms;  
 Scarce beat that bosom where his image  
 dwelt  
 So full — that feeling seemed almost un-  
 felt!  
 Hark — peals the thunder of the signal-  
 gun!  
 It told 'twas sunset — and he cursed that  
 sun.  
 Again — again — that form he madly  
 pressed,  
 Which mutely clasped, imploringly ca-  
 ressed!  
 And tottering to the couch his bride he  
 bore,  
 One moment gazed — as if to gaze no  
 more;  
 Felt — that for him earth held but her  
 alone,  
 Kissed her cold forehead — turned — is  
 Conrad gone?

“And is he gone?” — on sudden soli-  
 tude  
 How oft that fearful question will in-  
 trude!  
 “’Twas but an instant past — and here  
 he stood!  
 And now” — without the portal’s porch  
 she rushed,  
 And then at length her tears in freedom  
 gushed;  
 Big, — bright — and fast, unknown to  
 her they fell;  
 But still her lips refused to send —  
 “Farewell!”  
 For in that word — that fatal word —  
 howe’er  
 We promise — hope — believe — there  
 breathes despair,  
 O’er every feature of that still pale  
 face,  
 Had sorrow fixed what time can ne’er  
 erase:  
 The tender blue of that large loving eye

Grew frozen with its gaze on vacancy,  
 Till — oh, how far! — it caught a glimpse  
 of him,  
 And then it flowed — and phrensied  
 seemed to swim,  
 Through those long, dark, and glisten-  
 ing lashes dewed  
 With drops of sadness oft to be re-  
 newed.  
 “He’s gone!” — against her heart that  
 hand is driven,  
 Convulsed and quick — then gently  
 raised to heaven;  
 She looked and saw the heaving of the  
 main;  
 The white sail set — she dared not look  
 again;  
 But turned with sickening soul within  
 the gate —  
 “It is no dream — and I am desolate!”

#### SUNSET IN THE MOREA.

[*The Corsair*, Canto iii.]

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be  
 run,  
 Along Morea’s hills the setting sun;  
 Not, as in northern climes, obscurely  
 bright,  
 But one unclouded blaze of living light!  
 O’er the hushed deep the yellow beam  
 he throws,  
 Gilds the green wave, that trembles as  
 it glows.  
 On old Ægina’s rock, and Idra’s isle,  
 The god of gladness sheds his parting  
 smile;  
 O’er his own regions lingering, loves  
 to shine,  
 Though there his altars are no more  
 divine.  
 Descending fast the mountain shadows  
 kiss  
 Thy glorious gulf, unconquered Salamis!  
 Their azure arches through the long ex-  
 pane  
 More deeply purpled meet his mellow-  
 ing glance,  
 And tenderest tints, along their summits  
 driven,



Mark his gay course, and own the hues  
of heaven,  
Till, darkly shaded from the land and  
deep,  
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to  
sleep.

CONRAD AND THE DEAD BODY  
OF MEDORA.

[*The Corsair*, Canto iii.]

HE turned not — spoke not — sunk not  
— fixed his look,  
And set the anxious frame that lately  
shook :  
He gazed — how long we gaze despite  
of pain,  
And know, but dare not own, we gaze  
in vain !  
In life itself she was so still and fair,  
That death with gentler aspect withered  
there ;  
And the cold flowers her colder hand  
contained,  
In that last grasp as tenderly were  
strained  
As if she scarcely felt, but feigned a  
sleep,  
And made it almost mockery yet to  
weep :  
The long dark lashes fringed her lids of  
snow,  
And veiled — thought shrinks from all  
that lurked below —  
Oh ! o'er the eye death most exerts his  
might,  
And hurls the spirit from the throne of  
light !  
Sinks those blue orbs in that long last  
eclipse,  
But spares, as yet, the charm around  
her lips —  
Yet, yet they seem as they forbore to  
smile  
And wished repose — but only for a  
while ;  
But the white shroud, and each extended  
tress,  
Long — fair — but spread in utter life-  
lessness,  
Which, late the sport of every summer  
wind,

Escaped the baffled wreath that strove  
to bind ;  
These, and the pale pure cheek, became  
the bier,  
But she is nothing — wherefore is he  
here ?

He asked no question — all were  
answered now  
By the first glance on that still, marble  
brow.  
It was enough — she died — what  
recked it how ?  
The love of youth, the hope of better  
years,  
The source of softest wishes, tenderest  
fears,  
The only living thing he could not hate,  
Was reft at once — and he deserved his  
fate,  
But did not feel it less ; — the good  
explore,  
For peace, those realms where guilt can  
never soar ;  
The proud — the wayward — who have  
fixed below  
Their joy, and find this earth enough  
for woe,  
Lose in that one their all — perchance  
a mite —  
But who in patience parts with all  
delight ?  
Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern  
Mask hearts where grief hath little left  
to learn !  
And many a withering thought lies hid,  
not lost,  
In smiles that least befit who wear  
them most.

A BUNCH OF SWEETS.

[*Don Juan*, Canto i.]

'Tis sweet to hear  
At midnight on the blue and moon-  
lit deep  
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,  
By distance mellowed, o'er the waters  
sweep ;  
'Tis sweet to see the evening star ap-  
pear ;

'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds  
creep  
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on  
high  
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the  
sky.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's hon-  
est bark

Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we  
draw near home;

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will  
mark

Our coming, and look brighter when  
we come;

'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,  
Or lulled by falling waters; sweet  
the hum

Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of  
birds,

The lisp of children, and their earliest  
words.

Sweet is the vintage, when the shower-  
ing grapes

In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,  
Purple and gushing: sweet are our es-  
capes

From civic revelry to rural mirth;  
Sweet to the miser are his glittering  
heaps,

Sweet to the father is his first-born's  
birth,

Sweet is revenge — especially to women,  
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to sea-  
men.

Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet

The unexpected death of some old  
lady,

Or gentleman of seventy years complete,  
Who've made "us youth" wait too,  
too long already,

For an estate, or cash, or country seat,  
Still breaking, but with stamina so  
steady,

That all the Israelites are fit to mob its  
Next owner for their double-damned  
post-obits.

'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's  
laurels,

By blood or ink; 'tis sweet to put an  
end

To strife; 'tis sometimes sweet to have  
our quarrels,

Particularly with a tiresome friend:  
Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in bar-  
rels;

Dear is the helpless creature we de-  
fend

Against the world; and dear the school-  
boy spot

We ne'er forget, though there we are  
forgot.

But sweeter still than this, than these,  
than all,

Is first and passionate love — it  
stands alone,

Like Adam's recollection of his fall;

The tree of knowledge has been  
plucked — all's known —

And life yields nothing further to recall  
Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so  
shown,

No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven  
Fire which Prometheus filched for us  
from heaven.

#### THE DYING BOYS ON THE RAFT.

[*Don Juan*, Canto ii.]

THERE were two fathers in this ghastly  
crew,

And with them their two sons, of  
whom the one

Was more robust and hardy to the  
view,

But he died early; and when he was  
gone,

His nearest messmate told his sire, who  
threw

One glance at him, and said,  
"Heaven's will be done!"

I can do nothing," and he saw him  
thrown

Into the deep without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaklier child,  
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;

But the boy bore up long, and with a  
mild

And patient spirit held aloof his fate;  
Little he said, and now and then he  
smiled,

As if to win a heart from off the  
weight,

He saw increasing on his father's heart,  
With the deep deadly thought that they  
must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never  
raised

His eyes from off his face, but wiped  
the foam

From his pale lips, and ever on him  
gazed,

And when the wished-for shower at  
length was come,

And the boy's eyes, which the dull film  
half glazed,

Brightened, and for a moment seemed  
to roam,

He squeezed from out a rag some drops  
of rain

Into his dying child's mouth—but in  
vain.

The boy expired—the father held the  
clay,

And looked upon it long, and when  
at last

Death left no doubt, and the dead bur-  
den lay

Stiff on his heart, and pulse and  
hope were past,

He watched it wistfully, until away  
'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein

'twas cast;  
Then he himself sunk down all dumb  
and shivering,

And gave no sign of life, save his limbs  
quivering.

### THE ISLES OF GREECE.

[*Don Juan*, Canto iii.]

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!  
Where burning Sappho loved and  
sung,

Where grew the arts of war and  
peace,—

Where Delos rose, and Phœbus  
sprung!

Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,  
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
Have found the fame your shores re-  
fuse;

Their place of birth alone is mute  
To sounds which echo further west  
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—  
And Marathon looks on the sea;  
And musing there an hour alone,  
I dreamed that Greece might still be  
free;

For standing on the Persians' grave,  
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow  
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis,  
And ships, by thousands, lay below,  
And men in nations;—all were his!  
He counted them at break of day—  
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art  
thou,

My country? On thy voiceless shore  
The heroic lay is tuneless now—  
The heroic bosom beats no more!  
And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,  
Though linked among a fettered race,  
To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;  
For what is left the poet here?  
For Greeks a blush, for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er the days more  
blest?

Must we but blush?—Our fathers  
bled.

Earth! render back from out thy breast  
A remnant of our Spartan dead!  
Of the three hundred grant but three,  
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?

Ah! no; — the voices of the dead  
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,

And answer, "Let one living head,  
But one arise, — we come, we come!"  
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain — in vain; strike other chords;

Fill high the cup with Samian wine!  
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,  
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!  
Hark! rising to the ignoble call —  
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,  
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?  
Of two such lessons, why forget

The nobler and the manlier one?  
You have the letters Cadmus gave —  
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

We will not think of themes like  
these!

It made Anacreon's song divine:  
He served — but served Polycrates —  
A tyrant; but our masters then  
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese

Was freedom's best and bravest  
friend;

That tyrant was Miltiades!

Oh! that the present hour would lend  
Another despot of the kind!  
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,  
Exists the remnant of a line  
Such as the Doric mothers bore;  
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,  
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks —

They have a king who buys and sells:  
In native swords, and native ranks,  
The only hope of courage dwells;  
But Turkish force and Latin fraud  
Would break your shield, however  
broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

Our virgins dance beneath the  
shade —

I see their glorious black eyes shine;

But gazing on each glowing maid,  
My own the burning tear-drop laves,  
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,

Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;  
There, swan-like, let me sing and  
die:

A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine —  
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

### TO THYRZA.

WITHOUT a stone to mark the spot,

And say, what Truth might well have  
said,

By all, save one, perchance forgot,  
Ah! wherefore art thou lowly laid?

By many a shore and many a sea

Divided, yet beloved in vain!

The past, the future fled to thee,  
To bid us meet — no — ne'er again!

Could this have been — a word, a look,

That softly said, "We part in peace,"  
Had taught my bosom how to brook,  
With fainter sighs, thy soul's release.

And didst thou not, since Death for  
thee

Prepared a light and pangless dart,  
Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,  
Who held, and holds thee in his  
heart?

Oh! who like him had watched thee  
here?

Or sadly marked thy glazing eye,  
In that dread hour ere death appear,  
When silent sorrow fears to sigh.

Till all was past! But when no more  
 'Twas thine to reck of human woe,  
 Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,  
 Had flowed as fast—as now they  
 flow.

Shall they not flow, when many a day  
 In these, to me, deserted towers,  
 Ere called but for a time away,  
 Affection's mingling tears were ours?

Ours too the glance none saw beside;  
 The smile none else might under-  
 stand;  
 The whispered thought of hearts allied,  
 The pressure of the thrilling hand;

The kiss, so guiltless and refined,  
 That Love each warmer wish for-  
 bore;  
 Those eyes proclaimed so pure a mind,  
 Even passion blushed to plead for  
 more.

The tone, that taught me to rejoice,  
 When prone, unlike thee, to repine;  
 The song, celestial from thy voice,  
 But sweet to me from none but thine;

The pledge we wore—I wear it still,  
 But where is thine?—Ah! where art  
 thou?  
 Oft have I borne the weight of ill,  
 But never bent beneath till now!

Well hast thou left in life's best bloom  
 The cup of woe for me to drain.  
 If rest alone be in the tomb,  
 I would not wish thee here again;

But if in worlds more blest than this  
 Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,  
 Impart some portion of thy bliss,  
 To wean me from mine anguish here.

Teach me—too early taught by thee!  
 To bear, forgiving and forgiven:  
 On earth thy love was such to me,  
 It fain would form my hope in heaven!

*ONE STRUGGLE MORE, AND  
 I AM FREE.*

ONE struggle more, and I am free  
 From pangs that rend my heart in  
 twain;

One last long sigh to love and thee,  
 Then back to busy life again.

It suits me well to mingle now  
 With things that never pleased be-  
 fore:

Though every joy is fled below,  
 What future grief can touch me more?

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring!  
 Man was not formed to live alone;  
 I'll be that light, unmeaning thing,  
 That smiles with all, and weeps with  
 none.

It was not thus in days more dear,  
 It never would have been, but thou  
 Hast fled, and left me lonely here;  
 Thou'rt nothing—all are nothing  
 now.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe!  
 The smile that sorrow fain would  
 wear

But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,  
 Like roses o'er a sepulchre.

Though gay companions o'er the bowl  
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill;

Though pleasure fires the maddening  
 soul,

The heart—the heart is lonely still!

On many a lone and lovely night  
 It soothed to gaze upon the sky;  
 For then I deemed the heavenly light  
 Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye:  
 And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,  
 When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,  
 "Now Thyrsa gazes on that moon"—  
 Alas, it gleamed upon her grave!

When stretched on fever's sleepless  
 bed,  
 And sickness shrunk my throbbing  
 veins,

"'Tis comfort still," I faintly said,  
 "That Thyrsa cannot know my  
 pains:"

Like freedom to the time-worn slave,  
A boon 'tis idle then to give,  
Relenting Nature vainly gave  
My life, when Thyrsa ceased to live!

My Thyrsa's pledge in better days,  
When love and life alike were new!  
How different now thou meet'st my  
gaze!

How tinged by time with sorrow's  
hue!

The heart that gave itself with thee  
Is silent — ah, were mine as still!  
Though cold as e'en the dead can be,  
It feels, it sickens with the chill.

Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful  
token!

Though painful, welcome to my  
breast!

Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,  
Or break the heart to which thou'rt  
pressed!

Time tempers love, but not removes,  
More hallowed when its hope is fled:  
Oh! what are thousand living loves  
To that which cannot quit the dead?

#### *EUTHANASIA.*

WHEN Time, or soon or late, shall bring  
The dreamless sleep that lulls the  
dead,

Oblivion! may thy languid wing  
Wave gently o'er my dying bed!

No band of friends or heirs be there,  
To weep or wish the coming blow;  
No maiden with dishevelled hair,  
To feel or feign, decorous woe.

But silent let me sink to earth,  
With no officious mourners near;  
I would not mar one hour of mirth,  
Nor startle friendship with a tear.

Yet Love, if Love in such an hour  
Could nobly check its useless sighs,  
Might then exert its latest power  
In her who lives and him who dies.

'Twere sweet, my Psyche! to the last  
Thy features still serene to see:  
Forgetful of its struggles past,  
E'en Pain itself should smile on thee.

But vain the wish — for Beauty still  
Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing  
breath;

And woman's tears, produced at will,  
Deceive in life, unman in death.

Then lonely be my latest hour,  
Without regret, without a groan;  
For thousands Death hath ceased to  
lower,  
And pain been transient or un-  
known.

"Ay, but to die, and go," alas!  
Where all have gone, and all must go!  
To be the nothing that I was  
Ere born to life and living woe.

Count o'er the joys thine hours have  
seen,

Count o'er thy days from anguish  
free,

And know, whatever thou hast been,  
'Tis something better not to be.

#### *AND THOU ART DEAD, AS YOUNG AND FAIR.*

AND thou art dead, as young and fair,  
As aught of mortal birth;

And form so soft, and charms so rare.

Too soon returned to Earth!

Though Earth received them in her bed,  
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread

In carelessness or mirth,

There is an eye which could not brook  
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,  
Nor gaze upon the spot;

There flowers or weeds at will may  
grow,

So I behold them not:

It is enough for me to prove  
That what I loved, and long must love

Like common earth can rot;  
To me there needs no stone to tell,  
Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last  
As fervently as thou,  
Who didst not change through all the  
past,

And canst not alter now.  
The love where Death has set his seal,  
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,  
Nor falsehood disavow:  
And, what were worse, thou canst not  
see  
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;  
The worst can be but mine:  
The sun that cheers, the storm that  
lowers,  
Shall never more be thine.  
The silence of that dreamless sleep  
I envy now too much to weep;  
Nor need I to repine  
That all those charms have passed  
away;  
I might have watched through long de-  
cay.

The flower in ripened bloom unmatched  
Must fall the earliest prey;  
Though by no hand untimely snatched,  
The leaves must drop away:  
And yet it were a greater grief  
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,  
Than see it plucked to-day;  
Since earthly eye but ill can bear  
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne  
To see thy beauties fade;  
The night that followed such a morn  
Had worn a deeper shade:  
Thy day without a cloud hath passed,  
And thou wert lovely to the last:  
Extinguished, not decayed;  
As stars that shoot along the sky  
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,  
My tears might well be shed,  
To think I was not near to keep

One vigil o'er thy bed;  
To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,  
To fold thee in a faint embrace,  
Uphold thy drooping head;  
And show that love, however vain,  
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,  
Though thou hast left me free,  
The loveliest things that still remain,  
Than thus remember thee!  
The all of thine that cannot die  
Through dark and dread Eternity  
Returns again to me,  
And more thy buried love endears  
Than aught, except its living years.

---

*IF SOMETIMES IN THE HAUNTS  
OF MEN.*

If sometimes in the haunts of men  
Thine image from my breast may  
fade,  
The lonely hour presents again  
The semblance of thy gentle shade:  
And now that sad and silent hour  
Thus much of thee can still restore,  
And sorrow unobserved may pour  
The plaint she dare not speak before.

Oh, pardon that in crowds awhile  
I waste one thought I owe to thee,  
And, self-condemned, appear to smile,  
Unfaithful to thy memory!  
Nor deem that memory less dear,  
That then I seem not to repine;  
I would not fools should overhear  
One sigh that should be wholly thine.

If not the goblet pass unquaffed,  
It is not drained to banish care;  
The cup must hold a deadlier draught,  
That brings a Lethe for despair.  
And could Oblivion set my soul  
From all her troubled visions free,  
I'd dash to earth the sweetest bowl  
That drowned a single thought of thee.

For wert thou vanished from my mind,  
Where could my vacant bosom turn?  
And who would then remain behind

To honor thine abandoned Urn?  
 No, no — it is my sorrow's pride  
 That last dear duty to fulfil;  
 Though all the world forget beside,  
 'Tis meet that I remember still.

For well I know, that such had been  
 Thy gentle care for him, who now  
 Unmourned shall quit this mortal scene,  
 Where none regarded him, but thou:  
 And, oh! I feel in that was given  
 A blessing never meant for me;  
 Thou wert too like a dream of heaven,  
 For earthly Love to merit thee.

---

*SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.*

[*Hebrew Melodies.*]

SHE walks in beauty, like the night  
 Of cloudless climes, and starry skies:  
 And all that's best of dark and bright  
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes:  
 Thus mellowed to that tender light  
 Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
 Had half impaired the nameless  
 grace,  
 Which waves in every raven tress,  
 Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express,  
 How pure, how dear their dwelling-  
 place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
 But tell of days in goodness spent,  
 A mind at peace with all below,  
 A heart whose love is innocent!

---

*THE HARP THE MONARCH  
 MINSTREL SWEPT.*

THE harp the monarch minstrel swept,  
 The King of men, the loved of  
 Heaven,  
 Which Music hallowed while she wept  
 O'er tones her heart of hearts had  
 given,

Redoubled be her tears, its chords are  
 riven!  
 It softened men of iron mould,  
 It gave them virtues not their own;  
 No ear so dull, no soul so cold,  
 That felt not, fired not to the tone,  
 Till David's lyre grew mightier than  
 his throne!

It told the triumphs of our King,  
 It wafted glory to our God;  
 It made our gladdened valleys ring,  
 The cedars bow, the mountains nod;  
 Its sound aspired to heaven and  
 there abode!  
 Since then, though heard on earth no  
 more,  
 Devotion and her daughter Love,  
 Still bid the bursting spirit soar  
 To sounds that seem as from above,  
 In dreams that day's broad light can  
 not remove.

---

*IF THAT HIGH WORLD.*

IF that high world, which lies beyond  
 Our own, surviving Love endears;  
 If there the cherished heart be fond,  
 The eye the same, except in tears —  
 How welcome those untrodden spheres!  
 How sweet this very hour to die!  
 To soar from earth and find all fears,  
 Lost in thy light — Eternity!

It must be so: 'tis not for self  
 That we so tremble on the brink;  
 And striving to o'erleap the gulf,  
 Yet cling to Being's severing link.  
 Oh! in that future let us think  
 To hold each heart the heart that  
 shares,  
 With them the immortal waters drink,  
 And soul in soul grow deathless  
 theirs.

---

*ON JORDAN'S BANKS.*

ON Jordan's banks the Arab's camels  
 stray,  
 On Sion's hill the False One's votaries  
 pray,



The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep—  
Yet there — even there — O God! Thy  
thunders sleep:

There — where Thy finger scorched the  
tablet stone!

There — where Thy shadow to Thy people  
shone!

Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire:  
Thyself — none living see and not expire!

Oh! in the lightning let Thy glance  
appear;

Sweep from his shivered hand the oppressor's  
spear;

How long by tyrants shall thy land be  
trod!

How long Thy temple worshipless, oh  
God!

#### *JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.*

SINCE our Country, our God — oh, my  
sire!

Demand that thy daughter expire;  
Since thy triumph was bought by thy  
vow —

Strike the bosom that's bared for thee  
now!

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,  
And the mountains behold me no more:  
If the hand that I love lay me low,  
There cannot be pain in the blow!

And of this, oh, my father! be sure —  
That the blood of thy child is as pure  
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,  
And the last thought that soothes me  
below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,  
Be the judge and the hero unbent!  
I have won the great battle for thee,  
And my father and country are free!

When this blood of thy giving hath  
gushed,

When the voice that thou lovest is  
hushed,

Let my memory still be thy pride,  
And forget not I smiled as I died!

#### *OH! SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.*

OH! snatched away in beauty's bloom,  
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;  
But on thy turf shall roses rear  
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;  
And the wild cypress wave in tender  
gloom.

And oft by yon blue gushing stream  
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,  
And feel deep thought with many a  
dream,  
And lingering pause and lightly tread;  
Fond wretch! as if her step disturbed  
the dead!

Away! we know that tears are vain,  
That death nor heeds nor hears dis-  
tress:

Will this unteach us to complain?  
Or make one mourner weep the less?  
And thou — who tell'st me to forget,  
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

#### *WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING CLAY.*

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering  
clay,

Ah! whither strays the immortal  
mind?

It cannot die, it cannot stay,  
But leaves its darkened dust behind.  
Then, unembodied, doth it trace  
By steps each planet's heavenly way?  
Or fill at once the realms of space,  
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecayed,  
A thought unseen, but seeing all,  
All, all in earth, or skies displayed,  
Shall it survey, shall it recall:  
Each fainter trace that memory holds  
So darkly of departed years,  
In one broad glance the soul beholds,  
And all, that was, at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,  
Its eye shall roll through chaos back;

And where the furthest heaven had  
birth,

The spirit trace its rising track,  
And where the future mars or makes,  
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,  
While sun is quenched or system breaks,  
Fixed in its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,  
It lives all passionless and pure:  
An age shall fleet like earthly year;  
Its years as moments shall endure.  
Away, away, without a wing,  
O'er all, through all, its thought shall  
fly;  
A nameless and eternal thing,  
Forgetting what it was to die.

#### THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf  
on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;  
And the sheen of their spears was like  
stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on  
deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset  
were seen:  
Like the leaves of the forest when  
Autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay withered  
and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his  
wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as  
he passed;  
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed  
deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and  
for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostrils  
all wide,

But through it there rolled not the  
breath of his pride:  
And the foam of his gasping lay white  
on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-  
beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and  
pale,  
With the dew on his brow and the rust  
on his mail;  
And the tents were all silent, the banners  
alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet un-  
blown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in  
their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple  
of Baal;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote  
by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of  
the Lord!

#### STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

[Miscellaneous Poems.]

THERE'S not a joy the world can give  
like that it takes away,  
When the glow of early thought de-  
clines in feeling's dull decay.  
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the  
blush alone, which fades so fast,  
But the tender bloom of heart is gone,  
ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above  
the wreck of happiness,  
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or  
ocean of excess:  
The magnet of their course is gone, or  
only points in vain  
The shore to which their shivered sail  
shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul  
like death itself comes down;  
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare  
not dream its own;

That heavy chill has frozen o'er the  
fountain of our tears,  
And though the eye may sparkle still,  
'tis where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips,  
and mirth distract the breast,  
Through midnight hours that yield no  
more their former hope of rest;  
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruined  
turret wreath,  
All green and wildly fresh without, but  
worn and gray beneath.

Oh! could I feel as I have felt, or be  
what I have been,  
Or weep as I could once have wept,  
o'er many a vanished scene;  
As springs in deserts found seem sweet,  
all brackish though they be,  
So midst the withered waste of life,  
those tears would flow to me.

---

*FAREWELL! IF EVER FONDEST  
PRAYER.*

FAREWELL! if ever fondest prayer  
For other's weal availed on high,  
Mine will not all be lost in air,  
But waft thy name beyond the sky.  
'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:  
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,  
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,  
Are in that word — Farewell! —  
Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;  
But in my breast and in my brain,  
Awake the pangs that pass not by,  
The thought that ne'er shall sleep  
again.  
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,  
Though grief and passion there rebel:  
I only know we loved in vain —  
I only feel — Farewell! — Farewell!

---

*WHEN WE TWO PARTED.*

WHEN we two parted  
In silence and tears,  
Half broken-hearted

To sever for years,  
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,  
Colder thy kiss;  
Truly that hour foretold  
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning  
Sank chill on my brow —  
It felt like the warning  
Of what I feel now.  
Thy vows are all broken,  
And light is thy fame;  
I hear thy name spoken,  
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,  
A knell to mine ear;  
A shudder comes o'er me —  
Why wert thou so dear?  
They know not I knew thee,  
Who knew thee too well: —  
Long, long shall I rue thee,  
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met —  
In silence I grieve,  
That thy heart could forget,  
Thy spirit deceive.  
If I should meet thee  
After long years,  
How should I greet thee? —  
With silence and tears.

---

*FARE THEE WELL.*

FARE thee well! and if for ever,  
Still for ever, fare thee well;  
Even though unforgiving, never  
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before  
thee,  
Where thy head so oft hath lain,  
While that placid sleep came o'er thee  
Which thou ne'er canst know again:

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,  
Every inmost thought could show!  
Then thou wouldst at last discover  
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend  
thee —

Though it smile upon the blow,  
Even its praises must offend thee,  
Founded on another's woe :

Although my many faults defaced me,  
Could no other arm be found,  
Than the one which once embraced me,  
To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not :  
Love may sink by slow decay,  
But by sudden wrench, believe not  
Hearts can thus be torn away ;

Still thine own its life retaineth —  
Still must mine, though bleeding,  
beat ;  
And the undying thought which pain-  
eth  
Is — that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow  
Than the wail above the dead ;  
Both shall live, but every morrow  
Wake us from a widowed bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,  
When our child's first accents flow,  
Wilt thou teach her to say " Father ! "  
Though his care she must forego ?

When her little hands shall press thee,  
When her lip to thine is pressed,  
Think of him whose prayer shall bless  
thee,  
Think of him thy love had blessed !

Should her lineaments resemble  
Those thou never more mayst see,  
Then thy heart will softly tremble  
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,  
All my madness none can know ;  
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,  
Whither, yet with thee they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken ;  
Pride, which not a world could bow,  
Bows to thee — by thee forsaken,  
Even my soul forsakes me now :

But 'tis done — all words are idle —  
Words from me are vainer still ;  
But the thoughts we cannot bridle  
Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well ! — thus disunited,  
Torn from every nearer tie ;  
Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted,  
More than this I scarce can die.

---

*STANZAS TO AUGUSTA (LORD  
BYRON'S SISTER).*

THOUGH the day of my destiny's over,  
And the star of my fate hath declined,  
Thy soft heart refused to discover  
The faults which so many could find ;  
Though thy soul with my grief was  
acquainted,  
It shrunk not to share it with me,  
And the love which my spirit hath  
painted  
It never hath found but in thee.

Then when nature around me is smiling,  
The last smile which answers to mine,  
I do not believe it beguiling,  
Because it reminds me of thine ;  
And when winds are at war with the  
ocean,  
As the breasts I believed in with me,  
If their billows excite an emotion,  
It is that they bear me from thee.

Though the rock of my last hope is  
shivered,  
And its fragments are sunk in the  
wave,  
Though I feel that my soul is delivered  
To pain — it shall not be its slave.  
There is many a pang to pursue me :  
They may crush, but they shall not  
contemn —  
They may torture, but shall not subdue  
me —  
'Tis of thee that I think — not of  
them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive  
me,  
Though woman, thou didst not for-  
sake,

Though loved, thou forebores to grieve  
me,

Though slandered, thou never couldst  
shake, —

Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim  
me,

Though parted, it was not to fly,  
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame  
me,

Nor mute, that the world might be-  
lie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise  
it,

Nor the war of the many with one —  
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,

'Twas folly not sooner to shun:  
And if dearly that error hath cost me,

And more than I once could foresee,  
I have found that, whatever it lost me,  
It could not deprive me of thee.

From the wreck of the past, which hath  
perished,

Thus much I at least may recall,  
It hath taught me that what I most  
cherished

Deserved to be dearest of all:  
In the desert a fountain is springing,  
In the wide waste there still is a tree,  
And a bird in the solitude singing,  
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

---

*MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE  
PART.*

MAID of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, oh, give me back my heart!  
Or, since that has left my breast,  
Keep it now, and take the rest!  
Hear my vow before I go,  
*Ζών μου σὺς ἀγαπῶ.*

By those tresses unconfined,  
Woody by each Ægean wind;  
By those lids whose jetty fringe  
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;  
By those wild eyes like the roe,  
*Ζών μου σὺς ἀγαπῶ.*

By that lip I long to taste;  
By that zone-encircled waist;  
By all the token-flowers that tell  
What words can never speak so well;  
By love's alternate joy and woe,  
*Ζών μου σὺς ἀγαπῶ.*

Maid of Athens! I am gone:  
Think of me, sweet! when alone.  
Though I fly to Istambol,  
Athens holds my heart and soul:  
Can I cease to love thee? No!  
*Ζών μου σὺς ἀγαπῶ.*

---

*BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF  
THY SOUL.*

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul!  
No lovelier spirit than thine  
E'er burst from its mortal control,  
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.

On earth thou wert all but divine,  
As thy soul shall immortally be;  
And our sorrow may cease to repine,  
When we know that thy God is with  
thee.

Light be the turf of thy tomb!  
May its verdure like emeralds be:  
There should not be the shadow of  
gloom  
In aught that reminds us of thee.

Young flowers and an evergreen tree  
May spring from the spot of thy rest:  
But nor cypress nor yew let us see;  
For why should we mourn for the  
blest?

---

*SONNET ON CHILLON.*

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind!  
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou  
art,  
For there thy habitation is the heart —  
The heart which love of thee alone can  
bind;  
And when thy sons to fetters are con-  
sign'd —

To fetters, and the damp vault's day-  
less gloom,  
Their country conquers with their  
martyrdom,  
And Freedom's fame finds wings on  
every wind.  
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,  
And thy sad floor an altar — for 'twas  
trod,  
Until his very steps have left a trace  
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were  
a sod,  
By Bonnivard! — May none those  
marks efface!  
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

---

*THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.*

My hair is gray, but not with years,  
Nor grew it white  
In a single night,  
As men's have grown from sudden  
fears:  
My limbs are bow'd, though not with  
toil,  
But rusted with a vile repose,  
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,  
And mine has been the fate of those  
To whom the goodly earth and air  
Are bann'd, and barr'd — forbidden  
fare;  
But this was for my father's faith  
I suffer'd chains and courted death;  
That father perish'd at the stake  
For tenets he would not forsake;  
And for the same his lineal race  
In darkness found a dwelling-place;  
We were seven — who now are one,  
Six in youth, and one in age,  
Finish'd as they had begun,  
Proud of Persecution's rage;  
One in fire, and two in field,  
Their belief with blood have seal'd;  
Dying as their father died,  
For the God their foes denied;

Three were in a dungeon cast,  
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,  
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,  
There are seven columns, massy and  
gray,  
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,  
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,  
And through the crevice and the cleft  
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;  
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,  
Like a marsh's meteor lamp;  
And in each pillar there is a ring,  
And in each ring there is a chain;  
That iron is a cankering thing,  
For in these limbs its teeth remain,  
With marks that will not wear away,  
Till I have done with this new day,  
Which now is painful to these eyes,  
Which have not seen the sun so rise  
For years — I cannot count them o'er,  
I lost their long and heavy score  
When my last brother droop'd and  
died,  
And I lay living by his side.

They chain'd us each to a column stone,  
And we were three — yet, each alone:  
We could not move a single pace,  
We could not see each other's face,  
But with that pale and livid light  
That made us strangers in our sight;  
And thus together — yet apart,  
Fetter'd in hand, but pined in heart;  
'Twas still some solace in the dearth  
Of the pure elements of earth,  
To hearken to each other's speech,  
And each turn comforter to each  
With some new hope, or legend old,  
Or song heroically bold;  
But even these at length grew cold.  
Our voices took a dreary tone,  
An echo of the dungeon-stone,  
A grating sound — not full and free  
As they of yore were wont to be;  
It might be fancy — but to me  
They never sounded like our own.

## WILLIAM KNOX.

1789-1825.

[A YOUNG poet of considerable talent, who died at Edinburgh in 1825, age 36. Author of *The Lonely Hearth, Songs of Israel, The Harp of Zion*, etc. His father was a respectable yeoman, and he himself succeeding to good farms under the Duke of Buccleuch, became too soon his own master, and plunged into dissipation and ruin. His talent then showed itself in a fine strain of pensive poetry. Knox spent his later years in Edinburgh under his father's roof, and amidst all his errors was admirably faithful to the domestic affections, a kind and respectful son, and an attached brother. The poem here quoted was much admired by Abraham Lincoln, who often repeated and referred to it.]

O, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT  
OF MORTAL BE PROUD.

O, WHY should the spirit of mortal be  
proud?

Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying  
cloud,

A flash of the lightning, a break of the  
wave,

He passeth from life to his rest in the  
grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow  
shall fade,

Be scattered around, and together be  
laid;

As the young and the old, the low and  
the high,

Shall crumble to dust and together  
shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and  
loved,

The mother that infant's affection who  
proved,

The father that mother and infant who  
blest,—

Each, all, are away to that dwelling of  
rest.

The maid on whose brow, on whose  
cheek, in whose eye,

Shone beauty and pleasure,—her tri-  
umphs are by;

And alike from the minds of the living  
erased

Are the memories of mortals who loved  
her and praised.

The head of the king, that the sceptre  
hath borne;

The brow of the priest, that the mitre  
hath worn;

The eye of the sage, and the heart of  
the brave,—

Are hidden and lost in the depths of  
the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and  
to reap;

The herdsman, who climbed with his  
goats up the steep;

The beggar, who wandered in search of  
his bread,—

Have faded away like the grass that  
we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower  
or weed,

That withers away to let others succeed;  
So the multitude comes, even those we

behold,  
To repeat every tale that has often been

told.

For we are the same that our fathers  
have been;

We see the same sights that our fathers  
have seen;

We drink the same stream, and we feel  
the same sun,

And run the same course that our fa-  
thers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our  
fathers did think;

From the death we are shrinking our  
fathers did shrink;

To the life we are clinging our fathers  
did cling,

But it speeds from us all like the bird  
on the wing.

They loved,—but the story we cannot  
unfold;

They scorned,—but the heart of the  
haughty is cold;

They grieved, — but no wail from their  
slumbers will come;  
They joyed, — but the tongue of their  
gladness is dumb.  
They died, — ah! they died; — we,  
things that are now,  
That walk on the turf that lies over  
their brow,  
And make in their dwelling a transient  
abode,  
Meet the things that they met on their  
pilgrimage road.  
Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure  
and pain,

Are mingled together in sunshine and  
rain:  
And the smile and the tear, and the  
song and the dirge,  
Still follow each other like surge upon  
surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye; 'tis the draught  
of a breath  
From the blossom of health to the pale-  
ness of death,  
From the gilded saloon to the bier and  
the shroud;  
O, why should the spirit of mortal be  
proud?



## REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

1791-1823.

[YOUNGEST son of Theobald Wolfe, Esq. Born in Dublin, 14th Dec., 1791; entered Dublin University, 1809. Attained a high rank for his classical attainments and for his poetic talent. Before he left the university he wrote a number of pieces that were truly beautiful, but especially that one on which his fame chiefly rests, *The Lines on the Burial of Sir John Moore*. In 1817 he was ordained as Curate of the Church of Ballyclog in Tyrone and afterwards of Donoughmore. He died of consumption, Feb. 21, 1823, in the thirty-second year of his age.]

### THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral  
note,  
As his corse to the rampart we hur-  
ried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we  
buried.  
We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning;  
By the struggling moonbeam's misty  
light,  
And the lantern dimly burning.  
No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound  
him;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we  
said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face  
of the dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the mor-  
row.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow  
bed,  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would  
tread o'er his head,  
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's  
gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—  
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep  
on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid  
him.



But half our heavy task was done,  
 When the clock struck the hour for  
   retiring;  
 And we heard the distant and random  
   gun  
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
 From the field of his fame fresh and  
   gory;  
 We carved not a line, and we raised  
   not a stone —  
 But we left him alone with his glory.



## JOHN KEBLE.

1792-1866.

[JOHN KEBLE was born on St. Mark's Day (April 25), 1792, at Fairford, in Gloucestershire. He was elected Scholar of Corpus, Oxford, in his fifteenth, and Fellow of Oriel in his nineteenth year. After a few years of tutorship at Oxford and curacy in the country, he became Vicar of Hursley in Hampshire in 1839, where he continued to minister till his death in 1866. He was with Dr. Newman and Dr. Pusey regarded as forming the Triumvirate of the Oxford Catholic movement. His prose works consist of an elaborate edition of *Hooker*, a careful *Life of Bishop Wilson*, and various theological treatises. But it is as a poet much more than a scholar or a controversialist that he is known; and of his poetical works, the *Lyra Innocentium*, the *Translation of the Psalter*, a posthumous volume of *Poems*, and *The Christian Year* (1827), it is by the last that he acquired an universal and undying fame in English literature. As Professor of Poetry at Oxford he wrote in Latin *Praelections on Poetry*, which are remarkable both for their subtlety and their exquisite Latinity. His Life was written by his friend Mr. Justice Coleridge.]

## THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

[*The Christian Inheritance.*]

SEE Lucifer like lightning fall,  
 Dashed from his throne of pride;  
 While, answering Thy victorious  
   call,  
 The Saints his spoils divide;  
 This world of Thine, by him usurped  
   too long,  
 Now opening all her stores to heal Thy  
   servants' wrong.

So when the first-born of Thy foes  
 Dead in the darkness lay,  
 When Thy redeemed at midnight  
   rose  
 And cast their bonds away,  
 The orphaned realm threw wide her  
   gates, and told  
 Into freed Israel's lap her jewels and  
   her gold.

And when their wondrous march  
   was o'er,  
 And they had won their homes,  
 Where Abraham fed his flock of  
   yore,

Among their fathers' tombs; —  
 A land that drinks the rain of Heaven  
   at will,  
 Whose waters kiss the feet of many a  
   vine-clad hill; —

Oft as they watched, at thoughtful  
   eve,  
 A gale from bowers of balm  
 Sweep o'er the billowy corn, and  
   heave  
 The tresses of the palm,  
 Just as the lingering Sun had touched  
   with gold,  
 Far o'er the cedar shade, some tower of  
   giants old;

It was a fearful joy, I ween,  
 To trace the Heathen's toil,  
 The limpid wells, the orchards  
   green,  
 Left ready for the spoil,  
 The household stores untouched, the  
   roses bright  
 Wreathed o'er the cottage walls in gar-  
   lands of delight.

And now another Canaan yields  
 To Thine all-conquering ark; —

Fly from the "old poetic" fields,  
 Ye Paynim shadows dark!  
 Immortal Greece, dear land of glorious  
 lays,  
 Lo! here the "unknown God" of thy  
 unconscious praise!

The olive-wreath, the ivied wand,  
 "The sword in myrtles drest,"  
 Each legend of the shadowy strand  
 Now wakes a vision blest;  
 As little children lisp, and tell of  
 Heaven,  
 So thoughts beyond their thought to  
 those high Bards were given.

And these are ours: Thy partial  
 grace  
 The tempting treasure lends:  
 These relics of a guilty race  
 Are forfeit to Thy friends;  
 What seemed an idol hymn, now  
 breathes of Thee,  
 Tuned by Faith's ear to some celestial  
 melody.

There's not a strain to Memory  
 dear,  
 Nor flower in classic grove,  
 There's not a sweet note warbled  
 here,  
 But minds us of Thy Love,  
 O Lord, our Lord, and spoiler of our  
 foes,  
 There is no light but Thine: with Thee  
 all beauty glows.

# FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

[*The Lilies of the Field.*]

SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies,  
 Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,  
 What more than magic in you lies,  
 To fill the heart's fond view?  
 In childhood's sports, companions gay,  
 In sorrow, on Life's downward way,  
 How soothing! in our last decay  
 Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,  
 As pure as fragrant, and as fair,  
 As when ye crowned the sunshine hours  
 Of happy wanderers there.  
 Fall'n all beside—the world of life,  
 How is it stained with fear and strife!  
 In Reason's world what storms are rife,  
 What passions range and glare!

But cheerful and unchanged the while  
 Your first and perfect form ye show,  
 The same that won Eve's matron smile  
 In the world's opening glow.  
 The stars of heaven a course are taught  
 Too high above our human thought;  
 Ye may be found if ye are sought,  
 And as we gaze, we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,  
 Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,  
 And guilty man, where'er he roams,  
 Your innocent mirth may borrow.  
 The birds of air before us fleet,  
 They cannot brook our shame to meet—  
 But we may taste our solace sweet  
 And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide —  
 Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,  
 Your silent lessons, undescried  
 By all but lowly eyes:  
 For ye could draw th' admiring gaze  
 Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys:  
 Your order wild, your fragrant maze,  
 He taught us how to prize.

Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,  
 As when He paused and owned you  
 good;  
 His blessing on earth's primal bower,  
 Ye felt it all renewed.  
 What care ye now, if winter's storm  
 Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form?  
 Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,  
 Ye fear no vexing mood.

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind,  
 That daily court you and caress,  
 How few the happy secret find  
 Of your calm loveliness!  
 "Live for to-day! to-morrow's light

To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight,  
Go sleep like closing flowers at night,  
And Heaven thy morn will bless."

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

WHY blow'st thou not, thou wintry  
wind,  
Now every leaf is brown and serc,  
And idly droops, to thee resigned,  
The fading chaplet of the year?  
Yet wears the pure aerial sky  
Her summer veil, half drawn on high,  
Of silvery haze, and dark and still  
The shadows sleep on every slanting  
hill.

How quiet shows the woodland  
scene!  
Each flower and tree, its duty done,  
Reposing in decay serene,  
Like weary men when age is won,  
Such calm old age as conscience pure  
And self-commanding hearts ensure,  
Waiting their summons to the sky,  
Content to live, but not afraid to die.

Sure if our eyes were purged to trace  
God's unseen armies hovering  
round,  
We should behold by angels' grace  
The four strong winds of Heaven  
fast bound,  
Their downward sweep a moment  
stayed  
On ocean cove and forest glade,  
Till the last flower of autumn shed  
Her funeral odors on her dying bed.

So in Thine awful armory, Lord,  
The lightnings of the judgment-day  
Pause yet awhile, in mercy stored,  
Till willing hearts wear quite away  
Their earthly stains; and spotless  
shine

On every brow in light divine  
The Cross by angel hands impressed,  
The seal of glory won and pledge of  
promised rest.

Little they dream, those haughty souls  
Whom empires own with bended  
knee,  
What lofty fate their own controls,  
Together linked by Heaven's de-  
cree; —  
As bloodhounds hush their baying  
wild  
To wanton with some fearless child,  
So Famine waits, and War with  
greedy eyes,  
Till some repenting heart be ready for  
the skies.

Think ye the spires that glow so  
bright  
In front of yonder setting sun,  
Stand by their own unshaken might?  
No—where th' upholding grace  
is won,  
We dare not ask, nor Heaven would  
tell,  
But sure from many a hidden dell,  
From many a rural nook unthought  
of there,  
Rises for that proud world the saints'  
prevailing prayer.

On Champions blest, in Jesus' name,  
Short be your strife, your triumph  
full,  
Till every heart have caught your  
flame,  
And, lightened of the world's mis-  
rule,  
Ye soar those elder saints to meet,  
Gathered long since at Jesus' feet,  
No world of passions to destroy,  
Your prayers and struggles o'er, your  
task all praise and joy.

## PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

1792-1822.

[PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, eldest son of Timothy Shelley (afterwards Sir Timothy Shelley, Bart.), was born at Field Place, near Horsham in Sussex, August 4, 1792. He was educated at Eton and at University College, Oxford; but was expelled from Oxford in 1811 on account of his authorship of a tract on *The Necessity of Atheism*. In the same year he married Harriet Westbrook, a girl of sixteen, daughter of a coffee-house keeper, but separated from her in 1814. His intimacy with Mary Godwin, daughter of William Godwin, author of *Political Justice*, and of Mary Wollstonecraft, led to a marriage with her after his first wife's death in 1816. In 1817 he was deprived by Lord Eldon of the custody of his children by his first marriage, and in 1818 he left England for Italy, in which country he resided, mainly at Naples, Leghorn, and Pisa, till his death by drowning in the Gulf of Spezia, July 8, 1822. *Queen Mab*, his first work of any note, was privately printed in 1813; *Alastor* was published in 1816; and *Laon and Cythna*, published and withdrawn in 1817, was reissued as *The Revolt of Islam* in 1818. The *Cenci* and *Prometheus Unbound* were both published in 1820. *Epipsychidion* was printed, and *Adonais* published in 1821, and the list is ended by *Hellas* published in 1822, — the year of the poet's untimely death.]

## IANTHE SLEEPING.

[*Queen Mab*.]

How wonderful is Death,  
Death and his brother, Sleep!  
One, pale as yonder waning moon,  
With lips of lurid blue;  
The other, rosy as the morn  
When throned on ocean's wave,  
It blushes o'er the world:  
Yet both so passing wonderful!  
Hath then the gloomy Power  
Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres  
Seized on her sinless soul;  
Must then that peerless form  
Which love and admiration cannot  
view  
Without a beating heart, those azure  
veins  
Which steal like streams along a field  
of snow,  
That lovely outline, which is fair  
As breathing marble, perish?  
Must putrefaction's breath  
Leave nothing of this heavenly  
sight  
But loathsomeness and ruin?  
Spare nothing but a gloomy theme,  
On which the lightest heart might  
moralize?  
Or is it only a sweet slumber  
Stealing o'er sensation,  
Which the breath of roseate morning  
Chaseth into darkness?

Will Ianthe wake again,  
And give that faithful bosom joy  
Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch  
Light, life, and rapture, from her  
smile?

THE FAIRY AND IANTHE'S  
SOUL.[*Queen Mab*.]

STARS! your balmy influence  
shed!  
Elements! your wrath suspend!  
Sleep, Ocean, in the rocky bounds  
That circle thy domain!  
Let not a breath be seen to stir  
Around yon grass-grown ruin's height,  
Let even the restless gossamer  
Sleep on the moveless air!  
Soul of Ianthe! thou,  
Judged alone worthy of the envied  
boon  
That waits the good and the sincere;  
that waits  
Those who have struggled, and with  
resolute will  
Vanquished earth's pride and meanness  
burst the chains,  
The icy chains of custom, and have  
shone  
The day-stars of their age; — Soul of  
Ianthe!  
Awake! arise!

Sudden arose  
 Ianthe's Soul; it stood  
 All beautiful in naked purity,  
 The perfect semblance of its bodily  
 frame.  
 Instinct with inexpressible beauty and  
 grace,  
 Each stain of earthliness  
 Had passed away, it reassumed  
 Its native dignity, and stood  
 Immortal amid ruin.

Upon the couch the body lay,  
 Wrapt in the depth of slumber:  
 Its features were fixed and meaningless,  
 Yet animal life was there,  
 And every organ yet performed  
 Its natural functions; 'twas a sight  
 Of wonder to behold the body and  
 soul.

The self-same lineaments, the  
 same

Marks of identity were there;  
 Yet, oh how different! One aspires  
 to heaven,

Pants for its sempiternal heritage,  
 And ever-changing, ever-rising still,  
 Wantons in endless being.

The other, for a time the unwilling  
 sport

Of circumstance and passion, strug-  
 gles on;

Fleets through its sad duration rap-  
 idly;

Then like a useless and worn-out  
 machine,

Rots, perishes, and passes.

#### TO THE NIGHT.

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,  
 Spirit of Night!

Out of the misty eastern cave  
 Where all the long and lone daylight  
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear  
 Which make thee terrible and dear, —  
 Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray  
 Star-inwrought!  
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,

Kiss her until she be wearied out,  
 Then wander o'er city, and sea, and  
 land  
 Touching all with thine opiate wand —  
 Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,  
 I sigh'd for thee;  
 When light rode high, and the dew was  
 gone,  
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,  
 And the weary 'Day turn'd to his rest  
 Lingered like an unloved guest,  
 I sigh'd for thee!

Thy brother Death came, and cried  
 Wouldst thou me?  
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,  
 Murmur'd like a noon-tide bee  
 Shall I nestle near thy side?  
 Wouldst thou me? — And I replied  
 No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,  
 Soon, too soon —  
 Sleep will come when thou art fled;  
 Of neither would I ask the boon  
 I ask of thee, beloved Night —  
 Swift be thine approaching flight,  
 Come soon, soon!

#### A DREAM OF THE UNKNOWN.

I DREAM'D that as I wander'd by the  
 way

Bare Winter suddenly was changed  
 to Spring,

And gentle odors led my steps astray,  
 Mix'd with a sound of waters mur-  
 muring

Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay  
 Un'er a copse, and hardly dared to  
 fling

Its green arms round the bosom of the  
 stream,

But kiss'd it and then fled, as Thou  
 mightest in dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and vio-  
 lets,

Daisies, those pearl'd Arcturi of the  
 earth,

The constellated flower that never sets;  
 Faint oxlips; tender blue-bells, at  
 whose birth  
 The sod scarce heaved; and that tall  
 flower that wets  
 Its mother's face with heaven-collected  
 tears,  
 When the low wind, its playmate's voice,  
 it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eg-  
 lantine,  
 Green cow-bind and the moonlight-  
 color'd May,  
 And cherry-blossoms, and white cups,  
 whose wine  
 Was the bright dew yet drain'd not  
 by the day;  
 And wild roses, and ivy serpentine  
 With its dark buds and leaves, wander-  
 ing astray;  
 And flowers azure, black, and streak'd  
 with gold,  
 Fairer than any waken'd eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge  
 There grew broad flag-flowers, purple  
 pranked with white.  
 And starry river-buds among the sedge,  
 And floating water-lilies, broad and  
 bright,  
 Which lit the oak that overhung the  
 hedge  
 With moonlight beams of their own  
 watery light;  
 And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep  
 green  
 As soothed the dazzled eye with sober  
 sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flow-  
 ers  
 I made a nosegay, bound in such a  
 way  
 That the same hues, which in their nat-  
 ural bowers  
 Were mingled or opposed, the like  
 array  
 Kept these imprison'd children of the  
 Hours  
 Within my hand, — and then, elate  
 and gay,

I hasten'd to the spot whence I had  
 come  
 That I might there present it — O! to  
 Whom?

#### INVOCATION.

RARELY, rarely, comest thou,  
 Spirit of Delight!  
 Wherefore hast thou left me now  
 Many a day and night?  
 Many a weary night and day  
 'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me  
 Win thee back again?  
 With the joyous and the free  
 Thou wilt scoff at pain.  
 Spirit false! thou hast forgot  
 All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade  
 Of a trembling leaf,  
 Thou with sorrow art dismay'd;  
 Even the sighs of grief  
 Reproach thee, that thou art not near;  
 And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty  
 To a merry measure; —  
 Thou wilt never come for pity,  
 Thou wilt come for pleasure; —  
 Pity then will cut away  
 Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,  
 Spirit of Delight!  
 The fresh Earth in new leaves drest  
 And the starry night;  
 Autumn evening, and the morn  
 When the golden mists are born.

I love snow and all the forms  
 Of the radiant frost;  
 I love waves, and winds, and storms,  
 Everything almost  
 Which is Nature's, and may be  
 Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,  
 And such society  
 As is quiet, wise, and good;

Between thee and me  
What difference? but thou dost possess  
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love — though he has wings,  
And like light can flee,  
But above all other things,  
Spirit, I love thee —  
Thou art love and life! O come!  
Make once more my heart thy home!

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEFEC-  
TION NEAR NAPLES.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,  
The waves are dancing fast and  
bright,  
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear  
The purple noon's transparent light:  
The breath of the moist air is light  
Around its unexpanded buds;  
Like many a voice of one delight —  
The winds', the birds', the ocean-  
floods' —  
The City's voice itself is soft like Soli-  
tude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor  
With green and purple sea-weeds  
strown;  
I see the waves upon the shore  
Like light dissolved in star-showers  
thrown:  
I sit upon the sands alone;  
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean  
Is flashing round me, and a tone  
Arises from its measured motion —  
How sweet! did any heart now share  
in my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,  
Nor peace within nor calm around,  
Nor that Content surpassing wealth  
The sage in meditation found,  
And walk'd with inward glory  
crown'd —  
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor  
leisure;  
Others I see whom these surround —

Smiling they live, and call life pleas-  
ure;  
To me that cup has been dealt in another  
measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild  
Even as the winds and waters are;  
I could lie down like a tired child,  
And weep away the life of care  
Which I have borne, and yet must  
bear,  
Till death like sleep might steal on  
me,  
And I might feel in the warm air  
My cheek grow cold, and hear the  
sea  
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last  
monotony.

THE FLIGHT OF LOVE.

WHEN the lamp is shatter'd  
The light in the dust lies dead —  
When the cloud is scatter'd,  
The rainbow's glory is shed.  
When the lute is broken,  
Sweet tones are remember'd not;  
When the lips have spoken,  
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendor  
Survive not the lamp and the lute,  
The heart's echoes render  
No song when the spirit is mute —  
No song but sad dirges,  
Like the wind through a ruin'd cell,  
Or the mournful surges  
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,  
Love first leaves the well-built nest;  
The weak one is singled  
To endure what it once possessed.  
O Love! who bewailest  
The frailty of all things here,  
Why choose you the frailest  
For your cradle, your home, and your  
bier?

Its passions will rock thee  
As the storms rock the ravens on high;

Bright reason will mock thee  
 Like the sun from a wintry sky.  
 From thy nest every rafter  
 Will rot, and thine eagle home  
 Leave thee naked to laughter,  
 When leaves fall and cold winds come.

### THE INVITATION.

[To Jane.]

BEST and Brightest, come away,  
 Fairer far than this fair day,  
 Which, like thee, to those in sorrow  
 Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow  
 To the rough year just awake  
 In its cradle on the brake.  
 The brightest hour of unborn Spring  
 Through the winter wandering,  
 Found, it seems, the halcyon morn  
 To hoar February born;  
 Bending from Heaven, in azure mirth,  
 It kiss'd the forehead of the earth,  
 And smiled upon the silent sea,  
 And bade the frozen streams be free,  
 And waked to music all their fountains,  
 And breathed upon the frozen moun-  
     tains,  
 And like a prophetess of May  
 Strew'd flowers upon the barren way,  
 Making the wintry world appear  
 Like one on whom thou smilest, Dear.

Away, away, from men and towns,  
 To the wild wood and the downs—  
 To the silent wilderness  
 Where the soul need not repress  
 Its music, lest it should not find  
 An echo in another's mind,  
 While the touch of Nature's art,  
 Harmonizes heart to heart.

Radiant Sister of the Day  
 Awake! arise! and come away!  
 To the wild woods and the plains,  
 To the pools where winter rains  
 Image all their roof of leaves,  
 Where the pine its garland weaves  
 Of sapless green, and ivy dun,  
 Round stems that never kiss the sun,  
 Where the lawns and pastures be  
 And the sandhills of the sea,

Where the melting hoar-frost wets  
 The daisy-star that never sets,  
 And wind-flowers and violets  
 Which yet join not scent to hue  
 Crown the pale year weak and new;  
 When the night is left behind  
 In the deep east, dim and blind,  
 And the blue noon is over us,  
 And the multitudinous  
 Billows murmur at our feet,  
 Where the earth and ocean meet,  
 And all things seem only one  
 In the universal Sun.

### LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

I ARISE from dreams of Thee  
 In the first sweet sleep of night,  
 When the winds are breathing low  
 And the stars are shining bright:  
 I arise from dreams of thee,  
 And a spirit in my feet  
 Has led me—who knows how?  
 To thy chamber-window, Sweet!

The wandering airs they faint  
 On the dark, the silent stream—  
 The champak odors fail  
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream;  
 The nightingale's complaint  
 It dies upon her heart,  
 As I must die on thine  
 O belovéd as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!  
 I die, I faint, I fail!  
 Let thy love in kisses rain  
 On my lips and eyelids pale.  
 My cheek is cold and white, alas!  
 My heart beats loud and fast;  
 O! press it close to thine again  
 Where it will break at last.

### ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

I.

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of  
 Autumn's being,  
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the  
 leaves dead  
 Are driven, like ghosts from an en-  
     chanter fleeing,



Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic  
red,

Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,  
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold  
and low,

Each like a corpse within its grave,  
until

Thine azure sister of the spring shall  
blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth,  
and fill

(Driving sweet birds like flocks to feed  
in air)

With living hues and odors plain and  
hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving every-  
where;

Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear!

II.

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep  
sky's commotion,

Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves  
are shed,

Shook from the tangled boughs of  
Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are  
spread

On the blue surface of thine airy surge,  
Like the bright hair uplifted from the  
head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the  
dim verge

Of the horizon to the zenith's height,  
The locks of the approaching storm.

Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing  
night

Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere  
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst:  
Oh hear!

III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer  
dreams

The blue Mediterranean, where he lay  
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline  
streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,  
And saw in sleep old palaces and tow-  
ers

Quivering within the wave's intenser  
day,

All overgrown with azure moss and  
flowers

So sweet, the sense faints picturing  
them! Thou

For whose path the Atlantic's level  
powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while  
far below

The sea-blooms and the oozy woods  
which wear

The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray  
with fear,

And tremble and despoil themselves:  
Oh hear!

IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest  
bear;

If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee,  
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and  
share

The impulse of thy strength, only less  
free

Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over  
heaven,

As then, when to outstrip the skiey  
speed

Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er  
have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore  
need.

Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!  
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained  
and bowed

One too like thee: tameless, and swift,  
and proud.

V.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:  
What if my leaves are falling like its  
own!

The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal  
tone,

Sweet though in sadness. Be thou,  
spirit fierce,

My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the uni-  
verse

Like withered leaves to quicken a new  
birth;

And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished  
hearth

Ashes and sparks, my words among  
mankind!

Be through my lips to unawakened  
earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far be-  
hind?

TO THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

A SENSITIVE PLANT in a garden grew;  
And the young winds fed it with silver  
dew,

And it opened its fan-like leaves to the  
light,

And closed them beneath the kisses of  
night.

And the spring arose on the garden  
fair,

And the Spirit of Love fell everywhere;  
And each flower and herb on Earth's  
dark breast

Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted  
with bliss

In the garden, the field, or the wilder-  
ness,

Like a doe in the noontide with love's  
sweet want,

As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,  
Arose from the ground with warm rain  
wet,

And their breath was mixed with fresh  
odor, sent

From the turf, like the voice and the  
instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the  
tulip tall,

And narcissi, the fairest among them all,  
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's  
recess,

Till they die of their own dear loveli-  
ness.

And the naiad-like lily of the vale,  
Whom youth makes so fair and passion  
so pale,

That the light of its tremulous bells is  
seen

Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth purple, and white,  
and blue,

Which flung from its bells a sweet peal  
anew

Of music so delicate, soft and intense,  
It was felt like an odor within the sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath  
address,

Which unveiled the depth of her glow-  
ing breast,

Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air  
The soul of her beauty and love lay  
bare;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,  
As a Maenad, its moonlight-colored  
cup,

Till the fiery star, which is its eye,  
Gazed through the clear dew on the  
tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet  
tuberose,  
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;  
And all rare blossoms from every clime  
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant  
bosom  
Was pranked, under boughs of embow-  
ering blossom,  
With golden and green light, slanting  
through  
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,  
And starry river-buds glimmered by,  
And around them the soft stream did  
glide and dance  
With a motion of sweet sound and ra-  
diance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of  
moss,  
Which led through the garden along  
and across,  
Some open at once to the sun and the  
breeze,  
Some lost among bowers of blossoming  
trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate  
bells,  
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,  
And flowerets which drooping as day  
drooped too,  
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and  
blue,  
To roof the glow-worm from the evening  
dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise  
The flowers (as an infant's awakening  
eyes  
Smile on its mother, whose singing  
sweet  
Can first lull, and at last must awaken  
it),

When heaven's blithe winds had un-  
folded them,  
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,

Shone smiling to heaven, and every one  
Shared joy in the light of the gentle  
sun;

For each one was interpenetrated  
With the light and the odor its neigh-  
bor shed,  
Like young lovers whom youth and  
love make dear,  
Wrapped and filled by their mutual at-  
mosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant, which could  
give small fruit  
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to  
the root,  
Received more than all, it loved more  
than ever,  
Where none wanted but it, could belong  
to the giver —

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright  
flower;  
Radiance and odor are not its dower;  
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart  
is full,  
It desires what it has not, the beautiful!

The light winds, which from unsustain-  
ing wings  
Shed the music of many murmurings;  
The beams which dart from many a star  
Of the flowers whose hues they bear  
afar;

The plumed insects, swift and free,  
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,  
Laden with light and odor, which pass  
Over the gleam of the living grass;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which  
lie  
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides  
high,  
Then wander like spirits among the  
spheres,  
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it  
bears;

The quivering vapors of dim noontide,  
Which, like a sea, o'er the warm earth  
glide,

In which every sound, and odor, and  
beam,  
Move, as reeds in a single stream;

Each and all like ministering angels  
were  
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to  
bear,  
Whilst the lagging hours of the day  
went by  
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from  
heaven above,  
And the earth was all rest, and the air  
was all love,  
And delight, though less bright, was far  
more deep,  
And the day's veil fell from the world  
of sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the  
insects were drowned  
In an ocean of dreams without a sound;  
Whose waves never mark, though they  
ever impress  
The light sand which paves it, con-  
sciousness;

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale  
Ever sang more sweet as the day might  
fail,  
And snatches of its elysian chant  
Were mixed with the dreams of the  
Sensitive Plant.)

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest  
Up-gathered into the bosom of rest;  
A sweet child weary of its delight,  
The feeblest, and yet the favorite,  
Cradled within the embrace of night.

#### LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,  
And the rivers with the ocean,  
The winds of heaven mix for ever  
With a sweet emotion;  
Nothing in the world is single;  
All things by a law divine

In one another's being mingle —  
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,  
And the waves clasp one another;  
No sister flower would be forgiven  
If it disdained its brother:  
And the sunlight clasps the earth,  
And the moonbeams kiss the sea; —  
What are all these kissings worth,  
If thou kiss not me.

#### ADONAIS.

A LAMENT FOR JOHN KEATS.

I WEEP for Adonais — he is dead!  
Oh, weep for Adonais! though our  
tears  
Thaw not the frost which binds so  
dear a head!  
And thou, sad Hour, selected from  
all years  
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure  
compeers,  
And teach them thine own sorrow;  
say: with me  
Died Adonais; till the Future dares  
Forget the Past, his fate and fame  
shall be  
An echo and a light unto eternity!

Where wert thou, mighty Mother,  
when he lay,  
When thy son lay, pierced by the  
shaft which flies  
In darkness? where was lorn Urania  
When Adonais died? With veiled  
eyes,  
'Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise  
She sate, while one, with soft en-  
amored breath,  
Rekindled all the fading melodies,  
With which, like flowers that mock  
the corse beneath,  
He had adorned and hid the coming  
bulk of death.

Oh, weep for Adonais — he is dead!  
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and  
weep!

Yet wherefore? Quench within their  
burning bed  
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart  
keep,  
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining  
sleep;  
For he is gone, where all things wise  
and fair  
Descend: — oh, dream not that the  
amorous Deep  
Will yet restore him to the vital air;  
eath feeds on his mute voice, and  
laughs at our despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep  
again!  
Lament anew, Urania! — He died,  
Who was the sire of an immortal  
strain,  
Blind, old, and lonely, when his coun-  
try's pride  
The priest, the slave, and the liber-  
ticide,  
Trampled and mocked with many a  
loathed rite  
Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified,  
Into the gulf of death; but his clear  
Sprite  
Yet reigns o'er earth; the third among  
the sons of light.

Most musical of mourners, weep  
anew!  
Not all to that bright station dared to  
climb:  
And happier they their happiness  
who knew,  
Whose tapers yet burn through that  
night of time  
In which suns perished; others more  
sublime,  
Struck by the envious wrath of man  
or God,  
Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent  
prime;  
And some yet live, treading the  
thorny road  
Which leads, through toil and hate, to  
Fame's serene abode.

But now thy youngest, dearest one,  
has perished,

The nursling of thy widowhood, who  
grew,  
Like a pale flower by some sad maid-  
en cherished,  
And fed with true love tears instead  
of dew;  
Most musical of mourners, weep  
anew!  
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and  
the last,  
The bloom, whose petals nipt before  
they blew,  
Died on the promise of the fruit, is  
waste;  
The broken lily lies — the storm is over-  
past.

---

### A LAMENT.

O WORLD! O life! O time!  
On whose last steps I climb,  
Trembling at that where I had stood  
before;  
When will return the glory of your  
prime?  
No more — oh, never more!

Out of the day and night  
A joy has taken flight:  
Fresh spring, and summer, and win-  
ter hoar,  
Move my faint heart with grief, but  
with delight  
No more — oh, never more!

---

### ANARCHY SLAIN BY TRUE LIBERTY.

[*The Masque of Anarchy.*]

LAST came Anarchy; he rode  
On a white horse splashed with blood;  
He was pale even to the lips,  
Like death in the Apocalypse.

And he wore a kingly crown;  
In his hand a sceptre shone;  
On his brow this mark I saw —  
"I am God, and King, and Law!"

With a pace stately and fast,  
Over English land he past,  
Trampling to a mire of blood  
The adoring multitude.

And a mighty troop around,  
With their trampling shook the ground,  
Waving each a bloody sword,  
For the service of their Lord.

And with glorious triumph, they  
Rode through England, proud and gay,  
Drunk as with intoxication  
Of the wine of desolation.

O'er fields and towns, from sea to sea,  
Passed the pageant swift and free,  
Tearing up and trampling down,  
Till they came to London town.

And each dweller, panic-stricken,  
Felt his heart with terror sicken,  
Hearing the tremendous cry  
Of the triumph of Anarchy.

For with pomp to meet him came,  
Clothed in arms like blood and flame,  
The hired murderers who did sing,  
"Thou art God, and Law, and King.

"We have waited, weak and lone,  
For thy coming, Mighty One!  
Our purses are empty, our swords are  
cold,  
Give us glory, and blood, and gold."

Lawyers and priests, a motley crowd,  
To the earth their pale brows bowed,  
Like a bad prayer not over loud,  
Whispering—"Thou art Law and  
God."

Then all cried with one accord,  
"Thou art King, and Law, and Lord;  
Anarchy to thee we bow,  
Be thy name made holy now!"

And Anarchy, the skeleton,  
Bowed and grinned to every one,  
As well as if his education  
Had cost ten millions to the nation.

For he knew the palaces  
Of our kings were nightly his;  
His the sceptre, crown, and globe,  
And the gold-inwoven robe.

So he sent his slaves before  
To seize upon the Bank and Tower,  
And was proceeding with intent  
To meet his pensioned parliament,

When one fled past, a maniac maid,  
And her name was Hope, she said:  
But she looked more like Despair;  
And she cried out in the air:

"My father, Time, is weak and gray  
With waiting for a better day;  
See how idiot-like he stands,  
Trembling with his palsied hands!

"He has had child after child,  
And the dust of death is piled  
Over every one but me—  
Misery! oh, misery!"

Then she lay down in the street,  
Right before the horses' feet,  
Expecting, with a patient eye,  
Murder, Fraud, and Anarchy.

When between her and her foes  
A mist, a light, an image rose,  
Small at first, and weak and frail  
Like the vapor of the vale:

Till as clouds grow on the blast,  
Like tower-crowned giants striding fast,  
And glare with lightnings as they fly,  
And speak in thunder to the sky,

It grew—a shape arrayed in mail  
Brighter than the viper's scale,  
And upborne on wings whose grain  
Was like the light of sunny rain.

On its helm, seen far away,  
A planet, like the morning's, lay:  
And those plumes it light rained through,  
Like a shower of crimson dew.

With step as soft as wind it passed  
O'er the heads of men—so fast

That they knew the presence there,  
And looked — and all was empty air.

As flowers beneath May's footsteps  
waken,  
As stars from night's loose hair are  
shaken,  
As waves arise when loud winds call,  
Thoughts sprung where'er that step did  
fall.

And the prostrate multitude  
Looked — and ankle-deep in blood,  
Hope, that maiden most serene,  
Was walking with a quiet mien:

And Anarchy, the ghastly birth,  
Lay dead earth upon the earth;  
The Horse of Death, tameless as wind,  
Fled, and with his hoofs did grind  
To dust the murderers thronged behind.

#### THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting  
flowers,  
From the sea and the streams;  
I bear light shade for the leaves when  
laid

In their noon-day dreams.  
From my wings are shaken the dews  
that waken

The sweet birds every one,  
When rocked to rest on their mother's  
breast

As she dances about the sun.  
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
And whiten the green plains under,  
And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
And their great pines groan aghast;  
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,  
While I sleep in the arms of the  
blast.

Sublime on the towers of my skiey bow-  
ers,  
Lightning my pilot sits,  
In a cavern under is fettered the thun-  
der,

It struggles and howls at fits;  
Over earth and ocean, with gentle mo-  
tion,

This pilot is guiding me,  
Lured by the love of the genii that  
move

In the depths of the purple sea;  
Over the rills, and the crags, and the  
hills,

Over the lakes and the plains,  
Wherever he dream, under mountain or  
stream,

The Spirit he loves remains;  
And I all the while bask in heaven's  
blue smile,

Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor  
eyes,

And his burning plumes outspread,  
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,  
When the morning star shines dead.

As on the jag of a mountain crag,  
Which an earthquake rocks and  
swings,

An eagle alit one moment may sit  
In the light of its golden wings.

And when sunset may breathe, from the  
lit sea beneath,

Its ardors of rest and of love,  
And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
From the depth of heaven above,  
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy  
nest,

As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden with white fire  
laden,

Whom mortals call the moon,  
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like  
floor,

By the midnight breezes strewn;  
And wherever the beat of her unseen  
feet,

Which only the angels hear,  
May have broken the woof of my tent's  
thin roof,

The stars peep behind her and peer;  
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,  
Like a swarm of golden bees,  
When I widen the rent in my wind-  
built tent,

Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,  
Like strips of the sky fallen through me  
on high,  
Are each paved with the moon and  
these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning  
zone,  
And the moon's with a girdle of  
pearl;

The volcanoes are dim, and the stars  
reel and swim,

When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.

From cape to cape, with a bridge-like  
shape,

Over a torrent sea,  
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,

The mountains its columns be.

The triumphal arch through which I  
march

With hurricane, fire, and snow,  
When the powers of the air are chained  
to my chair,

Is the million-colored bow;  
The sphere-fire above its soft colors  
wove,

While the moist earth was laughing  
below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,  
And the nursling of the sky;  
I pass through the pores of the ocean  
and shores;

I change, but I cannot die.  
For after the rain when with never a  
stain

The pavilion of heaven is bare,  
And the winds and sunbeams with their  
convex gleams,

Build up the blue dome of air,  
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
And out of the caverns of rain,

Like a child from the womb, like a  
ghost from the tomb,  
I arise and unbuild it again.

---

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!

Bird thou never wert,  
That from heaven, or near it,

Pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated  
art.

Higher still and higher,  
From the earth thou springest,  
Like a cloud of fire;  
The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring  
ever singest.

In the golden lightning  
Of the sunken sun,  
O'er which clouds are brightening,  
Thou dost float and run;  
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just  
begun.

The pale purple even  
Melts around thy flight;  
Like a star of heaven  
In the broad day-light  
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy  
shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows  
Of that silver sphere,  
Whose intense lamp narrows  
In the white dawn clear,  
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is  
there.

All the earth and air  
With thy voice is loud,  
As, when night is bare,  
From one lonely cloud  
The moon rains out her beams, and  
heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;  
What is most like thee?  
From rainbow clouds there flow not  
Drops so bright to see,  
As from thy presence showers a rain of  
melody.

Like a poet hidden,  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and fears it  
heeded not:



Like a high-born maiden  
 In a palace tower,  
 Soothing her love-laden  
 Soul in secret hour  
 With music sweet as love, which over-  
 flows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden  
 In a dell of dew,  
 Scattering unbeholden  
 Its ærial hue  
 Among the flowers and grass which  
 screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered  
 In its own green leaves,  
 By warm winds deflowered,  
 Till the scent it gives  
 Makes faint with too much sweet these  
 heavy-winged thieves:

Sound of vernal showers  
 On the twinkling grass,  
 Rain-awakened flowers,  
 All that ever was  
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music  
 doth surpass:

Teach us, sprite or bird,  
 What sweet thoughts are thine;  
 I have never heard  
 Praise of love or wine  
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so  
 divine.

Chorus hymeneal,  
 Or triumphal chant,  
 Matched with thine would be all  
 But an empty vaunt, —  
 A thing wherein we feel there is some  
 hidden want.

What objects are the fountains  
 Of thy happy strain?  
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?  
 What shapes of sky or plain?  
 What love of thine own kind? What  
 ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance  
 Languor cannot be:  
 Shadow of annoyance

Never came near thee;  
 Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad  
 satiety.

Waking or asleep,  
 Thou of death must deem  
 Things more true and deep  
 Than we mortals dream,  
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a  
 crystal stream?

We look before and after,  
 And pine for what is not:  
 Our sincerest laughter  
 With some pain is fraught:  
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of  
 saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn  
 Hate, and pride, and fear;  
 If we were things born  
 Not to shed a tear,  
 I know not how thy joy we ever could  
 come near.

Better than all measures  
 Of delight and sound,  
 Better than all treasures  
 That in books are found,  
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of  
 the ground.

Teach me half the gladness  
 That thy brain must know,  
 Such harmonious madness  
 From my lips would flow,  
 The world should listen then, as I  
 am listening now.

#### A LAMENT.

SWIFTER far than summer's flight,  
 Swifter far than youth's delight,  
 Swifter far than happy night,  
 Art thou come and gone;  
 As the earth when leaves are dead,  
 As the night when sleep is sped,  
 As the heart when joy is fled,  
 I am left lone, alone,

The swallow, summer, comes again;  
 The owl, night, resumes her reign;  
 But the wild swan, youth, is fain  
     To fly with thee, false as thou.  
 My heart each day desires the morrow,  
 Sleep itself is turned to sorrow;  
 Vainly would my winter borrow  
     Sunny leaves from any bough.

Lilies for a bridal bed,  
 Roses for a matron's head,  
 Violets for a maiden dead —  
     Pansies let my flowers be;  
 On the living grave I bear,  
 Scatter them without a tear,  
 Let no friend, however dear,  
     Waste one hope, one fear for me.

---

FROM "PROMETHEUS UN-  
 BOUND."

ACT II., SCENE II.

*Semi-chorus I. of Spirits (as Asia and  
 Panthea pass into the forest).*

THE path through which that lovely  
     twain  
 Have passed, by cedar, pine, and  
     yew,  
 And each dark tree that ever grew,  
 Is curtained out from heaven's wide  
     blue.

Nor sun nor moon nor wind nor rain  
 Can pierce its interwoven bowers;  
 Nor aught save where some cloud of  
     dew,

    Drifted along the earth-creeping  
     breeze

    Between the trunks of the hoar  
     trees,

Hangs each a pearl in the pale flowers  
 Of the green laurel blown anew,  
 And bends, and then fades silently,  
 One frail and fair anemone.

Or, when some star, of many a one  
     That climbs and wanders through  
     steep night,  
 Has found the cleft through which  
     alone

Beams fall from high those depths  
     upon,—  
 Ere it is borne away, away,  
 By the swift heavens that cannot stay, —  
     It scatters drops of golden light,  
     Like lines of rain that ne'er unite:  
 And the gloom divine is all around,  
 And underneath is the mossy ground.

*Semi-chorus II.*

There the voluptuous nightingales  
 Are awake through all the broad  
     noonday.

When one with bliss or sadness fails,  
 And through the windless ivy-boughs,  
     Sick with sweet love, droops dying  
     away

    On its mate's music-panting bosom;  
 Another, from the swinging blossom  
 Watching to catch the languid close  
 Of the last strain, then lifts on high  
 The wings of the weak melody, —  
 Till some new strain of feeling bear

    The song, and all the woods are  
     mute;

When there is heard through the dim  
     air

The rush of wings, and, rising there  
     Like many a lake-surrounded flute,  
 Sounds overflow the listener's brain  
 So sweet that joy is almost pain.

---

[From the same.]

VOICE *in the air, singing.*

ACT II., SCENE V.

LIFE of Life! thy lips enkindle  
 With their love the breath between  
     them;

And thy smiles, before they dwindle,  
     Make the cold air fire, — then screen  
     them

In those looks where whoso gazes  
 Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! thy limbs are burning  
     Through the vest which seems to hide  
     them,

As the radiant lines of morning

Through the clouds, ere they divide  
 them;  
 And this atmosphere divinest  
 Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others; none beholds thee  
 (But thy voice sounds low and tender,  
 Like the fairest), for it folds thee  
 From the sight — that liquid splen-  
 dor;  
 And all feel, yet see thee never,  
 As I feel now, lost for ever!

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest,  
 Its dim shapes are clad with bright-  
 ness,  
 And the souls of whom thou lovest  
 Walk upon the winds with lightness,  
 Till they fail, as I am failing,  
 Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

#### HYMN OF PAN.

From the forests and highlands  
 We come, we come;  
 From the river-girt islands,  
 Where loud waves are dumb  
 Listening to my sweet pipings.  
 The wind in the reeds and the  
 rushes,

The bees on the bells of thyme,  
 The birds on the myrtle-bushes,  
 The cicale above in the lime,  
 And the lizards below in the  
 grass,

Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,  
 Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,  
 And all dark Tempe lay  
 In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing  
 The light of the dying day,  
 Speeded by my sweet pipings.  
 The Sileni and Sylvans and  
 Fauns,  
 And the Nymphs of the woods  
 and waves.

To the edge of the moist river-  
 lawns,  
 And the brink of the dewy  
 caves,

And all that did then attend and follow,  
 Were silent with love, — as you now,  
 Apollo,  
 With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,  
 I sang of the dædal earth,  
 And of heaven, and the Giant wars,  
 And love, and death, and birth.  
 And then I changed my pipings, —  
 Singing how down the vale of  
 Mænalus

I pursued a maiden, and clasped  
 a reed:

Gods and men, we are all deluded  
 thus;

It breaks in our bosom, and then  
 we bleed.

All wept — as I think both ye now  
 would,

If envy or age had not frozen your  
 blood —

At the sorrow of my sweet  
 pipings.

#### WAR.

WAR is the statesman's game, the priest's  
 delight,

The lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's  
 trade,

And to those royal murderers whose  
 mean thrones

Are bought by crimes of treachery and  
 gore,

The bread they eat, the staff on which  
 they lean.

Guards, garbed in blood-red livery, sur-  
 round

Their palaces, participate the crimes  
 That force defends, and from a nation's  
 rage

Secure the crown, which all the curses  
 reach

That famine, frenzy, woe, and penury  
 breathe.

These are the hired bravos who defend  
 The tyrant's throne,

## ONE WORD IS TOO OFTEN PROFANED.

ONE word is too often profaned  
 For me to profane it,  
 One feeling too falsely disdain'd  
 For thee to disdain it.  
 One hope is too like despair  
 For prudence to smother,  
 And Pity from thee more dear  
 Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love;  
 But wilt thou accept not  
 The worship the heart lifts above  
 And the Heavens reject not:  
 The desire of the moth for the star,  
 Of the night for the morrow,  
 The devotion to something afar  
 From the sphere of our sorrow?

## FELICIA HEMANS.

1793-1835.

[FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE was born in Liverpool, Sept. 25, 1793, and published her first poems in 1803. She married Captain Hemans, 1812, and died in Dublin, May 16, 1835. Her principal works are: *Tales and Historic Scenes*, 1816; *The Forest Sanctuary*, 1826; *Lays of Many Lands*, 1826; *Records of Woman*, 1828; *Songs of the Affections*, 1830; *Scenes and Hymns of Life*, 1834. She also published various dramas and translations.]

## THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I COME, I come! ye have called me  
 long,  
 I come o'er the mountains with light and  
 song;  
 Ye may trace my step o'er the waken-  
 ing earth,  
 By the winds which tell of the violet's  
 birth,  
 By the primrose stars in the shadowy  
 grass,  
 By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the  
 chestnut-flowers  
 By thousands have burst from the forest-  
 bowers:  
 And the ancient graves, and the fallen  
 fanes,  
 Are veiled with wreaths on Italian  
 plains.  
 — But it is not for me, in my hour of  
 bloom,  
 To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have passed o'er the hills of the stormy  
 North,  
 And the larch has hung all his tassels  
 forth,  
 The fisher is out on the sunny sea,

And the reindeer bounds through the  
 pasture free,  
 And the pine has a fringe of softer green,  
 And the moss looks bright where my  
 step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a  
 gentle sigh,  
 And called out each voice of the deep-  
 blue sky,  
 From the night-bird's lay through the  
 starry time,  
 In the groves of the soft Hesperian  
 clime,  
 To the swan's wild note by the Iceland  
 lakes,  
 When the dark fir-bough into verdure  
 breaks.

From the streams and founts I have  
 loosed the chain;  
 They are sweeping on to the silvery  
 main,  
 They are flashing down from the moun-  
 tain-brows,  
 They are flinging spray on the forest-  
 boughs,  
 They are bursting fresh from their sparry  
 caves,  
 And the earth resounds with the joy of  
 waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness,  
come!

Where the violets lie may now be your  
home.

Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright  
eye,

And the bounding footstep, to meet me  
fly,

With the lyre, and the wreath, and the  
joyous lay,

Come forth to the sunshine, — I may  
not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn  
men,

The waters are sparkling in wood and  
glen;

Away from the chamber and dusky  
hearth,

The young leaves are dancing in breezy  
mirth,

Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood  
strains,

And Youth is abroad in my green do-  
mains.

#### THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE breaking waves dash'd high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast;  
And the woods, against a stormy sky,  
Their giant branches toss'd;

And the heavy night hung dark,  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moor'd their  
bark

On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came; —  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame; —

Not as the flying come,  
In silence, and in fear; —  
They shook the depths of the desert's  
gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang:  
Till the stars heard, and the sea;

And the sounding aisles of the dim  
woods rang  
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soar'd  
From his nest, by the white wave's  
foam,  
And the rocking pines of the forest  
roar'd: —  
Such was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair  
Amidst that pilgrim band:  
Why had they come to wither there,  
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep love's truth;  
There was manhood's brow serenely  
high,  
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas? the spoils of  
war? —  
No — 'twas a faith's pure shrine.

Yes, call that holy ground, —  
Which first their brave feet trod!  
They have left unstain'd what there they  
found —  
Freedom to worship God!

#### THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately homes of England,  
How beautiful they stand,  
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,  
O'er all the pleasant land!  
The deer across their greensward bound  
Through shade and sunny gleam,  
And the swan glides past them with the  
sound  
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England —  
Around their hearths by night,  
What gladsome looks of household  
love  
Meet in the ruddy light!

There woman's voice flows forth in song,

Or childhood's tale is told;  
Or lips move tunelessly along  
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England,  
How softly on their bowers,  
Is laid the holy quietness

That breathes from Sabbath hours!  
Solemn, yet sweet, the church bells'  
chime

Floats through their woods at morn,  
All other sounds in that still time  
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England  
By thousands on her plains,  
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,  
And round the hamlet fanes.  
Through glowing orchards forth they  
peep,

Each from its nook of leaves,  
And fearless there the lowly sleep,  
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free fair homes of England,  
Long, long, in hut and hall,  
May hearts of native proof be reared  
To guard each hallowed wall.  
And green for ever be the groves,  
And bright the flowery sod,  
Where first the child's glad spirit loves  
Its country and its God.

### THE VOICES OF HOME.

[*The Forest Sanctuary.*]

The voices of my home! — I hear  
them still!

They have been with me through the  
dreamy night —

The blessed household voices, wont  
to fill

My heart's clear depths with unal-  
loy'd delight!

I hear them still, unchanged: —  
though some from earth

Are music parted, and the tones of  
mirth —

Wild, silvery tones, that rang through  
days more bright!

Have died in others, — yet to me they  
come,  
Singing of boyhood back — the voices  
of my home!

They call me through this hush of  
woods reposing,

In the gray stillness of the summer  
morn;

They wander by when heavy flowers  
are closing,

And thoughts grow deep, and winds  
and stars are born;

Even as a fount's remember'd gush-  
ings burst

On the parch'd traveller in his hour  
of thirst,

E'en thus they haunt me with sweet  
sounds, till worn

By quenchless longings, to my soul I  
say —

O for the dove's swift wings, that I  
might flee away, —

And find mine ark! — yet whither?  
— I must bear

A yearning heart within me to the  
grave.

I am of those o'er whom a breath of  
air —

Just darkening in its course the lake's  
bright wave,

And sighing through the feathery  
canes — hath power

To call up shadows, in the silent  
hour,

From the dim past, as from a wizard's  
cave! —

So rust it be! — these skies above  
me spread,

Are they my own soft skies? — ye rest  
not here, my dead!

### EVENING RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EXILE.

[*The Forest Sanctuary.*]

I SEE a star — eve's firstborn! — in  
whose train

Past scenes, woods, looks, come back.  
The arrowy spire

Of the lone cypress, as of wood-girt  
fane,  
Rests dark and still amidst a heaven  
of fire;  
The pine gives forth its odors, and  
the lake  
Gleams like one ruby, and the soft  
winds wake,  
Till every string of nature's solemn  
lyre  
Is touch'd to answer; its most secret  
tone  
Drawn from each tree, for each hath  
whispers all its own.

And hark! another murmur on the  
air,  
Not of the hidden rills, nor quivering  
shades!  
— That is the cataract's, which the  
breezes bear,  
Filling the leafy twilight of the  
glades  
With hollow surge-like sounds, as  
from the bed  
Of the blue mournful seas, that keep  
the dead:  
But they are far! — the low sun here  
pervades  
Dim forest-arches, bathing with red  
gold  
Their stems, till each is made a marvel  
to behold.

Gorgeous, yet full of gloom! — In  
such an hour,  
The vesper-melody of dying bells  
Wanders through Spain, from each  
gray convent's tower  
O'er shining rivers pour'd, and olive-  
dells,  
By every peasant heard, and muleteer,  
And hamlet, round my home: — and  
I am here,  
Living again through all my life's  
farewells,  
In these vast woods, where farewell  
ne'er was spoken,  
And sole I lift to Heaven a sad heart —  
yet unbroken!

In such an hour are told the hermit's  
beads;  
With the white sail the seaman's  
hymn floats by:  
Peace be with all! whate'er their  
varying creeds,  
With all that send up holy thoughts  
on high!  
Come to me, boy! — by Guadalquivir's  
vines,  
By every stream of Spain, as day de-  
clines,  
Man's prayers are mingled in the rosy  
sky.  
— We, too, will pray; nor yet  
unheard, my child!  
Of Him whose voice we hear at eve  
amidst the wild.

At eve? — oh! — through all hours!  
— from dark dreams oft  
Awakening, I look forth, and learn  
the might  
Of solitude, while thou art breathing  
soft,  
And low, my loved one! on the  
breast of night:  
I look forth on the stars — the shadowy  
sleep  
Of forests — and the lake, whose  
gloomy deep  
Sends up red sparkles to the fire-flies'  
light.  
A lonely world! — ev'n fearful to  
man's thought,  
But for His presence felt, whom here  
my soul hath sought.

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#### THE SONGS OF OUR FATHERS.

SING them upon the sunny hills,  
When days are long and bright,  
And the blue gleam of shining rills  
Is loveliest to the sight.  
Sing them along the misty moor,  
Where ancient hunters roved,  
And swell them through the torrent's  
roar —  
The songs our fathers loved!

The songs their souls rejoiced to hear  
 When harps were in the hall,  
 And each proud note made lance and  
 spear  
 Thrill on the banner'd wall:  
 The songs that through our valleys  
 green,  
 Sent on from age to age,  
 Like his own river's voice, have been  
 The peasant's heritage.

The reaper sings them when the vale  
 Is fill'd with plummy sheaves;  
 The woodman, by the starlight pale  
 Cheer'd homeward through the  
 leaves:  
 And unto them the glancing oars  
 A joyous measure keep,  
 Where the dark rocks that crest our  
 shores  
 Dash back the foaming deep.

So let it be! — a light they shed  
 O'er each old fount and grove;  
 A memory of the gentle dead,  
 A spell of lingering love:  
 Murmuring the names of mighty men,  
 They bid our streams roll on,  
 And link high thoughts to every glen  
 Where valiant deeds were done.

Teach them your children round the  
 hearth,  
 When evening fires burn clear,  
 And in the fields of harvest mirth,  
 And on the hills of deer!  
 So shall each unforgotten word,  
 When far those loved ones roam,  
 Call back the hearts that once it stirr'd,  
 To childhood's holy home.

The green woods of their native land  
 Shall whisper in the strain,  
 The voices of their household band  
 Shall sweetly speak again:  
 The heathery heights in vision rise  
 Where like the stag they roved —  
 Sing to your sons those melodies,  
 The songs your fathers loved.

# ELYSIUM.

FAIR wert thou, in the dreams  
 Of elder time, thou land of glorious  
 flowers,  
 And summer-winds, and low-toned sil-  
 very streams,  
 Dim with the shadows of thy laurel-  
 bowers!  
 Where as they pass'd, bright hours  
 Left no faint sense of parting, such as  
 clings  
 To earthly love, and joy in loveliest  
 things!

Fair wert thou, with the light  
 On thy blue hills and sleepy waters  
 cast,  
 From purple skies ne'er deepening into  
 night,  
 Yet soft, as if each moment were their  
 last  
 Of glory, fading fast  
 Along the mountains! — but thy golden  
 day  
 Was not as those that warn us of decay.

And ever, through thy shades,  
 A swell of deep Eolian sound went by,  
 From fountain-voices in their secret  
 glades,  
 And low reed-whispers, making sweet  
 reply  
 To summer's breezy sigh!  
 And young leaves trembling to the  
 wind's light breath,  
 Which ne'er had touch'd them with a  
 hue of death!

And the transparent sky  
 Rung as a dome, all thrilling to the  
 strain  
 Of harps that, 'midst the woods, made  
 harmony  
 Solemn and sweet; yet troubling not  
 the brain  
 With dreams and yearnings vain,  
 And dim remembrances, that still draw  
 birth  
 From the bewildering music of the  
 earth.



And who, with silent tread,  
 Moved o'er the plains of waving As-  
 phodel?  
 Who, call'd and sever'd from the count-  
 less dead,  
 Amidst the shadowy Amaranth-bowers  
 might dwell,  
 And listen to the swell  
 Of those majestic hymn-notes, and in-  
 hale  
 The spirit wandering in th' immortal  
 gale?

They of the sword, whose praise,  
 With the bright wine at nation's feasts,  
 went round!  
 They of the lyre, whose unforgotten lays  
 On the morn's wing had sent their  
 mighty sound,  
 And in all regions found  
 Their echoes 'midst the mountains! —  
 and become  
 In man's deep heart, as voices of his  
 home!

They of the daring thought!  
 Daring and powerful, yet to dust allied;  
 Whose flight through stars, and seas,  
 and depths had sought  
 The soul's far birth-place — but without  
 a guide!

Sages and seers, who died,  
 And left the world their high mysteri-  
 ous dreams,  
 Born, 'midst the olive-woods by Grecian  
 streams.

But they, of whose abode  
 'Midst her green valleys earth retain'd  
 no trace,  
 Save a flower springing from their  
 burial-sod,  
 A shade of sadness on some kindred  
 face,

A void and silent place  
 In some sweet home; thou hadst no  
 wreaths for these,  
 Thou sunny land! with all thy death-  
 less trees!

The peasant, at his door  
 Might sink to die, when vintage-feasts  
 were spread,

And songs on every wind! From thy  
 bright shore  
 No lovelier vision floated round his  
 head,  
 Thou wert for nobler dead!  
 He heard the bounding steps which  
 round him fell,  
 And sigh'd to bid the festal sun fare-  
 well!

The slave, whose very tears  
 Were a forbidden luxury, and whose  
 breast  
 Shut up the woes and burning thoughts  
 of years,  
 As in the ashes of an urn compress'd;  
 — He might not be thy guest!  
 No gentle breathings from thy distant  
 sky  
 Came o'er his path, and whisper'd  
 "Liberty!"

Calm, on its leaf-strewn bier,  
 Unlike a gift of nature to decay,  
 Too rose-like still, too beautiful, too  
 dear,  
 The child at rest before its mother lay;  
 E'en so to pass away,  
 With its bright smile! — Elysium! what  
 wert thou,  
 To her, who wept o'er that young slum-  
 berer's brow?

Thou hadst no home, green land!  
 For the fair creature from her bosom  
 gone,  
 With life's first flowers just opening in  
 her hand,  
 And all the lovely thoughts and dreams  
 unknown,  
 Which in its clear eye shone  
 Like the spring's awakening! — but  
 that light was past —  
 — Where went the dew-drop, swept  
 before the blast?

Not where thy soft winds play'd,  
 Not where thy waters lay in glassy  
 sleep! —  
 Fade, with thy bowers, thou land of  
 visions, fade!  
 From thee no voice came o'er the  
 gloomy deep,

And bade man cease to weep !  
 Fade, with the amaranth-plain, the  
 myrtle-grove,  
 Which could not yield one hope to  
 sorrowing love !

For the most loved are they,  
 Of whom Fame speaks not with her  
 clarion-voice  
 In regal halls ! — the shades o'erhang  
 their way,  
 The vale, with its deep fountains, is  
 their choice,  
 And gentle hearts rejoice  
 Around their steps ! — till silently they  
 die,  
 As a stream shrinks from summer's  
 burning eye.

And the world knows not then,  
 Not then, nor ever, what pure thoughts  
 are fled !  
 Yet these are they, that on the souls of  
 men  
 Come back, when night her folding  
 veil hath spread,  
 The long-remember'd dead !  
 But not with thee might aught save  
 glory dwell —  
 — Fade, fade away, thou shore of As-  
 phodel !

#### THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

WHAT hidest thou in thy treasure-caves  
 and cells,  
 Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious  
 Main :  
 — Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-  
 colored shells,  
 Bright things which gleam unrecked  
 of, and in vain.  
 — Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy  
 Sea !  
 We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the Depths have more ! What  
 wealth untold  
 Far down, and shining through their  
 stillness lies !

Thou hast the starry gems, the burning  
 gold,  
 Won from ten thousand royal Argosies.  
 — Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and  
 wrathful Main !  
 Earth claims not these again !

Yet more, the Depths have more ! Thy  
 waves have rolled  
 Above the cities of a world gone by !  
 Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,  
 Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry !  
 — Dash o'er them, Ocean ! in thy scorn-  
 ful play —  
 Man yields them to decay !

Yet more ! the Billows and the Depths  
 have more !  
 High hearts and brave are gathered to  
 thy breast !  
 They hear not now the booming waters  
 roar,  
 The battle-thunders will not break their  
 rest :  
 — Keep thy red gold and gems, thou  
 stormy grave —  
 Give back the true and brave !

Give back the lost and lovely ! those  
 for whom  
 The place was kept at board and hearth  
 so long,  
 The prayer went up through midnight's  
 breathless gloom,  
 And the vain yearning woke 'midst fes-  
 tal song !  
 Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers  
 o'erthrown, —  
 But all is not thine own !

To thee the love of woman hath gone  
 down,  
 Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's  
 noble head,  
 O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's  
 flowery crown ;  
 — Yet must thou hear a voice — Re-  
 store the Dead !  
 Earth shall reclaim her precious things  
 from thee —  
 Restore the Dead, thou Sea !

*COME HOME.*

COME home.  
 Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,  
 Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,  
 To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep  
 With these unwearying words of melody,  
 Brother, come home.

Come home.  
 Come to the hearts that love thee, to the eyes  
 That beam in brightness but to gladden thine;  
 Come where fond thoughts like holiest incense rise,  
 Where cherish'd Memory rears her altar's shrine.  
 Brother, come home.

Come home.  
 Come to the hearth-stone of thy earlier days,  
 Come to the ark, like the o'erwearied dove,  
 Come with the sunlight of thy heart's warm rays,  
 Come to the fire-side circle of thy love.  
 Brother, come home.

Come home.  
 It is not home without thee; the lone seat  
 Is still unclaim'd where thou wert wont to be;  
 In every echo of returning feet  
 In vain we list for what should herald thee.  
 Brother, come home.

Come home.  
 We've nursed for thee the sunny buds of spring,  
 Watch'd every germ a full-blown flow'ret rear,  
 Saw o'er their bloom the chilly winter bring

Its icy garlands, and thou art not here.

Brother, come home.

Come home.  
 Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,  
 Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,  
 To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep  
 With these unwearying words of melody,  
 Brother, come home.

*THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD*

THEY grew in beauty side by side,  
 They filled one home with glee,  
 Their graves are severed far and wide,  
 By mount, and stream, and sea.  
 The same fond mother bent at night  
 O'er each fair sleeping brow,  
 She had each folded flower in sight —  
 Where are those dreamers now?

One midst the forests of the West,  
 By a dark stream, is laid;  
 The Indian knows his place of rest  
 Far in the cedar shade.  
 The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,  
 He lies where pearls lie deep,  
 He was the loved of all, yet none  
 O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest

Above the noble slain;  
 He wrapt his colors round his breast  
 On a blood-red field of Spain.  
 And one — o'er her the myrtle showers  
 Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;  
 She faded midst Italian flowers,  
 The last of that bright band.

And, parted thus, they rest — who played  
 Beneath the same green tree,  
 Whose voices mingled as they prayed  
 Around one parent knee!  
 They that with smiles lit up the hall,  
 And cheered with song the hearth, —  
 Alas for love if thou wert all,  
 And nought beyond, oh earth.

## JOHN KEATS.

1795-1821.

[JOHN KEATS was born in London on the 29th of October, 1795. His father was in the employment of a livery-stable keeper in Moorfields, whose daughter he married. Our poet was born prematurely. He lost his father when he was nine years old, and his mother when he was fifteen. He and his brothers were sent to a good school at Enfield kept by Mr. Clarke, whose son, Charles Cowden Clarke, well known afterwards from his connection with letters and literary men, was a valuable friend to John Keats. As a schoolboy, Keats seems to have been at first remarked chiefly for his pugnacity and high spirit, but he soon showed a love of reading. On leaving school in 1810 he was apprenticed for five years to a surgeon at Edmonton; he was thus still in the neighborhood of the Clarks, who continued to see him, took interest in his awakening powers, and lent him books,—amongst them the *Fairy Queen* of Spenser the poet,—whose influence has left on the poetry of Keats so deep an impression. The young surgeon's apprentice took to verse-making; when he went to London to walk the hospitals, he was introduced by the Clarks to their literary friends there, and knew Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Basil Montagu, Haydon, Shelley, and Godwin. In 1817 he brought out his first volume of verse, and abandoned the profession of surgery, for which, however, disagreeable though it was to him, he had shown aptitude and dexterity. His first volume contained the *Epistles*, which we now read amongst his collected poems; it had no success. But his friends saluted his genius with warm admiration and confidence, and in 1818 he published his *Endymion*. It was mercilessly treated by *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* and by the *Quarterly Review*. Meanwhile Keats's small fortune was melting away, and signs of disease began to show themselves in him. Nevertheless, in the next year or two he produced his best poems; but his health and circumstances did not mend, while a passionate attachment, with which he was at this time seized, added another cause of agitation. The seeds of consumption were in him, he had the temperament of the consumptive; his poetry fevered him, his embarrassments fretted him, his love-passion shook him to pieces. He had an attack of bleeding from the lungs; he got better, but it returned; change of climate was recommended, and after publishing his third volume, *Lamia, Isabella, and other Poems*, he sailed for Italy in September, 1820, accompanied by his friend Severn. Italy could not restore him. He established himself at Rome with Severn, but, in spite of the devoted care and kindness of this admirable friend, he rapidly grew worse, and on the 23rd of February, 1821, he died. He was twenty-five years old. John Keats was buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, and on his gravestone is the inscription which he himself told his friend to place there: *Here lies one whose name was writ in water.*]

## BEAUTY.

[From *Endymion*, Book I.]

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever:  
Its loveliness increases; it will never  
Pass into nothingness; but still will  
keep

A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and  
quiet breathing.

Therefore, on every morrow, are we  
wreathing

A flowery band to bind us to the earth,  
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman  
dearth

Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,  
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened  
ways

Made for our searching: yes, in spite of  
all,

Some shape of beauty moves away the  
pall

From our dark spirits. Such the sun,  
the moon,

Trees old and young, sprouting a shady  
boon

For simple sheep; and such are daffo-  
dils

With the green world they live in; and  
clear rills

That for themselves a cooling covert  
make

'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest  
'brake,

Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-  
rose blooms;

And such too is the grandeur of the  
dooms

We have imagined for the mighty dead;  
All lovely tales that we have heard or  
read:

An endless fountain of immortal drink,  
Pouring unto us from the heaven's  
brink.

## ENDYMION.

[From *Miscellaneous Poems*.]

HE was a Poet, sure a lover too,  
 Who stood on Latmus' top, what time  
     there blew  
 Soft breezes from the myrtle vale below,  
 And brought, in faintness solemn, sweet,  
     and slow,  
 A hymn from Dian's temple; while  
     upswelling,  
 The incense went to her own starry  
     dwelling.  
 But though her face was clear as infants'  
     eyes,  
 Though she stood smiling o'er the sac-  
     rifice,  
 The poet wept at her so piteous fate,  
 Wept that such beauty should be deso-  
     late.  
 So in fine wrath some golden sounds he  
     won,  
 And gave meek Cynthia her Endymion.

## HYMN TO PAN.

[From *Endymion*, Book I.]

O HEARKENER to the loud-clapping  
     shears,  
 While ever and anon to his shorn peers  
 A ram goes bleating: Winder of the  
     horn,  
 When snouted wild-boars routing ten-  
     der corn  
 Anger our huntsman: Breather round  
     our farms,  
 To keep off mildews, and all weather  
     harms:  
 Strange ministrant of undescribed  
     sounds,  
 That come a-swooning over hollow  
     grounds,  
 And wither drearily on barren moors:  
 Dread opener of the mysterious doors  
 Leading to universal knowledge—see,  
 Great son of Dryope,  
 The many that are come to pay their  
     vows  
 With leaves about their brows!

## BACCHUS.

[From *Endymion*, Book IV.]

AND as I sat, over the light blue hills  
 There came a noise of revellers: the  
     rills  
 Into the wide stream came of purple  
     hue—  
     'Twas Bacchus and his crew!  
 The earnest trumpet spake, and silver  
     thrills  
 From kissing cymbals made a merry  
     din—  
     'Twas Bacchus and his kin!  
 Like to a moving vintage down they  
     came,  
 Crown'd with green leaves, and faces  
     all on flame;  
 All madly dancing through the pleasant  
     valley,  
     To scare thee, Melancholy!

## CYNTHIA'S BRIDAL EVENING.

[From *Miscellaneous Poems*.]

THE evening weather was so bright and  
     clear,  
 That men of health were of unusual  
     cheer;  
 Stepping like Homer at the trumpet's  
     call,  
 Or young Apollo on the pedestal:  
 And lovely women were as fair and  
     warm,  
 As Venus looking sideways in alarm.  
 The breezes were ethereal and pure,  
 And crept through half-closed lattices  
     to cure  
 The languid sick; it cooled their fevered  
     sleep,  
 And soothed them into slumbers full  
     and deep.  
 Soon they awoke clear-eyed: nor  
     burned with thirsting,  
 Nor with hot fingers, nor with temples  
     bursting:  
 And springing up, they met the wonder-  
     ing sight  
 Of their dear friends, nigh foolish with  
     delight;

Who feel their arms and breasts, and  
 kiss, and stare,  
 And on their placid foreheads part the  
 hair.  
 Young men and maidens at each other  
 gazed,  
 With hands held back, and motionless,  
 amazed  
 To see the brightness in each other's  
 eyes;  
 And so they stood, filled with a sweet  
 surprise,  
 Until their tongues were loosed in  
 poesy.  
 Therefore no lover did of anguish die:  
 But the soft numbers, in that moment  
 spoken,  
 Made silken ties, that never may be  
 broken.

### SATURN.

[From *Hyperion*, Book I.]

DEEP in the shady sadness of a vale  
 Far sunken from the healthy breath of  
 morn,  
 Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one  
 star,  
 Sat gray-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,  
 Still as the silence round about his lair;  
 Forest on forest hung about his head  
 Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air  
 was there,  
 Not so much life as on a summer's day  
 Robs not one light seed from the feath-  
 ered grass,  
 But where the dead leaf fell, there did  
 it rest.  
 A stream went voiceless by, still dead-  
 ened more  
 By reason of his fallen divinity  
 Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her  
 reeds  
 Pressed her cold finger closer to her  
 lips.

Along the margin-sand large foot-  
 marks went,  
 No further than to where his feet had  
 strayed,  
 And slept there since. Upon the sod-  
 den ground

His old right hand lay nerveless, listless,  
 dead,  
 Unscathed; and his realmless eyes  
 were closed;  
 While his bowed head seem'd listening  
 to the Earth,  
 His ancient mother, for some comfort  
 yet.

It seem'd no force could wake him  
 from his place;  
 But there came one, who with a kindred  
 hand  
 Touched his wide shoulders, after bend-  
 ing low  
 With reverence, though to one who  
 knew it not.  
 She was a Goddess of the infant world;  
 By her in stature the tall Amazon  
 Had stood a pigmy's height: she would  
 have ta'en  
 Achilles by the hair and bent his neck;  
 Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel.  
 Her face was large as that of Mem-  
 phian sphinx,  
 Pedestal'd haply in a palace-court,  
 When sages look'd to Egypt for their  
 lore.  
 But oh! how unlike marble was that  
 face:  
 How beautiful, if sorrow had not made  
 Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's  
 self.  
 There was a listening fear in her regard,  
 As if calamity had but begun;  
 As if the vanward clouds of evil days  
 Had spent their malice, and the sullen  
 rear  
 Was with its stored thunder laboring up.  
 One hand she pressed upon that aching  
 spot  
 Where beats the human heart, as if just  
 there,  
 Though an immortal, she felt cruel  
 pain:  
 The other upon Saturn's bended neck  
 She laid, and to the level of his ear  
 Leaning with parted lips, some words  
 she spake  
 In solemn tenor and deep organ tone:  
 Some mourning words, which in our  
 feeble tongue

Would come in these like accents; O  
 how frail  
 To that large utterance of the early  
 Gods!

### COELUS TO HYPERION.

"O BRIGHTEST of my children dear,  
 earth-born  
 And sky-engendered, Son of Mysteries!  
 All unrevealed even to the powers  
 Which met at thy creating! at whose  
 joys,  
 And palpitations sweet, and pleasures  
 soft,  
 I, Coelus, wonder how they came and  
 whence;  
 And at the fruits thereof what shapes  
 they be,  
 Distinct, and visible; symbols divine,  
 Manifestations of that beauteous life  
 Diffused unseen throughout eternal  
 space;  
 Of these new-formed art thou, O bright-  
 est child!  
 Of these, thy brethren and the God-  
 desses!  
 There is sad feud among ye, and re-  
 bellion  
 Of son against his sire. I saw him fall,  
 I saw my firstborn tumbled from his  
 throne!  
 To me his arms were spread, to me his  
 voice  
 Found way from forth the thunders  
 round his head!  
 Pale wox I, and in vapors hid my face.  
 Art thou, too, near such doom? vague  
 fear there is:  
 For I have seen my sons most unlike  
 Gods.  
 Divine ye were created, and divine  
 In sad demeanor, solemn, undisturbed,  
 Unruffled, like high Gods, ye lived and  
 ruled:  
 Now I behold in you fear, hope, and  
 wrath;  
 Actions of rage and passion; even as  
 I see them, on the mortal world beneath,  
 In men who die. — This is the grief, O  
 Son!

Sad sign of ruin, sudden dismay, and  
 fall!  
 Yet do thou strive; as thou art capable,  
 As thou canst move about, an evident  
 God,  
 And canst oppose to each malignant  
 hour  
 Ethereal presence. — I am but a voice;  
 My life is but the life of winds and  
 tides;  
 No more than winds and tides can I  
 avail; —  
 But thou canst. — Be thou therefore in  
 the van  
 Of circumstance; yea, seize the arrow's  
 barb  
 Before the tense string murmur. — To  
 the earth!  
 For there thou wilt find Saturn, and his  
 woes.  
 Meantime I will keep watch on thy  
 bright sun,  
 And of thy seasons be a careful  
 nurse." —  
 Ere half this region-whisper had come  
 down  
 Hyperion arose, and on the stars  
 Lifted his curved lids, and kept them  
 wide  
 Until it ceased; and still he kept them  
 wide:  
 And still they were the same bright,  
 patient stars.  
 Then with a slow incline of his broad  
 breast,  
 Like to a diver in the pearly seas,  
 Forward he stooped over the airy shore,  
 And plunged all noiseless into the deep  
 night.

### OCEANUS.

[From *Hyperion*, Book II.]

So ended Saturn; and the God of  
 the Sea,  
 Sophist and sage, from no Athenian  
 grove,  
 But cogitation in his watery shades,  
 Arose, with locks not oozy, and began,  
 In murmurs, which his first endeavoring  
 tongue

Caught infant-like from the far-foamed  
sands.

"O ye, whom wrath consumes! who,  
passion-stung,  
Writhe at defeat, and nurse your ag-  
onies!

Shut up your senses, stifle up your ears,  
My voice is not a bellows unto ire.  
Yet listen, ye who will, whilst I bring  
proof

How ye, perforce, must be content to  
stoop:

And in the proof much comfort will I  
give,

If ye will take that comfort in its truth.  
We fall by course of Nature's law, not  
force

Of thunder, or of Jove. Great Saturn,  
thou

Hast sifted well the atom-universe;  
But for this reason, that thou art the  
King,

And only blind from sheer supremacy,  
One avenue was shaded from thine eyes,  
Through which I wandered to eternal  
truth.

And first, as thou wast not the first of  
powers,

So art thou not the last; it cannot be.  
Thou art not the beginning nor the end.  
From chaos and parental darkness  
came

Light, the first fruits of that intestine  
broil,

That sullen ferment, which for won-  
drous ends

Was ripening in itself. The ripe hour  
came,

And with it light, and light engendering  
Upon its own producer, forthwith  
touched

The whole enormous matter into life.  
Upon that very hour, our parentage,  
The Heavens and the Earth, were man-  
ifest:

Then thou first-born, and we the giant-  
race,

Found ourselves ruling new and beau-  
teous realms.

Now comes the pain of truth, to whom  
'tis pain;

O folly! for to bear all naked truths,

And to envisage circumstance, all calm,  
That is the top of sovereignty. Mark  
well!

As Heaven and Earth are fairer, fairer  
far

Than Chaos and blank Darkness,  
though once chiefs;

And as we show beyond that Heaven  
and Earth

In form and shape compact and beau-  
tiful,

In will, in action free, companionship,  
And thousand other signs of purer life;  
So on our heels a fresh perfection  
treads,

A power more strong in beauty, born of  
us

And fated to excel us, as we pass  
In glory that old Darkness: nor are we  
Thereby more conquered than by us  
the rule

Of shapeless Chaos. Say, doth the  
dull soil

Quarrel with the proud forests it hath  
fed,

And feedeth still, more comely than it-  
self?

Can it deny the chieftom of green  
groves?

Or shall the tree be envious of the dove  
Because it cooeth, and hath snowy  
wings

To wander wherewithal and find its  
joys?

We are such forest-trees, and our fair  
boughs

Have bred forth, not pale solitary doves,  
But eagles golden-feathered, who do  
tower

Above us in their beauty, and must  
reign

In right thereof; for 'tis the eternal law  
That first in beauty should be first in  
might:

Yea, by that law, another race may  
drive

Our conquerors to mourn as we do  
now.

Have ye beheld the young God of the  
Seas,

My disposessor? Have ye seen his  
face?



Have ye beheld his chariot, foam'd  
along

By noble winged creatures he hath  
made?

I saw him on the calmed waters scud,  
With such a glow of beauty in his eyes,  
That it enforced me to bid sad farewell  
To all my empire: farewell sad I took,  
And hither came, to see how dolorous  
fate

Had wrought upon ye; and how I  
might best

Give consolation in this woe extreme.

Receive the truth, and let it be your  
balm."

#### HYPERION'S ARRIVAL.

ALL eyes were on Enceladus's face,  
And they beheld, while still Hyperion's  
name

Flew from his lips up to the vaulted  
rocks,

A pallid gleam across his features stern:  
Not savage, for he saw full many a  
God

Wroth as himself. He looked upon  
them all,

And in each face he saw a gleam of  
light,

But splendor in Saturn's, whose hoar  
locks

Shone like the bubbling foam about a  
keel

When the prow sweeps into a midnight  
cove.

In pale and silver silence they remained,  
Till suddenly a splendor, like the morn,  
Pervaded all the beetling gloomy steeps,  
All the sad spaces of oblivion,  
And every gulf, and every chasm old,  
And every height, and every sullen depth,  
Voiceless, or hoarse with loud tormented  
streams:

And all the everlasting cataracts,

And all the headlong torrents far and  
near,

Mantled before in darkness and huge  
shade,

Now saw the light and made it terrible.  
It was Hyperion: — a granite peak

His bright feet touched, and there he  
stayed to view

The misery his brilliance had betrayed  
To the most hateful seeing of itself.

Golden his hair of short Numidian curl,  
Regal his shape majestic, a vast shade  
In midst of his own brightness, like  
the bulk

Of Memnon's image at the set of sun  
To one who travels from the dusking

East:

Sighs, too, as mournful as that Memnon's  
harp,

He uttered, while his hands, contem-  
plative,

He pressed together, and in silence  
stood.

#### THE FLIGHT.

[From *the Eve of St. Agnes*.]

FULL on this casement shone the win-  
try moon,

And threw warm gules on Madeline's  
fair breast,

As down she knelt for heaven's grace  
and boon;

Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together  
prest,

And on her silver cross soft amethyst,  
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:

She seem'd a splendid angel, newly  
drest,

Save wings, for heaven: — Porphyro  
grew faint:

She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from  
mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers  
done,

Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she  
frees;

Unclassps her warmed jewels one by  
one;

Loosens her fragrant bodice; by de-  
grees

Her rich attire creeps rustling to her  
knees:

Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-  
weed,

Pensive awhile she dreams awake,  
and sees,

In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,  
But dares not look behind, or all the  
charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and  
chilly nest,  
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed  
she lay,  
Until the poppied warmth of sleep op-  
pressed  
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued  
away;  
Flown, like a thought, until the mor-  
row-day;  
Blissfully havened both from joy and  
pain;  
Clasped like a missal where swart  
Paynims pray:  
Blinded alike from sunshine and  
from rain,  
As though a rose should shut, and be a  
bud again.

Stolen to this paradise, and so en-  
tranced,  
Porphyro gazed upon her empty  
dress,  
And listened to her breathing, if it  
chanced  
To wake into a slumberous tender-  
ness;  
Which when he heard, that minute  
did he bless,  
And breathed himself: then from the  
closet crept,  
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilder-  
ness,  
And over the hushed carpet, silent,  
stept,  
And 'tween the curtains peeped, where,  
lo! — how fast she slept.

Then by the bed-side, where the  
faded moon  
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he  
set  
A table, and, half anguished, threw  
thereon  
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and  
jet: —  
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!  
The boisterous, midnight, festive  
clarion,

The kettle-drum, and far-heard clari-  
onet,  
Affray his ears, though but in dying  
tone: —

The hall-door shuts again, and all the  
noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded  
sleep,  
In blanched linen, smooth, and lav-  
endered,  
While he from forth the closet brought  
a heap  
Of candied apple, quince, and plum,  
and gourd;  
With jellies soother than the creamy  
curd,  
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinna-  
mon;  
Manna and dates, in argosy trans-  
ferred  
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every  
one,  
From silken Samarcand to cedared  
Lebanon.

These delicacies he heaped with glow-  
ing hand  
On golden dishes and in baskets  
bright  
Of wreathed silver: sumptuous they  
stand  
In the retired quiet of the night,  
Filling the chilly room with perfume  
light. —

“And now, my love, my seraph fair,  
awake!

Thou art my heaven, and I thine  
eremite:

Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes'  
sake,  
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my  
soul doth ache.”

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved  
arm  
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her  
dream  
By the dusk curtains: — 'twas a mid-  
night charm  
Impossible to melt as iced stream:

The lustrous salvers in the moonlight  
gleam;  
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet  
lies:  
It seemed he never, never could re-  
deem  
From such a steadfast spell his lady's  
eyes;  
So mused awhile, entailed in woofed  
phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow  
lute, —  
Tumultuous, — and, in chords that  
tenderest be,  
He play'd an ancient ditty, long  
since mute,  
In Provence called "La belle dame  
sans mercy":  
Close to her ear touching the mel-  
ody; —  
Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a  
soft moan:  
He ceased — she panted quick — and  
suddenly  
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open  
shone:  
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-  
sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still be-  
held,  
Now wide awake, the vision of her  
sleep:  
There was a painful change, that nigh  
expelled  
The blisses of her dream so pure and  
deep.  
At which fair Madeline began to weep,  
And moan forth witless words with  
many a sigh;  
While still her gaze on Porphyro  
would keep;  
Who knelt, with joined hands and  
piteous eye,  
Fearing to move or speak, she looked so  
dreamingly.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even  
now  
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in  
mine ear,

Made tuneable with every sweetest  
vow;  
And those sad eyes were spiritual and  
clear:  
How changed thou art! how pallid,  
chill, and drear!  
Give me that voice again, my Por-  
phyro,  
Those looks immortal, those complain-  
ings dear!  
Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,  
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not  
where to go."

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far  
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,  
Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing  
star  
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep  
repose;  
Into her dream he melted, as the rose  
Blendeth its odor with the violet, —  
Solution sweet: meantime the frost-  
wind blows  
Like Love's alarum pattering the  
sharp sleet  
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes'  
moon hath set.

'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-  
blown sleet:  
"This is no dream, my bride, my  
Madeline!"  
'Tis dark: the iced gusts still rave  
and beat:  
"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is  
mine!  
Porphyro will leave me here to fade  
and pine. —  
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither  
bring?  
I curse not, for my heart is lost in  
thine,  
Though thou forsakest a deceived  
thing; —  
A dove forlorn and lost with sick un-  
pruned wing."

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! love-  
ly bride!  
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?"

Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and  
vermeil dyed?

Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my  
rest

After so many hours of toil and quest,  
A famished pilgrim, — saved by mira-  
cle.

Though I have found, I will not rob  
thy nest,

Saving of thy sweet self; if thou  
think'st well

To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude in-  
fidel."

"Hark! 'tis an elfin-storm from faery  
land,

Of haggard seeming, but a boon in-  
deed:

Arise — arise! the morning is at  
hand;—

The bloated wassailers will never  
heed:—

Let us away, my love, with happy  
speed;

There are no ears to hear, or eyes to  
see,—

Drowned all in Rhenish and the  
sleepy mead:

Awake! arise! my love, and fearless  
be,

For o'er the southern moors I have a  
home for thee."

She hurried at his words, beset with  
fears,

For there were sleeping dragons all  
around,

At glaring watch, perhaps with ready  
spears —

Down the wide stairs a darkling way  
they found,

In all the house was heard no human  
sound.

A chain-drooped lamp was flickering  
by each door;

The arras, rich with horseman, hawk,  
and hound,

Fluttered in the besieging wind's up-  
roar;

And the long carpets rose along the  
gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the  
wide hall!

Like phantoms to the iron porch they  
glide,

Where lay the Porter, in uneasy  
sprawl,

With a huge empty flagon by his side:  
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and

shook his hide,

But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:

By one, and one, the bolts full easy  
slide:—

The chains lie silent on the footworn  
stones;

The key turns, and the door upon its  
hinges groans.

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago  
These lovers fled away into the storm.

That night the Baron dreamt of many  
a woe,

And all his warrior-guests, with shade  
and form

Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-  
worm,

Were long be-nightmared. Angela  
the old

Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face  
deform;

The Beadsman, after thousand aves  
told,

For aye unsought-for slept among his  
ashes cold.

#### ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

MY heart aches, and a drowsy numb-  
ness pains

My sense, as though of hemlock I had  
drunk,

Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
One minute past, and Lethe-wards

had sunk:

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
But being too happy in thy happi-  
ness,—

That thou, light-winged Dryad of the  
trees,

In some melodious plot

Of beechen green, and shadows num-  
berless,  
Singest of summer in full-throated  
ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath  
been  
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved  
earth,

Tasting of Flora and the country-green,  
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-  
burnt mirth!

O for a beaker full of the warm south,  
Full of the true, the blissful Hippo-  
crene,

With beaded bubbles winking at  
the brim,

And purple-stained mouth;

That I might drink, and leave the  
world unseen,

And with thee fade away into the  
forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
What thou among the leaves hast  
never known,

The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
Here, where men sit and hear each  
other groan;

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray  
hairs,

Where youth grows pale, and spectre-  
thin, and dies;

Where but to think is to be full of  
sorrow

And laden-eyed despairs;

Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous  
eyes,

Or new Love pine at them beyond  
to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,  
Not charioted by Bacchus and his  
pards,

But on the viewless wings of Poesy,  
Though the dull brain perplexes and  
retards:

Already with thee! tender is the night,  
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her  
throne,

Clustered around by all her starry  
Fays;

But here there is no light,  
Save what from heaven is with the  
breezes blown

Through verdurous glooms and  
winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the  
boughs,

But, in embalmed darkness, guess each  
sweet

Wherewith the seasonable month en-  
dows

The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree  
wild;

White hawthorn, and the pastoral eg-  
lantine;

Fast-fading violets covered up in  
leaves;

And mid-May's eldest child,  
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy  
wine,

The murmurous haunt of flies on  
summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time  
I have been half in love with easeful  
Death,

Called him soft names in many a mused  
rhyme,

To take into the air my quiet breath;  
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no  
pain,

While thou art pouring forth thy  
soul abroad

In such an ecstasy!

Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears  
in vain —

To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal  
Bird!

No hungry generations tread thee  
down;

The voice I hear this passing night  
was heard

In ancient days by emperor and clown:  
Perhaps the self-same song that found a  
path

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when,  
sick for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien  
corn;

The same that oft-times hath  
Charmed magic casements, opening on  
the foam

Of perilous seas, in faery lands for-  
lorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell  
To toll me back from thee to my sole  
self!

Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.  
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem  
fades

Past the near meadows, over the still  
stream,

Up the hill-side; and now 'tis  
buried deep

In the next valley-glades:  
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?  
Fled is that music: — do I wake or  
sleep?

#### ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

THOU still unravished bride of quiet-  
ness!

Thou foster-child of Silence and slow  
Time,

Sylvan historian, who canst thus ex-  
press

A flowery tale more sweetly than our  
rhyme:

What leaf-fringed legend haunts about  
thy shape

Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?

What men or gods are these? What  
maidens loath?

What mad pursuit? What struggle to  
escape?

What pipes and timbrels? What  
wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those  
unheard

Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes,  
play on;

Not to the sensual ear, but, more en-  
deared,

Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:

Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst  
not leave

Thy song, nor ever can those trees be  
bare;

Bold Lover, never, never canst  
thou kiss,

Though winning near the goal — yet,  
do not grieve;

She cannot fade, though thou hast  
not thy bliss,

For ever wilt thou love, and she be  
fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot  
shed

Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring  
adieu;

And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
For ever piping songs for ever new;

More happy love! more happy, happy  
love!

For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,  
For ever panting and for ever

young;

All breathing human passion far above,  
That leaves a heart high sorrowful

and cloyed,  
A burning forehead, and a parch-  
ing tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?  
To what green altar, O mysterious

priest,  
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the  
skies,

And all her silken flanks with gar-  
lands drest?

What little town by river or sea-shore,  
Or mountain-built with peaceful cita-  
del,

Is emptied of its folk, this pious  
morn?

And, little town, thy streets for ever-  
more

Will silent be; and not a soul to tell  
Why thou art desolate, can e'er  
return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with  
brede

Of marble men and maidens over-  
wrought,

With forest branches and the trodden  
weed;

Thou, silent form! dost tease us out  
of thought

As doth eternity. Cold pastoral!

When old age shall this generation  
waste,

Thou shalt remain, in midst of other  
woe

Than ours, a friend to man, to whom  
thou say'st:

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty, — that is  
all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need  
to know."

### *LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN.*

SOULS of poets dead and gone,  
What Elysium have ye known,  
Happy field or mossy cavern,  
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?  
Have ye tippled drink more fine  
Than mine host's Canary wine?  
Or are fruits of Paradise  
Sweeter than those dainty pies  
Of venison? O generous food!  
Drest as though bold Robin Hood  
Would, with his maid Marian,  
Sup and bouse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day  
Mine host's sign-board flew away,  
Nobody knew whither, till  
An astrologer's old quill  
To a sheepskin gave the story, —  
Said he saw you in your glory,  
Underneath a new old-sign  
Sipping beverage divine,  
And pledging with contented smack  
The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of poets dead and gone,  
What Elysium have ye known,  
Happy field or mossy cavern,  
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

### SONNETS.

#### *ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAP- MAN'S HOMER.*

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of  
gold,

And many goodly states and kingdoms  
seen;

Round many western islands have I been  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his  
demesne:

Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud  
and bold:

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
Hestared at the Pacific — and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild sur-  
mise —

Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

#### *WRITTEN IN JANUARY, 1817.*

AFTER dark vapors have oppressed our  
plains

For a long dreary season, comes a day  
Born of the gentle South, and clears away  
From the sick heavens all unseemly stains.  
The anxious mouth, relieved from its  
pains,

Takes as a long-lost right the feel of  
May,

The eyelids with the passing coolness  
play,

Like rose leaves with the drip of sum-  
mer rains.

And calmest thoughts come round us, —  
as, of leaves

Budding, — fruit ripening in stillness, —  
autumn suns

Smiling at eve upon the quiet sheaves, —  
Sweet Sappho's cheek, — a sleeping in-  
fant's breath, —

The gradual sand that through an hour-  
glass runs, —

A woodland rivulet, — a Poet's death.

*WRITTEN IN JANUARY, 1818.*

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to  
 be  
 Before my pen has gleaned my teeming  
 brain,  
 Before high piled books, in charact'ry,  
 Hold like full garner's the full-ripened  
 grain;  
 When I behold, upon the night's starred  
 face,  
 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,  
 And feel that I may never live to trace  
 Their shadows, with the magic hand of  
 chance;  
 And when I feel, fair creature of an  
 hour!  
 That I shall never look upon thee more,  
 Never have relish in the faery power  
 Of unreflecting love! — then on the  
 shore  
 Of the wide world I stand alone, and  
 think  
 Till Love and Fame to nothingness do  
 sink.

*ADDRESSED TO HAYDON.*

GREAT spirits now on earth are sojourn-  
 ing:  
 He of the cloud, the cataract, the lake,  
 Who on Helvellyn's summit, wide  
 awake,  
 Catches his freshness from Archangel's  
 wing:  
 He of the rose, the violet, the spring,  
 The social smile, the chain for Free-  
 dom's sake:  
 And lo! whose steadfastness would  
 never take  
 A meaner sound than Raphael's whis-  
 pering.  
 And other spirits there are, standing  
 apart  
 Upon the forehead of the age to come;  
 These, these will give the world another  
 heart,  
 And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum  
 Of mighty workings? —  
 Listen awhile, ye nations, and be dumb.

*ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.*

THE poetry of earth is never dead:  
 When all the birds are faint with the  
 hot sun,  
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will  
 run  
 From hedge to hedge about the new-  
 mown mead:  
 That is the grasshopper's, — he takes  
 the lead  
 In summer luxury, — he has never done  
 With his delights, for, when tired out  
 with fun,  
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant  
 weed.  
 The poetry of earth is ceasing never:  
 On a long winter evening, when the  
 frost  
 Has wrought a silence, from the stove  
 there shrills  
 The Cricket's song, in warmth increas-  
 ing ever,  
 And seems to one in drowsiness half  
 lost,  
 The Grasshopper's among some grassy  
 hills.

*THE HUMAN SEASONS.*

FOUR Seasons fill the measure of the  
 year;  
 There are four seasons in the mind of  
 man:  
 He has his lusty Spring, when fancy  
 clear  
 Takes in all beauty with an easy span:  
 He has his Summer, when luxuriously  
 Spring's honeyed cud of youthful thought  
 he loves  
 To ruminate, and by such dreaming high  
 Is nearest unto heaven: quiet coves  
 His soul has in its Autumn, when his  
 wings  
 He furleth close; contented so to look  
 On mists in idleness — to let fair things  
 Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.  
 He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,  
 Or else he would forego his mortal nature.



## ON A PICTURE OF LEANDER.

COME hither, all sweet maidens, soberly,  
 Down-looking aye, and with a chastened  
 light,  
 Hid in the fringes of your eyelids white,  
 And meekly let your fair hands joined  
 be,  
 As if so gentle that ye could not see,  
 Untouched, a victim of your beauty  
 bright,  
 Sinking away to his young spirit's night,  
 Sinking bewildered 'mid the dreary sea:  
 'Tis young Leander toiling to his death;  
 Nigh swooning, he doth purse his weary  
 lips  
 For Hero's cheek, and smiles against  
 her smile.  
 O horrid dream! see how his body  
 dips  
 Dead-heavy; arms and shoulders gleam  
 awhile:  
 He's gone; up bubbles all his amorous  
 breath!

## KEATS'S LAST SONNET.

BRIGHT star! would I were steadfast as  
 thou art—  
 Not in lone splendor hung aloft the  
 night,  
 And watching, with eternal lids apart,  
 Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremité,  
 The moving waters at their priestlike task  
 Of pure ablution round earth's human  
 shores,  
 Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask  
 Of snow upon the mountains and the  
 moors.—  
 No—yet still steadfast, still unchange-  
 able,  
 Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening  
 breast,  
 To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,  
 Awake for ever in a sweet unrest;  
 Still, still to hear her tender-taken  
 breath,  
 And so live ever—or else swoon to  
 death.

## HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

1796-1849.

[HARTLEY COLERIDGE, son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, was born 19th September, 1796; died 6th January, 1849. Besides some prose writings, we have *Poems by Hartley Coleridge*, vol. i. (all published) Leeds, 1833; *Poems by Hartley Coleridge, with a Memoir of his Life by his Brother*, 2 vols., 1851.]

## SONNET.

LONG time a child, and still a child,  
 when years  
 Had painted manhood on my cheek,  
 was I,—  
 For yet I lived like one not born to die;  
 A thriftless prodigal of smiles and  
 tears,  
 No hope I needed, and I knew no fears.  
 But sleep, though sweet, is only sleep,  
 and waking,  
 I waked to sleep no more, at once o'er-  
 taking  
 The vanguard of my age, with all  
 arrears  
 Of duty on my back. Nor child, nor  
 man,

Nor youth, nor sage, I find my head is  
 gray,  
 For I have lost the race I never ran:  
 A rathe December blights my lagging  
 May;  
 And still I am a child, though I be old,  
 Time is my debtor for my years untold.

TO A LOFTY BEAUTY, FROM  
HER POOR KINSMAN.

FAIR maid, had I not heard thy baby  
 cries,  
 Nor seen thy girlish, sweet vicissitude,  
 Thy mazy motions, striving to elude,  
 Yet wooing still a parent's watchful  
 eyes,

Thy humors, many as the opal's dyes,  
 And lovely all; — methinks thy scorn-  
     ful mood,  
 And bearing high of stately woman-  
     hood, —  
 Thy brow, where Beauty sits to tyr-  
     annize  
 O'er humble love, had made me sadly  
     fear thee;  
 For never sure was seen a royal bride,  
 Whose gentleness gave grace to so  
     much pride —  
 My very thoughts would tremble to be  
     near thee:  
 But when I see thee at thy father's  
     side,  
 Old times unqueen thee, and old loves  
     endear thee.

---

MAY, 1840.

A LOVELY morn, so still, so very still,  
 It hardly seems a growing day of Spring,  
 Though all the odorous buds are blos-  
     soming,  
 And the small matin birds were glad  
     and shrill  
 Some hours ago; but now the wood-  
     land rill  
 Murmurs along, the only vocal thing,  
 Save when the wee wren flits with  
     stealthy wing,  
 And cons by fits and bits her evening  
     trill.  
 Lovers might sit on such a morn as  
     this  
 An hour together, looking at the sky,  
 Nor dare to break the silence with a  
     kiss,  
 Long listening for the signal of a sigh;  
 And the sweet Nun, diffused in voice-  
     less prayer,  
 Feel her own soul through all the  
     brooding air.

---

TO A DEAF AND DUMB LITTLE  
 GIRL.

LIKE a loose island on the wide ex-  
     panse,  
 Unconscious floating on the fickle sea,

Herself her all, she lives in privacy;  
 Her waking life as lonely as a trance,  
 Doomed to behold the universal dance,  
 And never hear the music which  
     expounds  
 The solemn step, coy slide, the merry  
     bounds,  
 The vague, mute language of the  
     countenance.  
 In vain for her I smooth my antic  
     rhyme;  
 She cannot hear it, all her little being  
 Concentred in her solitary seeing —  
 What can she know of beaut[eous] or  
     sublime?  
 And yet methinks she looks so calm  
     and good,  
 God must be with her in her solitude.

---

STANZAS.

SHE was a queen of noble Nature's  
     crowning,  
 A smile of her's was like an act of  
     grace;  
 She had no winsome looks, no pretty  
     frowning,  
 Like daily beauties of the vulgar race:  
 But if she smiled, a light was on her  
     face,  
 A clear, cool kindliness, a lunar beam  
 Of peaceful radiance, silvering o'er the  
     stream  
 Of human thought with unabiding  
     glory;  
 Not quite a waking truth, not quite a  
     dream,  
 A visitation, bright and transitory.  
 But she is changed, — hath felt the  
     touch of sorrow,  
 No love hath she, no understanding  
     friend;  
 Oh grief! when heaven is forced of  
     earth to borrow  
 What the poor niggard earth has not to  
     lend;  
 But when the stalk is snapt, the rose  
     must bend.  
 The tallest flower that skyward rears its  
     head,

Grows from the common ground, and  
there must shed  
Its delicate petals. Cruel fate, too  
surely,  
That they should find so base a bridal  
bed,  
Who lived in virgin pride, so sweet and  
purely.

She had a brother, and a tender father,  
And she was loved, but not as others  
are  
From whom we ask return of love, —  
but rather  
As one might love a dream; a phantom  
fair  
Of something exquisitely strange and  
rare,  
Which all were glad to look on, men  
and maids,  
Yet no one claimed — as oft, in dewy  
glades  
The peering primrose, like a sudden  
gladness,  
Gleams on the soul, yet unregarded  
fades; —  
The joy is ours, but all its own the sad-  
ness.

'Tis vain to say — her worst of grief is  
only  
The common lot, which all the world  
have known;  
To her 'tis more, because her heart is  
lonely,  
And yet she hath no strength to stand  
alone, —  
Once she had playmates, fancies of her  
own,  
And she did love them. They are past  
away  
As Fairies vanish at the break of day;  
And like a spectre of an age departed,  
Or unsphered Angel woefully astray,  
She glides along — the solitary hearted.

## SONG.

SHE is not fair to outward view  
As many maidens be,  
Her loveliness I never knew  
Until she smiled on me;  
Oh! then I saw her eye was bright,  
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,  
To mine they ne'er reply,  
And yet I cease not to behold  
The love-light in her eye:  
Her very frowns are fairer far,  
Than smiles of other maidens are.

## SUMMER RAIN.

THICK lay the dust, uncomfortably  
white,  
In glaring mimicry of Arab sand.  
The woods and mountains slept in hazy  
light;  
The meadows look'd athirst and tawny  
tanned;  
The little rills had left their channels  
bare,  
With scarce a pool to witness what  
they were;  
And the shrunk river gleamed 'mid  
oozy stones,  
That stared like any famished giant's  
bones.

Sudden the hills grew black, and hot  
as stove  
The air beneath; it was a toil to be.  
There was a growling as of angry Jove,  
Provoked by Juno's prying jealousy —  
A flash — a crash — the firmament  
was split,  
And down it came in drops — the  
smallest fit  
To drown a bee in fox-glove bell con-  
ceal'd;  
Joy filled the brook, and comfort  
cheered the field.

## WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

1797-1834.

[WILLIAM MOTHERWELL, born in Glasgow in 1797, became a "limb of the law" in 1819, being then appointed to the office of Sheriff Clerk Depute at Paisley. In 1828 he put his literary talent at the service of his party, edited a Tory newspaper, *The Paisley Advertiser*, and afterwards *The Glasgow Courier*. The strain of journalism proved too much for him, and he died of apoplexy at the early age of thirty-seven. A small volume of poems, narrative and lyrical, published in 1832, was the only fruit of his fine poetic gifts.]

## TRUE LOVE'S DIRGE.

SOME love is light and fleets away,  
Heigho! the wind and rain;  
Some love is deep and scorns decay,  
Ah, well-a-day! in vain.

Of loyal love I sing this lay,  
Heigho! the wind and rain;  
'Tis of a knight and lady gay,  
Ah, well-a-day! bright twain.

He loved her, — heart loved ne'er so  
well,  
Heigho! the wind and rain;  
She was a cold and proud damsel,  
Ah, well-a-day! and vain.

He loved her, — oh, he loved her long,  
Heigho! the wind and rain;  
But she for love gave bitter wrong,  
Ah, well-a-day! Disdain!

It is not meet for knight like me,  
Heigho! the wind and rain;  
Though scorned, love's recreant to be,  
Ah, well-a-day! Refrain.

That brave knight buckled on his brand,  
Heigho! the wind and rain;  
And fast he sought a foreign strand,  
Ah, well-a-day! in pain.

He wandered wide by land and sea,  
Heigho! the wind and rain;  
A mirror of bright constancy.  
Ah, well-a-day! in vain.

He would not chide, he would not blame,  
Heigho! the wind and rain,

But at each shrine he breathed her  
name,  
Ah, well-a-day! Amen!

He would not carp, he would not sing,  
Heigho! the wind and rain,  
That broke his heart with love-longing.  
Ah, well-a-day! poor brain.

He scorned to weep, he scorned to  
sigh,  
Heigho! the wind and rain,  
But like a true knight he could die, —  
Ah, well-a-day! life's vain.

The banner which that brave knight  
bore,  
Heigho! the wind and rain;  
Had scrolled on it, "Faith Evermore."  
Ah, well-a-day! again.

That banner led the Christian van,  
Heigho! the wind and rain;  
Against Seljuck and Turcoman.  
Ah, well-a-day! bright train.

The fight was o'er, the day was done,  
Heigho! the wind and rain;  
But lacking was that loyal one, —  
Ah, well-a-day! sad pain.

They found him on the battle-field,  
Heigho! the wind and rain;  
With broken sword and cloven shield,  
Ah, well-a-day! in twain.

They found him pillowed on the dead,  
Heigho! the wind and rain;  
The blood-soaked sod his bridal bed,  
Ah, well-a-day! the Slain.

And his pale brow and paler cheek,  
 Heigho! the wind and rain;  
 The white moonshine did fall so meek,  
 Ah! well-a-day! sad strain.

They lifted up the True and Brave,  
 Heigho! the wind and rain;  
 And bore him to his lone cold grave,  
 Ah! well-a-day! in pain.

They buried him on that far strand,  
 Heigho! the wind and rain;  
 His face turned towards his love's own  
 land,  
 Ah, well-a-day! how vain.

The wearied heart was laid at rest,  
 Heigho! the wind and rain;  
 The dream of her he liked best,  
 Ah, well-a-day! again.

They nothing said, but many a tear,  
 Heigho! the wind and rain;  
 Rained down on that knight's lowly  
 bier,  
 Ah, well-a-day! amain.

They nothing said, but many a sigh,  
 Heigho! the wind and rain;  
 Told how they wished like him to die,  
 Ah, well-a-day! sans stain.

With solemn mass and orison,  
 Heigho! the wind and rain;  
 They reared to him a cross of stone,  
 Ah, well-a-day! in pain.

And on it graved with daggers bright,  
 Heigho! the wind and rain;  
 "Here lies a true and gentle knight."  
 Ah, well-a-day! Amen!

### JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,  
 Through mony a weary way;  
 But never, never can forget  
 The love o' life's young day!  
 The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en  
 May weel be black gin Yule;  
 But blacker fa' awaits the heart  
 Where first fond love grows cule.

Oh dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
 The thochts o' bygone years  
 Still fling their shadows ower my path,  
 And blind my een wi' tears!  
 They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,  
 And sair and sick I pine,  
 As memory idly summons up  
 The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,  
 'Twas than we twa did part;  
 Sweet time, sad time! twa bairns at  
 schule,  
 Twa bairns, and but ae heart!  
 'Twas then we sat on ae high bink,  
 To leir<sup>1</sup> ilk ither lear<sup>2</sup>:  
 And tones, and looks, and smiles were  
 shed,  
 Remembered ever mair.

I wonder, Jeanie, often yet  
 When sitting on that bink,  
 Cheek touchin' cheek, loof<sup>3</sup> locked in  
 loof,  
 What our wee heads could think.  
 When baith bent down ower ae braid  
 page,  
 Wi' ae buik on our knee,  
 Thy lips were on thy lesson, but  
 My lesson was in thee.

Oh mind ye how we hung our heads,  
 How cheeks brent red wi' shame,  
 Whene'er the school-weans laughin'  
 said,  
 We cleeked<sup>4</sup> thegither hame?  
 And mind ye o' the Saturdays  
 (The schule then skail't<sup>5</sup> at noon)  
 When we ran aft to speel<sup>6</sup> the braes—  
 The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,  
 My heart flows like a sea,  
 As ane by ane the thochts rush back  
 O' schuletime and o' thee.  
 O mornin' life! O mornin' luvie!  
 O lightsome days and lang,  
 When hinnied hopes around our hearts,  
 Like summer blossoms sprang!

<sup>1</sup> learn. <sup>2</sup> learning. <sup>3</sup> palm.

<sup>4</sup> lit., hooked = clung. <sup>5</sup> dispersed. <sup>6</sup> climb

Oh, mind ye, luvie, how oft we left  
 The deavin' dinsome town,  
 To wander by the green burnside,  
 And hear its water croon.  
 The summer leaves hung ower our heids,  
 The flowers burst round our feet,  
 And in the gloamin' i' the wud  
 The throstle whusslit sweet.

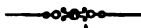
The throstle whusslit i' the wud,  
 The burn sang to the trees,  
 And we with Nature's heart in tune,  
 Concerted harmonies;  
 And on the knowe abune the burn,  
 For hours thegither sat  
 In the silentest o' joy, till baith  
 Wi' very gladness grat!

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
 Tears trinkled down your cheek,  
 Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane  
 Had ony power to speak!  
 That was a time, a blessed time,  
 When hearts were fresh and young,  
 When freely gushed all feelings forth  
 Unsyllabled — unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,  
 Gin I hae been to thee,  
 As closely twined wi' earliest thochts  
 As ye hae been to me?  
 Ch, tell me gin their music fills  
 Thine ear as it does mine;  
 Oh, say gin e'er your heart grows grit  
 Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,  
 I've borne a weary lot;  
 But in my wanderings, far or near,  
 Ye never were forgot.  
 The fount that first burst frae this heart,  
 Still travels on its way;  
 And channels deeper as it rins  
 The luvie o' life's long day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
 Since we were sindered young,  
 I've never seen your face, nor heard  
 The music of your tongue;  
 But I could hug all wretchedness,  
 And happy could I die,  
 Did I but ken your heart still dreamed  
 O' bygone days and me.



## SAMUEL LOVER.

1797-1868.

[BORN at Dublin, early attained some distinction as a painter, poet, and singer. His earliest work, except contributions to journals, was *Legends and Songs of Ireland*. His *Rory O'Moore* (1837), *Handy Andy* (1842), and *Treasure Trove* (1844), comic Irish tales, widely extended his fame. *Songs and Ballads* (1839), *Lyrics of Ireland* (1858), *Metrical Tales* (1859), and several successful dramatic works, were written by him. He also gave public exhibitions and lectures in Great Britain, Ireland, and America with much success. Died July 6, 1868.]

### THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

I'LL seek a four-leaved shamrock  
 In all the fairy dells,  
 And if I find the charmed leaf,  
 Oh, how I'll weave my spells!  
 I would not waste my magic might  
 On diamond, pearl, or gold,  
 For treasure tires the weary sense —  
 Such triumph is but cold;

But I will play the enchanter's  
 part  
 In casting bliss around;  
 Oh! not a tear, nor aching heart,  
 Should in the world be found.

To worth I would give honor,  
 I'd dry the mourner's tears,  
 And to the pallid lip recall  
 The smile of happier years;

And hearts that had been long estranged,  
And friends that had grown cold,  
Should meet again like parted streams,  
And mingle as of old.

Oh! thus I'd play the enchanter's part

In casting bliss around;  
Oh! not a tear, nor aching heart,  
Should in the world be found.

The heart that had been mourning  
O'er vanish'd dreams of love,  
Should see them all returning,  
Like Noah's faithful dove.

And Hope should launch her blessed bark

On Sorrow's darkening sea,  
And Misery's children have an ark,  
And saved from sinking be.

Oh! thus I'd play the enchanter's part

In casting bliss around;  
Oh! not a tear, nor aching heart,  
Should in the world be found.

### THE ANGELS' WHISPER.

A BABY was sleeping, its mother was weeping,

For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;  
And the tempest was swelling, round the fisherman's dwelling,  
And she cried, "Dermot darling, oh! come back to me."

Her beads while she numbered, the baby still slumbered,  
And smiled in her face, as she bended her knee.

"Oh! blessed be that warning, my child, thy sleep adorning,  
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping,

Oh! pray to them softly, my baby, with me;

And say thou wouldst rather they'd watch'd o'er thy father.

For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,

And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,

And closely caressing her child, with a blessing,

Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

## THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

1797-1839.

[BORN in 1797, the son of an eminent and wealthy solicitor near Bath. Destined for the church, he studied for some time at Oxford, but ultimately came to depend chiefly on literature for support. His latter years were marked by misfortune. Died in 1839. He was, next to Moore, the most successful song writer of our age. Several of them, as *She Wore a Wreath of Roses* and *Oh, no, we Never Mention Him*, attained to an extraordinary degree of popularity.]

OH, NO! WE NEVER MENTION HIM.

OH, no! we never mention him, his name is never heard;

My lips are now forbid to speak that once familiar word:

From sport to sport they hurry me, to banish my regret;

And when they win a smile from me, they think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene the charms that others see;

But were I in a foreign land, they'd find  
no change in me.

'Tis true that I behold no more the valley  
where we met,  
I do not see the hawthorn-tree; but  
how can I forget?

For oh! there are so many things recall  
the past to me, —  
The breeze upon the sunny hills, the  
billows of the sea;  
The rosy tint that decks the sky before  
the sun is set; —  
Ay, every leaf I look upon forbids me to  
forget.

They tell me he is happy now, the  
gayest of the gay;  
They hint that he forgets me too, — but  
I heed not what they say:  
Perhaps like me he struggles with each  
feeling of regret;  
But if he loves as I have loved, he never  
can forget.

---

*HARK! THE CONVENT-BELLS  
ARE RINGING.*

HARK! the convent-bells are ringing,  
And the nuns are sweetly singing;  
Holy Virgin, hear our prayer!  
See the novice comes to sever  
Every worldly tie for ever;  
Take, oh, take her to your care!  
Still radiant gems are shining,  
Her jet-black locks entwining;  
And her robes around her flowing  
With many tints are glowing,  
But all earthly rays are dim.  
Splendors brighter  
Now invite her,  
While thus we chant our vesper-hymn.

Now the lovely maid is kneeling,  
With uplifted eyes appealing;  
Holy Virgin, hear our prayer!  
See the abbess, bending o'er her,  
Breathes the sacred vow before  
her;  
Take, oh, take her to your care!

Her form no more possesses  
Those dark luxuriant tresses.  
The solemn words are spoken,  
Each earthly tie is broken,  
And all earthly joys are dim.  
Splendors brighter  
Now invite her,  
While thus we chant our vesper-hymn.

---

*ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE THEE  
WELL.*

SHADES of ev'ning close not o'er us,  
Leave our lonely bark awhile;  
Morn, alas! will not restore us  
Yonder dim and distant isle.  
Still my fancy can discover  
Sunny spots where friends may dwell;  
Darker shadows round us hover, —  
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!

'Tis the hour when happy faces  
Smile around the taper's light;  
Who will fill our vacant places?  
Who will sing our songs to-night?  
Through the mist that floats above us  
Faintly sounds the vesper-bell,  
Like a voice from those who love us,  
Breathing fondly, Fare thee well!

When the waves are round me breaking,  
As I pace the deck alone,  
And my eye is vainly seeking  
Some green leaf to rest upon;  
When on that dear land I ponder,  
Where my old companions dwell,  
Absence makes the heart grow fonder —  
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!

---

*THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.*

THE matron at her mirror, with her  
hand upon her brow,  
Sits gazing on her lovely face — ay,  
lovely even now:  
Why doth she lean upon her hand with  
such a look of care?  
Why steals that tear across her cheek? —  
She sees her first gray hair.



time from her form hath ta'en away  
but little of its grace;  
His touch of thought hath dignified the  
beauty of her face;  
Yet she might mingle in the dance  
where maidens gaily trip,  
So bright is still her hazel eye, so beau-  
tiful her lip.

The faded form is often mark'd by sor-  
row more than years;  
The wrinkle on the cheek may be the  
course of secret tears;  
The mournful lip may murmur of a love  
it ne'er confest,  
And the dimness of the eye betray a  
heart that cannot rest.

But she hath been a happy wife; — the  
lover of her youth  
May proudly claim the smile that pays  
the trial of his truth;  
A sense of slight — of loneliness — hath  
never banish'd sleep;  
Her life hath been a cloudless one; —  
then, wherefore doth she weep?

She look'd upon her raven locks; —  
what thoughts did they recall?  
Oh! not of nights when they were  
deck'd for banquet or for ball; —  
They brought back thoughts of early  
youth, e'er she had learnt to  
check,  
With artificial wreaths, the curls that  
sport'd o'er her neck.

She seem'd to feel her mother's hand  
pass lightly through her hair,  
And draw it from her brow, to leave a  
kiss of kindness there;  
She seem'd to view her father's smile,  
and feel the playful touch  
That sometimes feign'd to steal away  
the curls she prized so much.

And now she sees her first gray hair!  
oh, deem it not a crime  
For her to weep — when she beholds  
the first footmark of Time!  
She knows that, one by one, those mute  
mementos will increase,  
And steal youth, beauty, strength away,  
till life itself shall cease.

'Tis not the tear of vanity for beauty on  
the wane —  
Yet though the blossom may not sigh to  
bud, and bloom again,  
It cannot but remember with a feeling  
of regret,  
The Spring for ever gone — the Sum-  
mer sun so nearly set.

Ah, Lady! heed the monitor! Thy  
mirror tells the truth,  
Assume the matron's folded veil, resign  
the wreath of youth;  
Go! — bind it on thy daughter's brow,  
in her thou'lt still look fair;  
'Twere well would all learn wisdom  
who behold the first gray hair!

## THOMAS HOOD.

1799-1845.

[THOMAS HOOD was born in London in May, 1799. His chief poetical works, scattered during his lifetime in various publications, are contained in two volumes entitled respectively *Poems*, 1846, and *Poems of Wit and Humour*, 1847. A complete edition of his works appeared in 1862. He died in May, 1845, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, where some years after his death a monument was erected to him by public subscription.]

### THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,

Plying her needle and thread —  
Stitch — stitch — stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch  
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work — work — work !  
While the cock is crowing aloof;  
And work — work — work  
Till the stars shine through the roof !  
It's O ! to be a slave  
Along with the barbarous Turk,  
Where woman has never a soul to save  
If this is Christian work !

"Work — work — work  
Till the brain begins to swim;  
Work — work — work  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !  
Seam, and gusset, and band, —  
Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
And sew them on in a dream !

"O ! men with Sisters dear !  
O ! men with Mothers and Wives !  
It is not linen you're wearing out,  
But human creatures' lives !  
Stitch — stitch — stitch,  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
Sewing at once with a double thread,  
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death !  
That phantom of grisly bone,  
I hardly fear his terrible shape,  
It seems so like my own —  
It seems so like my own,  
Because of the fasts I keep;  
Oh God ! that bread should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood so cheap !

"Work — work — work !  
My labor never flags;  
And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,  
A crust of bread — and rags.  
That shattered roof, — and this naked  
floor, —  
A table, — a broken chair, —  
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank  
For sometimes falling there.

"Work — work — work !  
From weary chime to chime,  
Work — work — work  
As prisoners work for crime !  
Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Seam, and gusset, and band,

Till the heart is sick, and the brain be-  
numbed,  
As well as the weary hand.

"Work — work — work,  
In the dull December light,  
And work — work — work,  
When the weather is warm and bright . .  
While underneath the eaves  
The brooding swallows cling,  
As if to show me their sunny backs  
And twit me with the Spring.

"Oh ! but to breathe the breath  
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet —  
With the sky above my head,  
And the grass beneath my feet,  
For only one short hour  
To feel as I used to feel,  
Before I knew the woes of want  
And the walk that costs a meal !

"Oh ! but for one short hour !  
A respite however brief !  
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,  
But only time for Grief !  
A little weeping would ease my heart,  
But in their briny bed  
My tears must stop, for every drop  
Hinders needle and thread !"

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread —  
Stitch — stitch — stitch !  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch, —  
Would that its tone could reach the Rich !  
She sang this "Song of the Shirt !"

#### THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ONE more unfortunate,  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair.

Look at her garments  
 Clinging like cerements;  
 Whilst the wave constantly  
   Drips from her clothing;  
 Take her up instantly,  
   Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;  
 Think of her mournfully;  
   Gently and humanly;  
 Not of the stains of her;  
 All that remains of her  
   Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
 Into her mutiny  
   Rash and undutiful;  
 Past all dishonor,  
 Death has left on her  
   Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,  
   One of Eve's family,  
 Wipe those poor lips of hers,  
   Oozing so clammy.

Loop up her tresses,  
   Escaped from the comb,  
 Her fair auburn tresses;  
 Whilst wonderment guesses  
   Where was her home?  
 Who was her father?  
   Who was her mother?  
 Had she a sister?  
   Had she a brother?  
 Or was there a dearer one  
 Still, or a nearer one  
   Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity  
 Of Christian charity  
   Under the sun!  
 Oh! it was pitiful,  
 Near a whole city full,  
   Home she had none!

Sisterly, brotherly,  
 Fatherly, motherly,  
   Feelings had changed;  
 Love, by harsh evidence  
 Thrown from its eminence,  
 Even God's providence  
   Seeming estranged.

When the lamps quiver  
 So far in the river,  
   With many a light  
 From many a casement,  
 From garret to basement,  
 She stood, with amazement,  
   Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March  
 Made her tremble and shiver,  
 But not the dark arch  
   Or the black flowing river.  
 Mad from life's history,  
 Glad to death's mystery,  
   Swift to be hurled  
 Anywhere! anywhere  
   Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,  
 No matter how coldly  
   The rough river ran;  
 Over the brink of it,  
 Picture it — think of it,  
   Dissolute man!  
 Lave in it — drink of it  
   Then, if you can.

Take her up tenderly,  
   Lift her with care,  
 Fashioned so slenderly,  
   Young, and so fair.

Ere her limbs frigidly  
 Stiffen too rigidly,  
   Decently, kindly  
 Smooth and compose them;  
 And her eyes, close them,  
   Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring  
   Through muddy impurity,  
 As when with the daring,  
 Last look of despairing,  
   Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,  
 Spurned by contumely  
   Bold inhumanity,  
 Burning insanity,  
 Into her rest;  
   Cross her hands humbly,  
   As if praying dumbly,  
 Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behavior,  
And leaving, with meekness,  
Her sins to her Saviour.

---

SONG.

THE stars are with the voyager,  
Wherever he may sail;  
The moon is constant to her time,  
The sun will never fail,  
But follow, follow, round the world,  
The green earth and the sea;  
So love is with the lover's heart,  
Wherever he may be.

Wherever he may be, the stars  
Must daily lose their light,  
The moon will veil her in the shade,  
The sun will set at night;  
The sun may set, but constant love  
Will shine when he's away,  
So that dull night is never night,  
And day is brighter day.

---

RUTH.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,  
Clasped by the golden light of morn,  
Like the sweetheart of the sun,  
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush  
Deeply ripened — such a blush  
In the midst of brown was born —  
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,  
Which were blackest none could tell,  
But long lashes veiled a light  
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,  
Made her tressy forehead dim: —  
Thus she stood amid the stooks,  
Praising God with sweetest looks: —

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean  
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,  
Lay thy sheaf adown and come  
Share my harvest and my home.

I LOVE THEE! I LOVE THEE!

I LOVE thee! I love thee!  
'Tis all that I can say; —  
It is my vision in the night,  
My dreaming in the day;  
The very echo of my heart,  
The blessing when I pray,  
I love thee! I love thee!  
Is all that I can say.

I love thee! I love thee!  
Is ever on my tongue;  
In all my proudest poesy,  
That chorus still is sung.  
It is the verdict of my eyes  
Amidst the gay and young;  
I love thee! I love thee!  
A thousand maids among.

I love thee! I love thee!  
Thy bright and hazel glance,  
The mellow lute upon those lips  
Whose tender tones entrance.  
But most, dear heart of hearts, thy proofs,  
That still these words enhance;  
I love thee! I love thee!  
Whatever be thy chance.

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FAIR INES.

O SAW you not fair Ines?  
She's gone into the West,  
To dazzle when the sun is down,  
And rob the world of rest.  
She took our daylight with her,  
The smiles that we love best,  
With morning blushes on her cheek,  
And pearls upon her breast.

Oh, turn again, fair Ines!  
Before the fall of night,  
For fear the moon should shine alone,  
And stars unrivalled bright.  
And blessed will the lover be,  
That walks beneath their light,  
And breathes the love against thy cheek,  
I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,  
That gallant cavalier,

Who rode so gaily by thy side  
 And whispered thee so near! —  
 Were there no loving dames at home,  
 Or no true lovers here,  
 That he should cross the seas to win  
 The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,  
 Descend along the shore,  
 With a band of noble gentlemen,  
 And banners waved before,  
 And gentle youths and maidens gay —  
 And snowy plumes they wore;  
 It would have been a beautiful dream,  
 —If it had been no more!

Alas, Alas, fair Ines!  
 She went away with song,  
 With music waiting on her steps,  
 And shoutings of the throng.  
 And some were sad, and felt no mirth,  
 But only music's wrong,  
 In sounds that sang, Farewell, farewell  
 To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,  
 That vessel never bore  
 So fair a lady on its decks,  
 Nor danced so light before.  
 Alas for pleasure on the sea,  
 And sorrow on the shore;  
 The smile that blest one lover's heart,  
 Has broken many more!

## ROBERT POLLOK.

1799–1827.

[BORN in Renfrewshire, Scotland, 1799; educated for the church, but produced, before he had attained his twenty-sixth year, a very remarkable poem, entitled *The Course of Time*, which attracted the most unqualified admiration in the religious world. The young poet's constitution was frail, and was undermined by his intense application. He was preparing to start for Italy, but died at Southampton in 1827.]

### THE GENIUS OF BYRON.

[*The Course of Time.*]

HE touched his harp, and nations  
 heard, entranced.  
 As some vast river of unfailing source,  
 Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers  
 flowed,  
 And oped new fountains in the human  
 heart.  
 Where Fancy halted, weary in her flight,  
 In other men, his, fresh as morning,  
 rose,  
 And soared untrodden heights, and  
 seemed at home,  
 Where angels bashful looked. Others,  
 though great,  
 Beneath their argument seemed strug-  
 gling whiles;  
 He from above descending, stooped to  
 touch  
 The loftiest thought; and proudly  
 stooped as though

It scarce deserved his verse. With Na-  
 ture's self  
 He seemed an old acquaintance, free to  
 jest  
 At will with all her glorious majesty.  
 He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's  
 mane,"  
 And played familiar with his hoary  
 locks:  
 Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apen-  
 nines,  
 And with the thunder talked as friend  
 to friend;  
 And wove his garland of the lightning's  
 wing,  
 In sportive twist, the lightning's fiery  
 wing,  
 Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful  
 God,  
 Marching upon the storm in vengeance,  
 seemed;  
 Then turned, and with the grasshopper,  
 who sung

His evening song beneath his feet, con-  
versed.  
Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds, his  
sisters were;  
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and  
winds, and storms;  
His brothers, younger brothers, whom  
he scarce  
As equals deemed. All passions of all  
men,  
The wild and tame, the gentle and se-  
vere;  
All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and  
profane;  
All creeds, all seasons, Time, Eternity;  
All that was hated, and all that was  
dear;  
All that was hoped, all that was feared,  
by man,  
He tossed about, as tempest-withered  
leaves;  
Then, smiling, looked upon the wreck  
he made.  
With terror now he froze the cowering  
blood,  
And now dissolved the heart in tender-  
ness;  
Yet would not tremble, would not weep  
himself;

But back into his soul retired, alone,  
Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contemp-  
tuously  
On hearts and passions prostrate at his  
feet.  
So Ocean, from the plains his waves  
had late  
To desolation swept, retired in pride,  
Exulting in the glory of his might,  
And seemed to mock the ruin he had  
wrought.  
As some fierce comet of tremendous  
size,  
To which the stars did reverence as it  
passed,  
So he, through learning and through  
fancy, took  
His flights sublime, and on the loftiest  
top  
Of Fame's dread mountain sat; not  
soiled and worn,  
As if he from the earth had labored  
up;  
But, as some bird of heavenly plumage  
fair,  
He looked, which down from higher  
regions came,  
And perched it there, to see what lay  
beneath.

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## LORD MACAULAY.

1800-1859.

[THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, Oct. 25, 1800, and died at Holly Lodge, Campden Hill, Dec. 28, 1859. His *Lays of Ancient Rome* were published in 1843; other ballads and poems were written from time to time, his earliest published piece, an *Epitaph on Henry Martyn*, being dated 1812.]

### HENRY OF NAVARRE.

Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from  
whom all glories are!  
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King  
Henry of Navarre!  
Now let there be the merry sound of  
music and of dance,

Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny  
vines, oh pleasant land of France!  
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle,  
proud city of the waters,  
Again let rapture light the eyes of all  
thy mourning daughters.  
As thou wert constant in our ills, be  
joyous in our joy,

For cold, and stiff, and still are they  
 who wrought thy walls annoy.  
 Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath  
 turned the chance of war,  
 Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King  
 Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when  
 at the dawn of day  
 We saw the army of the League drawn  
 out in long array;  
 With all its priest-led citizens, and all  
 its rebel peers,  
 And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Eg-  
 mont's Flemish spears.  
 There rode the brood of false Lorraine,  
 the curses of our land!  
 And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a  
 truncheon in his hand!  
 And as we looked on them, we thought  
 of Seine's empurpled flood,  
 And good Coligni's hoary hair all dab-  
 bled with his blood;  
 And we cried unto the living God, who  
 rules the fate of war,  
 To fight for his own holy name, and  
 Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all  
 his armor drest,  
 And he has bound a snow-white plume  
 upon his gallant crest.  
 He looked upon his people, and a tear  
 was in his eye;  
 He looked upon the traitors, and his  
 glance was stern and high.  
 Right graciously he smiled on us, as  
 rolled from wing to wing,  
 Down all our line, a deafening shout,  
 "God save our Lord the King!"  
 "And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall  
 full well he may,  
 For never saw I promise yet of such a  
 bloody fray,  
 Press where ye see my white plume shine,  
 amidst the ranks of war,  
 And be your oriflamme to-day the hel-  
 met of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark  
 to the mingled din

Of fife, and steed, and trump and drum,  
 and roaring culverin!  
 The fiery Duke is pricking fast across  
 Saint André's plain,  
 With all the hireling chivalry of Guel-  
 ders and Almayne.  
 Now by the lips of those ye love, fair  
 gentlemen of France,  
 Charge for the Golden Lilies now—  
 upon them with the lance!  
 A thousand spurs are striking deep, a  
 thousand spears in rest,  
 A thousand knights are pressing close  
 behind the snow-white crest;  
 And in they burst, and on they rushed,  
 while, like a guiding star,  
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the  
 helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours!  
 Mayenne hath turned his rein.  
 D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The  
 Flemish Count is slain.  
 Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds  
 before a Biscay gale;  
 The field is heaped with bleeding steeds,  
 and flags, and cloven mail;  
 And then, we thought on vengeance,  
 and all along our van,  
 "Remember St. Bartholomew," was  
 passed from man to man;  
 But out spake gentle Henry, "No  
 Frenchman is my foe:  
 Down, down with every foreigner, but  
 let your brethren go."  
 Oh! was there ever such a knight, in  
 friendship or in war,  
 As our Sovereign Lord King Henry, the  
 soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons  
 of Lucerne!  
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair for  
 those who never shall return.  
 Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexi-  
 can pistoles,  
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass  
 for thy poor spearmen's souls!  
 Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look  
 that your arms be bright!  
 Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep  
 watch and ward to-night!

For our God hath crushed the tyrant,  
 our God hath raised the slave,  
 And mocked the counsel of the wise,  
 and the valor of the brave.  
 Then glory to His holy name, from whom  
 all glories are;  
 And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King  
 Henry of Navarre!

—  
*NASEBY.*

O! WHEREFORE come ye forth in triumph  
 from the North,  
 With your hands and your feet, and your  
 raiment all red?  
 And wherefore do your rout send forth  
 a joyous shout?  
 And whence are the grapes of the wine-  
 press that ye tread?

O! evil was the root, and bitter was the  
 fruit,  
 And crimson was the juice of the vintage  
 that we trod;  
 For we trampled on the throng of the  
 haughty and the strong,  
 Who sate in the high places and slew  
 the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day  
 of June,  
 That we saw their banners dance and  
 their cuirasses shine,  
 And the Man of Blood was there, with  
 his long essenced hair,  
 And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and  
 Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his  
 Bible and his sword,  
 The General rode along us to form us  
 for the fight;  
 When a murmuring sound broke out,  
 and swell'd into a shout  
 Among the godless horsemen upon the  
 tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billow  
 on the shore,  
 The cry of battle rises along their charg-  
 ing line:

For God! for the Cause! for the Church!  
 for the Laws!  
 For Charles, King of England, and Ru-  
 pert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his  
 trumpets and his drums,  
 His bravoës of Alsatia and pages of  
 Whitehall;  
 They are bursting on our flanks! Grasp  
 your pikes! Close your ranks!  
 For Rupert never comes, but to conquer,  
 or to fall.

They are here — they rush on — we are  
 broken — we are gone —  
 Our left is borne before them like stub-  
 ble on the blast.  
 O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord,  
 defend the right!  
 Stand back to back, in God's name! and  
 fight it to the last!

Stout Skippen hath a wound — the cen-  
 tre hath given ground.  
 But hark! what means this trampling  
 of horsemen in the rear?  
 What banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he!  
 thank God! 'tis he, boys!  
 Bear up another minute! Brave Oliver  
 is here!

Their heads are stooping low, their pikes  
 all in a row:  
 Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a  
 deluge on the dykes,  
 Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks  
 of the Accurst,  
 And at a shock have scatter'd the forest  
 of his pikes.  
 Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe  
 nook to hide  
 Their coward heads, predestined to rot  
 on Temple Bar.  
 And he — he turns! he flies! shame to  
 those cruel eyes  
 That bore to look on torture, and dare  
 not look on war.

Ho, comrades! scour the plain, and ere  
 ye strip the slain,  
 First give another stab to make the  
 quest secure;



Then shake from sleeves and pockets  
their broad pieces and lockets,  
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder  
of the poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and  
your hearts were gay and bold,  
When you kiss'd your lily hands to your  
lemans to-day;  
And to-morrow shall the fox from her  
chambers in the rocks  
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above  
the prey.

Where be your tongues, that late mock'd  
at heaven, and hell, and fate?  
And the fingers that once were so busy  
with your blades?  
Your perfumed satin clothes, your  
catches and your oaths?

Your stage-plays and your sonnets? your  
diamonds and your spades?

Down! down! for ever down with the  
mitre and the crown!  
With the Belial of the Court, and the  
Mammon of the Pope!  
There is woe in Oxford halls, there is  
wail in Durham stalls;  
The Jesuit smites his bosom, the Bishop  
rends his cope.

And she of the Seven Hills shall mourn  
her children's ills,  
And tremble when she thinks on the  
edge of England's sword;  
And the Kings of earth in fear shall  
tremble when they hear  
What the hand of God hath wrought for  
the Houses and the Word!



## SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

1800-1886.

[BORN in 1800; entered the colonial office in 1824, in which he has been for many years one of the five senior clerks; author of several volumes of dramas and essays, of which *Philip Van Artevelde*, a tragedy (1834), and *Edwin the Fair*, an historical drama (1842), are accounted his best works. A collected edition of his plays and poems was issued in 3 vols. in 1863.]

### REPENTANCE AND IMPROVEMENT.

[*Philip Van Artevelde*.]

HE that lacks time to mourn, lacks time  
to mend.

Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure  
For life's worst ills, to have no time to  
feel them.

Where sorrow 's held intrusive and  
turned out,

There wisdom will not enter, nor true  
power,

Nor aught that dignifies humanity.  
Yet such the barrenness of busy life!

From shelf to shelf ambition clambers  
up,

To reach the naked'st pinnacle of all,  
Whilst magnanimity, absolved from  
toil,

Reposes self-included at the base.

### GREATNESS AND SUCCESS.

[*Philip Van Artevelde*.]

HE was one  
Of many thousand such that die betimes,  
Whose story is a fragment known to  
few.

Then comes the man who has the luck  
to live,

And he 's a prodigy. Compute the  
chances,

And deem there's never one in danger-  
ous times

Who wins the race of glory, but than  
him

A thousand men more gloriously en-  
dowed

Have fallen upon the course; a thou-  
sand others

Have had their fortunes foundered by  
a chance,

Whilst lighter barks pushed past them;  
 to whom add  
 A smaller tally, of the singular few,  
 Who, gifted with predominating powers,  
 Bear yet a temperate will and keep the  
 peace.  
 The world knows nothing of its greatest  
 men.

### REPOSE OF THE HEART.

[*Philip Van Artevelde.*]

THE heart of man, walk it which way it  
 will,  
 Sequestered or frequented, smooth or  
 rough,  
 Down the deep valley amongst tinkling  
 flocks,  
 Or mid the clang of trumpets and the  
 march  
 Of clattering ordnance, still must have  
 its halt,  
 Its hour of truce, its instant of repose,  
 Its inn of rest; and craving still must  
 seek  
 The food of its affections, — still must  
 slake  
 Its constant thirst of what is fresh and  
 pure,  
 And pleasant to behold.

### A WIFE.

[*Philip Van Artevelde.*]

SHE was a creature framed by love  
 divine  
 For mortal love to muse a life away  
 In pondering her perfections; so un-  
 moved

Amidst the world's contentions, if they  
 touched  
 No vital chord nor troubled what she  
 loved,  
 Philosophy might look her in the face,  
 And like a hermit stooping to the well  
 That yields him sweet refreshment,  
 might therein  
 See but his own serenity reflected  
 With a more heavenly tenderness of  
 hue!  
 Yet whilst the world's ambitious empty  
 cares,  
 Its small disquietudes and insect stings,  
 Disturbed her never, she was one made  
 up  
 Of feminine affections, and her life  
 Was one full stream of love from fount  
 to sea.

### A SCHOLAR.

[*Edwin the Fair.*]

THIS life, and all that it contains, to him  
 Is but a tissue of illuminous dreams  
 Filled with book-wisdom, pictured  
 thought and love  
 That on its own creations spends itself.  
 All things he understands, and nothing  
 does.  
 Profusely eloquent in copious praise  
 Of action, he will talk to you as one  
 Whose wisdom lay in dealings and  
 transactions;  
 Yet so much action as might tie his shoe  
 Cannot his will command; himself alone  
 By his own wisdom not a jot the gainer.  
 Of silence, and the hundred thousand  
 things  
 'Tis better not to mention, he will speak,  
 And still most wisely.

## LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON.

1802-1838.

[BORN at Brompton, England, 1802; acquired considerable reputation by a number of poems published in the *Literary Gazette* over the signature "L. E. L.," by which she was thenceforth known. She soon became a regular contributor to the various literary journals and annuals, and for fifteen years supported her family by her pen. She published several volumes of poems and four novels, all of which were successful, many of them reprinted in the United States. In June, 1838, married to Mr. George Maclean, governor of Cape Coast Castle, West Africa, and accompanied him to that place, where she died Oct. 15, 1838.]

## CRESCENTUS.

I LOOK'D upon his brow — no sign  
Of guilt or fear was there;  
He stood as proud by that death-shrine  
As even o'er despair  
He had a power; in his eye  
There was a quenchless energy,  
A spirit that could dare  
The deadliest form that death could take,  
And dare it for the daring's sake.

He stood, the fetters on his hand,  
He raised them haughtily;  
And had that grasp been on the brand,  
It could not wave on high  
With freer pride than it waved now;  
Around he look'd with changeless brow  
On many a torture nigh;  
The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,  
And worst of all, his own red steel.

I saw him once before; he rode  
Upon a coal-black steed,  
And tens of thousands throng'd the road,  
And bade their warrior speed.  
His helm, his breastplate, were of gold,  
And graced with many dint, that told  
Of many a soldier's deed;  
The sun shone on his sparkling mail,  
And danced his snow-plume on the gale.

But now he stood chain'd and alone,  
The headsman by his side,  
The plume, the helm, the charger gone;  
The sword, which had defied  
The mightiest, lay broken near;  
And yet no sign or sound of fear  
Came from that lip of pride;  
And never king or conqueror's brow  
Wore higher look than did his now.

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke  
With an uncover'd eye;  
A wild shout from the numbers broke  
Who throng'd to see him die.  
It was a people's loud acclaim,  
The voice of anger and of shame,  
A nation's funeral cry,  
Rome's wail above her only son,  
Her patriot and her latest one.

## NIGHT AT SEA.

THE lovely purple of the noon's bestow-  
ing  
Has vanish'd from the waters, where  
it flung  
A royal color, such as gems are throw-  
ing  
Tyrian or regal garniture among.  
'Tis night, and overhead the sky is  
gleaming,  
Thro' the slight vapor trembles each  
dim star;  
I turn away — my heart is sadly dream-  
ing  
Of scenes they do not light, of scenes  
afar.  
My friends, my absent friends!  
Do you think of me, as I think  
of you?

By each dark wave around the vessel  
sweeping,  
Farther am I from old dear friends  
removed;  
Till the lone vigil that I now am keep-  
ing,  
I did not know how much you were  
beloved.

How many acts of kindness little heeded,  
Kind looks, kind words, rise half  
reproachful now!

Hurried and anxious, my vex'd life has  
speeded,

And memory wears a soft accusing  
brow.

My friends, my absent friends!

Do you think of me, as I think  
of you?

The very stars are strangers, as I catch  
them

Athwart the shadowy sails that swell  
above;

I cannot hope that other eyes will watch  
them

At the same moment with a mutual  
love.

They shine not there, as here they now  
are shining;

The very hours are changed. — Ah,  
do ye sleep?

O'er each home pillow midnight is de-  
clining —

May some kind dream at least my  
image keep!

My friends, my absent friends!

Do you think of me, as I think  
of you?

Yesterday has a charm, To-day could  
never

Fling o'er the mind, which knows not  
till it parts

How it turns back with tenderest en-  
deavor

To fix the past within the heart of  
hearts.

Absence is full of memory, it teaches

The value of all old familiar things;  
The strengthener of affection, while it  
reaches

O'er the dark parting, with an angel's  
wings.

My friends, my absent friends!

Do you think of me as I think  
of you?

The world, with one vast element  
omitted —

Man's own especial element, the  
earth;

Yet, o'er the waters is his rule trans-  
mitted

By that great knowledge whence has  
power its birth.

How oft on some strange loveliness  
while gazing

Have I wish'd for you — beautiful as  
new,

The purple waves like some wild army  
raising

Their snowy banners as the ship cuts  
through.

My friends, my absent friends!

Do you think of me, as I think  
of you?

Bearing upon its wings the hues of  
morning,

Up springs the flying fish like life's  
false joy,

Which of the sunshine asks that frail  
adorning

Whose very light is fated to destroy.

Ah, so doth genius on its rainbow pinion  
Spring from the depths of an unkindly  
world;

So spring sweet fancies from the heart's  
dominion —

Too soon in death the scorch'd-up  
wing is furl'd.

My friends, my absent friends!

Whate'er I see is link'd with  
thoughts of you.

No life is in the air, but in the waters

Are creatures, huge, and terrible and  
strong;

The sword-fish and the shark pursue  
their slaughters,

War universal reigns these depths  
along.

Like some new island on the ocean  
springing,

Floats on the surface some gigantic  
whale,

From its vast head a silver fountain  
flinging,

Bright as the fountain in a fairy tale.

My friends, my absent friends!

I read such fairy legends while  
with you.

Light is amid the gloomy canvas spreading,  
The moon is whitening the dusky sails,

From the thick bank of clouds she masters, shedding  
The softest influence that o'er night prevails.

Pale is she like a young queen pale with splendor,  
Haunted with passionate thoughts too fond, too deep;

The very glory that she wears is tender,  
The very eyes that watch her beauty fain would weep.

My friends, my absent friends!  
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

Sunshine is ever cheerful, when the morning  
Wakens the world with cloud-dispelling eyes;

The spirits mount to glad endeavor, scorning  
What toil upon a path so sunny lies.

Sunshine and hope are comrades, and their weather  
Calls into life an energy like Spring's;

But memory and moonlight go together,  
Reflected in the light that either brings.

My friends, my absent friends!  
Do you think of me, then? I think of you.

The busy deck is hush'd, no sounds are waking  
But the watch pacing silently and slow;

The waves against the sides incessant breaking,  
And rope and canvas swaying to and fro.

The topmost-sail, it seems like some dim pinnacle  
Cresting a shadowy tower amid the air;

While red and fitful gleams come from the binnacle,  
The only light on board to guide us — where?

My friends, my absent friends!  
Far from my native land, and far from you.

On one side of the ship, the moon-beam's shimmer  
In luminous vibrations sweeps the sea,

But where the shadow falls, a strange, pale glimmer  
Seems, glow-worm like, amid the waves to be.

All that the spirit keeps of thought and feeling,  
Takes visionary hues from such an hour;

But while some phantasy is o'er me stealing,  
I start — remembrance has a keener power:

My friends, my absent friends!  
From the fair dream I start to think of you.

A dusk line in the moonlight — I discover  
What all day long vainly I sought to catch;

Or is it but the varying clouds that hover  
Thick in the air, to mock the eyes that watch?

No; well the sailor knows each speck, appearing,  
Upon the tossing waves, the far-off strand;

To that dark line our eager ship is steering.  
Her voyage done — to-morrow we shall land.

#### HANNIBAL'S OATH.

AND the night was dark and calm,  
There was not a breath of air;  
The leaves of the grove were still,  
And the presence of death was there;—

Only a moaning sound  
Came from the distant sea;  
It was as if, like life,  
It had no tranquillity.

A warrior and a child  
 Pass'd through the sacred wood,  
 Which, like a mystery,  
 Around the temple stood.

The warrior's brow was worn  
 With the weight of casque and plume,  
 And sun-burnt was his cheek,  
 And his eye and brow were gloom.

The child was young and fair,  
 But the forehead large and high,  
 And the dark eyes' flashing light  
 Seem'd to, feel their destiny.

They enter'd in the temple,  
 And stood before the shrine;  
 It stream'd with the victim's blood,  
 With incense and with wine.

The ground rock'd beneath their feet,  
 The thunder shook the dome;  
 But the boy stood firm, and swore  
 Eternal hate to Rome.

There's a page in history  
 O'er which tears of blood were wept,  
 And that page is the record  
 How that oath of hate was kept.



## WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

1802-1839.

[WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED was born in London on the 26th of July, 1802. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. He died on the 15th of July, 1839. His Poems were edited in New York by R. W. Griswold in 1844; with a Memoir by W. H. Whitmore, 2 vols., 1859; and a complete edition, with a Memoir by Rev. Derwent Coleridge, was issued by his sister, Lady Young, in 2 vols., in 1864.]

### TIME'S SONG.

O'ER the level plains, where mountains  
 greet me as I go,  
 O'er the desert waste, where fountains  
 at my bidding flow,  
 On the boundless beam by day, on the  
 cloud by night,  
 I am riding hence away: who will chain  
 my flight?

War his weary watch was keeping, —  
 I have crushed his spear;  
 Grief within her bower was weeping, —  
 I have dried her tear;  
 Pleasure caught a minute's hold, — then  
 I hurried by,  
 Leaving all her banquet cold, and her  
 goblet dry.

Power had won a throne of glory:  
 where is now his fame?  
 Genius said "I live in story": who hath  
 heard his name?  
 Love beneath a myrtle bough whispered  
 "Why so fast?"  
 And the roses on his brow withered as  
 I past.

I have heard the heifer lowing o'er the  
 wild wave's bed;  
 I have seen the billow flowing where  
 the cattle fed;  
 Where began my wanderings? Memory  
 will not say!  
 Where will rest my weary wings? Sci-  
 ence turns away!

### FUIMUS!

Go to the once loved bowers;  
 Wreath the blushing roses for the lady's  
 hair:  
 Winter has been upon the leaves  
 and flowers, —  
 They were!

Look for the domes of kings;  
 Lo! the owl's fortress, or the tiger's  
 lair;  
 Oblivion sits beside them; mockery  
 sings  
 They were!

Waken the minstrel's lute;  
Bid the smooth pleader charm the listen-  
ing air:

The chords are broken, and the lips  
are mute; —  
They were!

Visit the great and brave;  
Worship the witcheries of the bright  
and fair.

Is not thy foot upon a new-made  
grave? —  
They were!

Speak to thine own heart; prove  
The secrets of thy nature. What is  
there?

Wild hopes, warm fancies, fervent  
faith, fond love, —  
They were!

We too, we too must fall;  
A few brief years to labor and to  
bear; —

Then comes the sexton, and the old  
trite tale,  
"We were!"



## THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

1803-1849.

[THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES was born at Rodney Place, Clifton, on the 29th of July, 1803; he was the son of the famous physician, Dr. Thomas Beddoes, and nephew of the no-less famous Maria Edgeworth. He was educated at Bath and at the Charterhouse, and entered Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1820. From 1825 to 1846 he resided in Germany and Switzerland. He left England again after a stay of a few months, and died under somewhat mysterious circumstances in the hospital at Basle, Jan. 26, 1849. He published during his lifetime *The Improvisatore*, 1821, and *The Bride's Tragedy*, 1822, besides various works in German; after his death appeared *Death's Jest Book*, 1850, and *Poems*, 1851.]

### WOLFRAM'S DIRGE.

If thou wilt ease thine heart  
Of love and all its smart,  
Then sleep, dear, sleep;  
And not a sorrow  
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;  
Lie still and deep,  
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes  
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,  
In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart  
Of love and all its smart,  
Then die, dear, die;  
'Tis deeper, sweeter,  
Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming  
With folded eye;  
And then alone, amid the beaming  
Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her  
In eastern sky.

### SONG.

A HO! A ho!  
Love's horn doth blow,  
And he will out a-hawking go.  
His shafts are light as beauty's sighs,  
And bright as midnight's brightest eyes,  
And round his starry way  
The swan-winged horses of the skies,  
With summer's music in their manes,  
Curve their fair necks to zephyr's reins,  
And urge their graceful play.

A ho! A ho!  
Love's horn doth blow,  
And he will out a-hawking go.  
The sparrows flutter round his wrist,  
The feathery thieves that Venus kissed  
And taught their morning song,  
The linnets seek the airy list,  
And swallows two, small pets of spring,  
Beat back the gale with swifter wing,  
And dart and wheel along.

A ho! A ho!  
 Love's horn doth blow,  
 And he will out a-hawking go.  
 Now woe to every gnat that skips  
 To filch the fruit of ladies' lips,

His felon blood is shed;  
 And woe to flies, whose airy ships  
 On beauty cast their anchoring bite,  
 And bandit wasp, that naughty wight,  
 Whose sting is slaughter-red.

## LORD LYTTON

(EDWARD BULWER LYTTON).

1803-1873.

[BORN in Norfolk, May 25, 1803. The youngest of three sons of William Earle Bulwer and Elizabeth Lytton. Educated at Cambridge; gained the Chancellor's prize for English verse by his poem on *Sculpture* (1825); graduated at Trinity Hall, 1826. Author of numerous works of fiction, among which are *Felham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman* (1828), *The Disowned* (1828); *Paul Clifford* (1830), *Last Days of Pompeii* (1835), *Rienzi* (1835), *The Caxtons* (1854), *What Will He Do With It?* (1858), etc. His novels have great popularity in England and in this country, and have been translated into several languages. His dramas entitled *The Lady of Lyons* (1838) and *Richelieu* were very successful, as well as the comedy of *Money*, which came out soon after. He was made a Peer in 1866, with the title of Baron Lytton. Died Jan. 18, 1873.]

### THE SECRET WAY.

[From *The Lost Tales of Miletus*.]

IN haste he sent to gather fresh recruits  
 Among the fiercest tribes his fathers  
 ruled,

They whom a woman led  
 When to her feet they tossed the  
 head of Cyrus.

And the tribes answered — "Let the  
 Scythian King

Return repentant to old Scythian ways,  
 And laugh with us at foes.

Wains know no sieges — Freedom  
 moves her cities."

Soon came the Victor with his Persian  
 guards,

And all the rallied vengeance of his  
 Medes;

One night, sprang up dread camps  
 With lurid watch-lights circling  
 dooméd ramparts,

As hunters round the wild beasts in their  
 lair

Marked for the javelin, wind a belt of fire.

Omartes scanned his walls  
 And said, "Ten years Troy baffled  
 Agamemnon."

Yet pile up walls, out-topping Babylon,  
 Manned foot by foot with sleepless sen-  
 tinels,

And to and fro will pass,  
 Free as the air thro' keyholes,  
 Love and Treason.

Be elsewhere told the horrors of that  
 siege,

The desperate sally, slaughter, and  
 repulse

Repelled in turn the foe,  
 With Titan ladders scaling cloud-  
 capt bulwarks,

Hurled back and buried under rocks  
 heaved down

By wrathful hands from scatheless battle-  
 ments.

With words of holy charm,  
 Soothing despair and leaving resig-  
 nation.



Mild thro' the city moved Argiope,  
Pale with a sorrow too divine for fear;  
And when, at morn and eve,  
She bowed her meek head to her  
father's blessing,

Omarthes felt as if the righteous gods  
Could doom no altars at whose foot she  
prayed.

Only, when all alone,  
Stole from her lips a murmur like  
complaint,

Shaped in these words, "Wert thou,  
then, but a dream?  
Or shall I see thee in the Happy Fields?"  
Now came with stony eye  
The livid vanquisher of cities,  
Famine;

And moved to pity now, the Persian  
sent  
Heralds with proffered peace on terms  
that seem  
Gentle to Asian kings,  
And unendurable to Europe's  
Freemen;

"I from thy city will withdraw my  
hosts,  
And leave thy people to their chiefs and  
laws,  
Taking from all thy realm  
Nought save the river, which I make  
my border,

' If but, in homage to my sovereign  
throne,  
Thou pay this petty tribute once a year;  
Six grains of Scythian soil,  
One urn of water spared from Scy-  
thian fountains."

And the Scyth answered—"Let the  
Mede demand  
That which is mine to give, or gold or  
life;  
The water and the soil  
Are, every grain and every drop,  
my country's:

"And no man hath a country where a  
King  
Pays tribute to another for his crown."  
And at this stern reply,  
The Persian doomed to fire and  
sword the city.

### THE LANGUAGE OF THE EYES.

THOSE eyes, those eyes, how full of  
heaven they are,  
When the calm twilight leaves the  
heaven most holy,  
Tell me, sweet eyes, from what divinest  
star  
Did ye drink in your liquid melan-  
choly?  
Tell me, beloved eyes!

Was it from yon lone orb, that ever by  
The quiet moon, like hope on patience,  
hovers,  
The star to which hath sped so many  
a sigh,  
Since lutes in Lesbos hallowed it to  
lovers?  
Was that your fount, sweet  
eyes?

Ye sibyl books, in which the truths fore-  
told,  
Inspire the heart, your dreaming  
priest, with gladness,  
Bright alchemists that turn to thoughts  
of gold  
The leaden cares ye steal away from  
sadness,  
Teach only me, sweet eyes!

Hush! when I ask ye how at length to  
gain  
The cell where Love the sleeper yet  
lies hidden,  
Loose not those arch lips from their  
rosy chain;  
Be every answer, save your own, for-  
bidden,—  
Feelings are words for eyes!

## THE HOLLOW OAK.

HOLLOW is the oak beside the sunny  
waters drooping;  
Thither came, when I was young, happy  
children trooping;  
Dream I now, or hear I now — far, their  
mellow whooping?

Gay below the cowslip bank, see the  
billow dances,  
There I lay, beguiling time — when I  
lived romances;  
Dropping pebbles in the wave, fancies  
into fancies; —

Farther, where the river glides by the  
wooded cover,  
Where the merlin singeth low, with the  
hawk above her,  
Came a foot and shone a smile — woe is  
me, the lover!

Leaflets on the hollow oak still as greenly  
quiver,  
Musical amid the reeds murmurs on the  
river;  
But the footstep and the smile! — woe is  
me for ever!



## FRANCIS MAHONEY

(FATHER PROUT).

1805-1866.

[BORN in Cork, Ireland, about 1805; educated at Jesuit colleges in Paris and Rome; took orders in the Catholic church, and relinquished that profession to connect himself with *Fraser's Magazine*, about 1831; he was also a contributor to *Bentley's Miscellany*, 1837, and afterwards Paris correspondent for the *Globe*. His closing years were passed in a monastery at Paris, where he died, May 19, 1866.]

## THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

WITH deep affection and recollection  
I often think of the Shandon bells,  
Whose sounds so wild would, in days  
of childhood,

Fling round my cradle their magic  
spells.

On this I ponder, where'er I wander,  
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork,  
of thee;

With thy bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I have heard bells chiming full many a  
clime in,  
Tolling sublimely in cathedral shrine;  
While at a glib rate brass tongues would  
vibrate,  
But all their music spoke naught to  
thine;

For memory dwelling on each proud  
swelling

Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes  
free,

Made the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I have heard bells tolling "old Adrian's  
mole" in,

Their thunder rolling from the Vati-  
can,

With cymbals glorious, swinging up-  
roarious

In the gorgeous turrets of Notre  
Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter than the  
dome of Peter

Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing sol-  
emnly.

Oh the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on  
tower and kiosk

In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,  
And loud in air, calls men to prayer,  
From the tapering summit of tall  
minarets.  
Such empty phantom, I freely grant  
them,

But there's an anthem more dear to  
me,  
It's the bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river  
Lee.



## JOHN STERLING.

1806-1844.

[BORN at Kames Castle, Isle of Bute, July 20, 1806; son of Edward Sterling, editor of the *London Times*; was for a short time on the editorial staff of the *Athenaeum*, afterwards a curate, but soon gave his attention to literary studies and pursuits. Among his works are *Arthur Coningsby* (1833), *The Onyx Ring* (1856), *Minor Poems* (1839), *The Election* (1841), and *Straf-ford*, a drama (1843). Died at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, Sept. 18, 1844.]

## ON A BEAUTIFUL DAY.

O UNSEEN Spirit! now a calm divine  
Comes forth from thee, rejoicing  
earth and air!

Trees, hills, and houses, all distinctly  
shine,  
And thy great ocean slumbers every-  
where.

The mountain ridge against the purple  
sky  
Stands clear and strong, with dark-  
ened rocks and dells,  
And cloudless brightness opens wide  
and high  
A home aerial, where thy presence  
dwells.

The chime of bells remote, the mur-  
muring sea,  
The song of birds in whispering copse  
and wood,  
The distant voice of children's thought-  
less glee,  
And maiden's song, are all one voice  
of good.

Amid the leaves' green mass a sunny  
play  
Of flash and shadow stirs like inward  
life:

The ship's white sail glides onward far  
away,  
Unhaunted by a dream of storm or  
strife.

## THE SPICE-TREE.

THE Spice-Tree lives\* in the garden  
green;  
Beside it the fountain flows;  
And a fair bird sits the boughs be-  
tween,  
And sings his melodious woes.

No greener garden e'er was known  
Within the bounds of an earthly king;  
No lovelier skies have ever shone  
Than those that illumine its constant  
Spring.

That coil-bound stem has branches  
three;  
On each a thousand blossoms grow;  
And, old as aught of time can be,  
The root stands fast in the rocks below.

In the spicy shade ne'er seems to tire  
The fount that builds a silvery dome;  
And flakes of purple and ruby fire  
Gush out, and sparkle amid the foam.

The fair white bird of flaming crest,  
And azure wings bedropt with gold,  
Ne'er has he known a pause of rest,  
But sings the lament that he framed of  
old :

"O Princess bright ! how long the night  
Since thou art sunk in the waters clear !  
How sadly they flow from the depth be-  
low —  
How long must I sing and thou wilt not  
hear ?

"The waters play, and the flowers are  
gay,  
And the skies are sunny above ;  
I would that all could fade and fall,  
And I, too, cease to mourn my love.

"Oh ! many a year, so wakeful and  
drear,  
I have sorrowed and watched, beloved,  
for thee !  
But there comes no breath from the  
chambers of death,  
While the lifeless fount gushes under  
the tree."

The skies grow dark, and they glare  
with red ;  
The tree shakes off its spicy bloom ;

The waves of the fount in a black poo  
spread ;  
And in thunder sounds the garden's  
doom.

Down springs the bird, with a long shrill  
cry,  
Into the sable and angry flood ;  
And the face of the pool, as he falls  
from high,  
Curdles in circling stains of blood.

But sudden again upswells the fount ;  
Higher and higher the waters flow —  
In a glittering diamond arch they  
mount,  
And round it the colors of morning  
glow.

Finer and finer the watery mound  
Softens and melts to a thin-spun veil,  
And tones of music circle around,  
And bear to the stars the fountain's  
tale.

And swift the eddying rainbow screen  
Falls in dew on the grassy floor ;  
Under the Spice-Tree the garden's  
Queen  
Sits by her lover, who wails no more.

## LADY DUFFERIN.

1807-1867.

[HELEN SELINA SHERIDAN, sister of Caroline Norton and granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, born in 1807; became, in 1825, wife of Hon. Price Blackwood, afterwards Lord Dufferin. Her husband died in 1841, and in 1862 she married the Earl of Gifford. She died June 13, 1867. Her son, the present Earl of Dufferin, is widely known as an accomplished statesman and author. Lady Dufferin was the author of many popular songs and ballads, of which *The Irish Emigrant's Lament* is the best known.]

### LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMI-GRANT.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,  
Where we sat side by side  
On a bright May mornin' long ago,  
When first you were my bride ;  
The corn was springin' fresh and green,  
And the lark sang loud and high ;

And the red was on your lip, Mary,  
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary ;  
The day is bright as then ;  
The lark's loud song is in my ear,  
And the corn is green again ;  
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,  
And your breath, warm on my cheek ;

And I still keep list'nin' for the words  
 .You nevermore will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,  
 And the little church stands near, —  
 The church where we were wed, Mary;  
 I see the spire from here.  
 But the graveyard lies between, Mary,  
 And my step might break your rest, —  
 For I've laid you, darling, down to  
 sleep,  
 With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary, —  
 For the poor make no new friends;  
 But, O, they love the better still  
 The few our Father sends!  
 And you were all I had, Mary, —  
 My blessin' and my pride:  
 There's nothing left to care for now,  
 Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,  
 That still kept hoping on,  
 When the trust in God had left my soul,  
 And my arm's young strength was  
 gone;  
 There was comfort ever on your lip,  
 And the kind look on your brow, —  
 I bless you, Mary, for that same,  
 Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile  
 When your heart was fit to break, —  
 When the hunger-pain was gnawin'  
 there,  
 And you hid it for my sake;  
 I bless you for the pleasant word,  
 When your heart was sad and sore, —  
 O, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,  
 Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,  
 My Mary, — kind and true!  
 But I'll not forget you, darling,  
 In the land I'm goin' to;  
 They say there's bread and work for  
 all,  
 And the sun shines always there, —  
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,  
 Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods  
 I'll sit, and shut my eyes,  
 And my heart will travel back again  
 To the place where Mary lies;  
 And I'll think I see the little stile  
 Where we sat side by side,  
 And the springin' corn, and the bright  
 May morn,  
 When first you were my bride.

## LADY NORTON

(CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON).

1808-1877.

[DAUGHTER of Thomas Sheridan, born in 1808; at the age of nineteen married the Hon. George C. Norton. In 1829 published the *Sorrows of Rosalie*; the following year achieved her success as a poetess by the production of the *Undying One*, which the *Quarterly Review* declared to be worthy of Lord Byron. Subsequent works in prose and poetry obtained a large circulation; her most quoted poem is *Bingen on the Rhine*. Died June 15, 1877.]

### LOVE NOT.

LOVE not, love not, ye hapless sons of  
 clay!  
 Hope's gayest wreaths are made of  
 earthly flowers —  
 Things that are made to fade and fall  
 away,  
 When they have blossomed but a  
 few short hours.

Love not, love not! The thing you  
 love may die —  
 May perish from the gay and glad-  
 some earth;  
 The silent stars, the blue and smiling  
 sky,  
 Beam on its grave as once upon its  
 birth.

Love not, love not! The thing you  
 love may change,  
 The rosy lip may cease to smile on  
 you;  
 The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and  
 strange,  
 The heart still warmly beat, yet not  
 be true.

Love not, love not! Oh warning vainly  
 said  
 In present years as in the years gone  
 by;  
 Love flings a halo round the dear one's  
 head,  
 Faultless, immortal — till they change  
 or die.

---

*NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.*

How mournful seems, in broken dreams,  
 The memory of the day,  
 When icy Death hath sealed the breath  
 Of some dear form of clay.

When pale, unmoved, the face we  
 loved,  
 The face we thought so fair,  
 And the hand lies cold, whose fervent  
 hold  
 Once charmed away despair.

Oh, what could heal the grief we feel  
 For hopes that come no more,  
 Had we ne'er heard the Scripture  
 word,  
 "Not lost, but gone before."

Oh sadly yet with vain regret  
 The widowed heart must yearn;  
 And mothers weep their babes asleep  
 In the sunlight's vain return.

The brother's heart shall rue to part  
 From the one through childhood  
 known;  
 And the orphan's tears lament for  
 years  
 A friend and father gone.

For death and life, with ceaseless strife,  
 Beat wild on this world's shore, .  
 And all our calm is in that balm,  
 "Not lost, but gone before."

Oh! world wherein nor death, nor sin,  
 Nor weary warfare dwells;  
 Their blessed home we parted from  
 With sobs and sad farewells.

Where eyes awake, for whose dear sake  
 Our own with tears grow dim,  
 And faint accords of dying words  
 Are changed for heaven's sweet  
 hymn;

Oh! there at last, life's trials past,  
 We'll meet our loved once more,  
 Whose feet have trod the path to God —  
 "Not lost, but gone before."

---

*NONE REMEMBER THEE.*

NONE remember thee! thou whose  
 heart  
 Poured love on all around;  
 Thy name no anguish can impart —  
 'Tis a forgotten sound.  
 Thy old companions pass me by  
 With a cold bright smile, and a vacant  
 eye,  
 And none remember thee  
 Save me!

None remember thee! thou wert not  
 Beauteous as some things are;  
 My glory beamed upon thy lot,  
 My pale and quiet star!  
 Like a winter bud that too soon hath  
 burst,  
 Thy cheek was fading from the first —  
 And none remember thee  
 Save me!

None remember thee! they could spy  
 Nought when they gazed on thee,  
 But thy soul's deep love in thy quiet  
 eye —  
 It hath passed from their memory.

The gifts of genius were not thine,  
Proudly before the world to shine —  
And none remember thee  
Save me!

None remember thee now thou'rt gone!  
Or they could not choose but weep,  
When they thought of thee, my gentle  
one,  
In thy long and lonely sleep.  
Fain would I murmur thy name, and tell  
How fondly together we used to dwell —  
But none remember thee  
Save me!

---

*WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TO-  
GETHER.*

We have been friends together,  
In sunshine and in shade;  
Since first beneath the chestnut trees  
In infancy we play'd.

But coldness dwells within thy heart —  
A cloud is on thy brow;  
We have been friends together —  
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;  
We have laugh'd at little jests;  
For the fount of hope was gushing,  
Warm and joyous, in our breasts.  
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,  
And sullen glooms thy brow;  
We have been gay together —  
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together —  
We have wept, with bitter tears,  
O'er the grass-grown graves, where  
slumber'd  
The hopes of early years.  
The voices which are silent there  
Would bid thee clear thy brow;  
We have been sad together —  
O! what shall part us now?



## HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY.

1808-1872.

### *THE BRAVE OLD OAK.*

A SONG to the oak, the brave old oak,  
Who hath ruled in the greenwood  
long;  
Here's health and renown to his broad  
green crown,  
And his fifty arms so strong.  
There's fear in his frown when the sun  
goes down,  
And the fire in the west fades out;  
And he showeth his might on a wild  
midnight,  
When the storms through his  
branches shout.  
Then here's to the oak, the brave  
old oak,  
Who stands in his pride alone;  
And still flourish he, a hale green  
tree,  
When a hundred years are gone!

In the days of old, when the spring  
with gold  
Had brightened his branches gray,  
Through the grass at his feet crept  
maidens sweet,  
To gather the dew of May.  
And on that day to the rebeck gay  
They frolicked with lovesome swains;  
They are gone, they are dead, in the  
churchyard laid,  
But the tree it still remains.  
Then here's, etc.

He saw the rare times when the Christ-  
mas chimes  
Were a merry sound to hear,  
When the squire's wide hall and the  
cottage small  
Were filled with good English cheer.  
Now gold hath the sway we all obey,  
And a ruthless king is he;

But he never shall send our ancient  
friend  
To be tossed on the stormy sea.  
Then here's to the oak, the brave  
old oak,

Who stands in his pride alone;  
And still flourish he, a hale green  
tree,  
When a hundred years are  
gone!



## LORD HOUGHTON

(RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES).

1809-1885.

[BORN in 1809; a modern English politician, poet, and prosewriter. A few years after completing his university course at Cambridge he was elected to Parliament, and distinguished himself as a zealous supporter of all questions relative to popular education and complete religious equality. His literary efforts were various in kind and of an excellent character. His poetical works comprise *Poems of Many Years*, *Memorials of Many Scenes*, *Poems Legendary and Historical*, and *Palm Leaves*. He was also the author of the *Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats*, and a contributor to the *Westminster Review*.]

### GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree  
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;  
Then smoothed her work and folded it  
right,  
And said, "Dear work, good night,  
good night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her  
head,  
Crying "Caw, caw!" on their way to  
bed,  
She said, as she watched their curious  
flight,  
"Little black things, good night, good  
night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,  
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over  
the road;  
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,  
"Good little girl, good night, good  
night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good  
night!"  
Though she saw him there like a ball  
of light;  
For she knew he had God's time to  
keep  
All over the world and never could  
sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head;  
The violets courtesied, and went to bed;  
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,  
And said, on her knees, her favorite  
prayer.

And, while on her pillow she softly lay,  
She knew nothing more till again it  
was day;  
And all things said to the beautiful sun,  
"Good morning, good morning! our  
work is begun."

### THE MEN OF OLD.

I KNOW not that the men of old  
Were better than men now,  
Of heart more kind, of hand more  
bold,  
Of more ingenuous brow;  
I heed not those who pine for force  
A ghost of time to raise,  
As if they thus could check the course  
Of these appointed days.

Still it is true, and over-true,  
That I delight to close  
This book of life self-wise and new,  
And let my thoughts repose  
On all that humble happiness  
The world has since foregone, —  
The daylight of contentedness  
That on those faces shone!



With rights, though not too closely  
scanned,  
Enjoyed as far as known,  
With will by no reverse unmanned,  
With pulse of even tone,  
They from to-day, and from to-  
night,  
Expected nothing more  
Than yesterday and yesternight  
Had proffered them before.

To them was life a simple art  
Of duties to be done,  
A game where each man took his  
part,  
A race where all must run;  
A battle whose great scheme and  
scope  
They little cared to know,  
Content, as men-at-arms, to cope  
Each with his fronting foe.

Man now his virtue's diadem  
Puts on, and proudly wears. —  
Great thoughts, great feelings, came  
to them,  
Like instincts unawares;  
Blending their souls' sublimest needs  
With tasks of every day  
They went about their gravest deeds  
As noble boys at play.

And what if Nature's fearful wound  
They did not probe and bare,  
For that their spirits never swooned  
To watch the misery there,  
For that their love but flowed more  
fast,  
Their charities more free,  
Not conscious what mere drops they  
cast  
Into the evil sea.

A man's best things are nearest him,  
Lie close about his feet;  
It is the distant and the dim  
That we are sick to greet;  
For flowers that grow our hands be-  
neath  
We struggle and aspire, —

Our hearts must die, except they breathe  
The air of fresh desire.

Yet, brothers, who up reason's hill  
Advance with hopeful cheer, —  
Oh, loiter not, those heights are chill,  
As chill as they are clear;  
And still restrain your haughty gaze  
The loftier that ye go,  
Remembering distance leaves a haze  
On all that lies below.

### THE BROOKSIDE.

I WANDERED by the brookside,  
I wandered by the mill;  
I could not hear the brook flow, —  
The noisy wheel was still;  
There was no burr of grasshopper,  
No chirp of any bird,  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree;  
I watched the long, long shade,  
And, as it grew still longer,  
I did not feel afraid;  
For I listened for a footfall,  
I listened for a word, —  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not, — no, he came not, —  
The night came on alone, —  
The little stars sat one by one,  
Each on his golden throne;  
The evening wind passed by my cheek,  
The leaves above were stirred, —  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,  
When something stood behind;  
A hand was on my shoulder, —  
I knew its touch was kind:  
It drew me nearer, — nearer, —  
We did not speak one word,  
For the beating of our own hearts  
Was all the sound we heard.

## ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

1809-1861.

[BORN at Herts, England, 1809. Published *Prometheus Bound* and other poems, 1835; the *Seraphim* and other poems, 1838; *Romaunt of the Page*, 1839; two volumes of *Poems*, 1844; married Robert Browning, 1846, and went with him to reside in Italy; published in 1850 her collected works, including *The Drama of Exile* and *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*; among her other poems are *Casa Guidi Windows*, 1851; *Aurora Leigh*, 1856; *Poems before Congress*, 1860. The *Last Poems* were published posthumously in 1862, with a dedication to "grateful Florence," in allusion to the inscription on the tablet which after her death the city of Florence had put up in her honor. She died at Florence, June 29, 1861, with the reputation of being the greatest poetess England had ever produced.]

## COWPER'S GRAVE.

It is a place where poets crowned may  
feel the hearts' decaying —  
It is a place where happy saints may  
weep amid their praying:  
Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low  
as silence, languish!  
Earth surely now may give her calm to  
whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue was  
poured the deathless singing!  
O Christians! at your cross of hope a  
hopeless hand was clinging!  
O men! this man in brotherhood your  
weary paths beguiling,  
Groaned inly while he taught you peace,  
and died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read  
through dimming tears his story,  
How discord on the music fell, and  
darkness on the glory,  
And how, when one by one, sweet  
sounds and wandering lights de-  
parted,  
He wore no less a loving face because  
so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's  
high vocation;  
And bow the meekest Christian down  
in meeker adoration;  
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise  
or good forsaken,  
Named softly as the household name of  
one whom God hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn  
to think upon him,  
With meekness that is gratefulness to  
God whose heaven hath won  
him —  
Who suffered once the madness-cloud to  
His own love to blind him,  
But gently led the blind along where  
breath and bird could find him;

And wrought within his shatter'd brain,  
such quick poetic senses  
As hills have language for, and stars,  
harmonious influences!  
The pulse of dew upon the grass kept  
his within its number,  
And silent shadow from the trees re-  
freshed him like a slumber.

Wild timid hares were drawn from  
woods to share his home-caresses,  
Uplooking to his human eyes with syl-  
van tendernesses;  
The very world, by God's constraint,  
from falsehood's ways removing,  
Its women and its men became beside  
him true and loving.

But while in blindness he remained un-  
conscious of the guiding,  
And things provided came without the  
sweet sense of providing,  
He testified this solemn truth though  
phrenzy desolated —  
Nor man nor nature satisfy, whom only  
God created!

Like a sick child that knoweth not his  
 mother whilst she blesses,  
 And drops upon his burning brow the  
 coolness of her kisses;  
 That turns his fevered eyes around —  
 "My mother! where's my moth-  
 er?" —  
 As if such tender words and looks could  
 come from any other! —

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he  
 sees her bending o'er him,  
 Her face all pale from watchful love,  
 the weary love she bore him! —  
 Thus woke the poet from the dream his  
 life's long fever gave him,  
 Beneath those deep pathetic Eyes, which  
 closed in death to save him!

Thus? oh, not thus! no type of earth  
 could image that awaking,  
 Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of  
 seraphs round him breaking,  
 Or felt the new immortal throb of soul  
 from body parted,  
 But felt those eyes alone, and knew,  
 "My Saviour! not deserted!"

Deserted! who hath dreamt that when  
 the cross in darkness rested  
 Upon the Victim's hidden face no love  
 was manifested!  
 What frantic hands outstretched have  
 e'er the atoning drops averted?  
 What tears have washed them from the  
 soul, that one should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate from His  
 own essence rather,  
 And Adam's sins have swept between  
 the righteous Son and Father;  
 Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry his  
 universe hath shaken —  
 It went up single, echoless, "My God,  
 I am forsaken!"

It went up from the Holy's lips amid  
 his lost creation,  
 That, of the lost, no son should use  
 those words of desolation,

That earth's worst phrenzies, marring  
 hope, should mar not hope's  
 fruition,  
 And I, on Cowper's grave, should see  
 his rapture in a vision!

### A DEAD ROSE.

O ROSE! who dares to name thee?  
 No longer roseate now, nor soft, nor  
 sweet;  
 But barren, and hard, and dry as stubble-  
 wheat,  
 Kept seven years in a drawer — thy  
 titles shame thee.

The breeze that used to blow thee  
 Between the hedge-row thorns, and take  
 away  
 An odor up the lane, to last all day —  
 If breathing now — unsweetened  
 would forego thee.

The sun that used to smite thee,  
 And mix his glory in thy gorgeous urn,  
 Till beam appeared to bloom and flower  
 to burn —  
 If shining now — with not a hue  
 would light thee.

### IRREPARABLENESS.

I HAVE been in the meadows all the  
 day,  
 And gathered there the nosegay that  
 you see,  
 Singing within myself as bird or bee  
 When such do field-work on a morn of  
 May.  
 But, now I look upon my flowers, decay  
 Has met them in my hands more  
 fatally  
 Because more warmly clasped, — and  
 sobs are free  
 To come instead of songs. What you  
 say,  
 Sweet counsellors, dear friends? that I  
 should go

Back straightway to the fields and  
gather more?  
Another, sooth, may do it, but not I!  
My heart is very tired, my strength is  
low,  
My hands are full of blossoms plucked  
before,  
Held dead within them till myself  
shall die.

---

*GRIEF.*

I TELL you, hopeless grief is passion-  
less;  
That only men incredulous of despair,  
Half-taught in anguish, through the  
midnight air  
Beat upward to God's throne in loud ac-  
cess  
Of shrieking and reproach. Full desert-  
ness  
In souls as countries lieth silent-bare  
Under the blanching vertical eye-glare  
Of the absolute heavens. Deep-hearted  
man, express  
Grief for thy Dead in silence like to  
death—  
Most like a monumental statue set  
In everlasting watch and moveless woe,  
Till itself crumble to the dust beneath.  
Touch it; the marble eyelids are not  
wet:  
If it could weep, it could arise and go.

---

*SONNETS FROM THE PORTU-  
GUESE.*

I THOUGHT once how Theocritus had  
sung  
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-  
for years,  
Who each one in a gracious hand ap-  
pears  
To bear a gift for mortals, old or  
young:  
And, as I mused it in his antique  
tongue,

I saw, in gradual vision through my  
tears,  
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy  
years,—  
Those of my own life, who by turns  
had flung  
A shadow across me. Straightway I  
was 'ware,  
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did  
move  
Behind me, and drew me backward by  
the hair;  
And a voice said in mastery while I  
strove,—  
“Guess now who holds thee?”—  
“Death,” I said. But, there,  
The silver answer rang,—“Not Death,  
but Love.”

---

Thou hast thy calling to some palace  
floor,  
Most gracious singer of high poems!  
where  
The dancers will break footing from the  
care  
Of watching up thy pregnant lips for  
more.  
And dost thou lift this house's latch, too  
poor  
For hand of thine? and canst thou  
think and bear  
To let thy music drop here unaware  
In folds of golden fulness at my door?  
Look up and see the casement broken in,  
The bats and owlets builders in the  
roof!  
My cricket chirps against thy mandolin.  
Hush! call no echo up in further proof  
Of desolation! there's a voice within  
That weeps—as thou must sing—alone,  
aloof.

---

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall  
stand  
Henceforward in thy shadow. Never-  
more  
Alone upon the threshold of my door  
Of individual life, I shall command  
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand  
Serenely in the sunshine as before,

Without the sense of that which I fore-  
 bore, —  
 Thy touch upon the palm. The widest  
 land  
 Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart  
 in mine  
 With pulses that beat double. What I  
 do  
 And what I dream include thee, as the  
 wine  
 Must taste of its own grapes. And  
 when I sue  
 God for myself, He hears that name of  
 thine,  
 And sees within my eyes the tears of  
 two.

---

My own beloved, who hast lifted me  
 • From this dear flat of earth where I was  
 thrown,  
 And in betwixt the languid ringlets,  
 blown  
 A life breath, till the forehead hopefully  
 Shines out again, as all the angels see,  
 Before thy saving kiss! My own, my  
 own,  
 Who camest to me when the world was  
 gone,  
 And I who looked for only God, found  
 thee!  
 I find thee; I am safe, and strong, and  
 glad.  
 As one who stands in dewless asphodel,  
 Looks backward on the tedious time he  
 had  
 • In the upper life — so I, with bosom-  
 swell,  
 Make witness, here, between the good  
 and bad,  
 That Love, as strong as Death, retrieves  
 as well.

---

My letters! all dead paper, mute and  
 white!  
 And yet they seem alive and quivering  
 Against my tremulous hands which  
 loose the string  
 And let them drop down on my knee  
 to-night.  
 This said, — he wished to have me in  
 his sight

Once, as a friend: this fixed a day in  
 spring  
 To come and touch my hand — a simple  
 thing,  
 Yet I weep for it! this — the paper's  
 light —  
 Said, *Dear, I love thee*; and I sank  
 and quailed  
 As if God's future thundered on my  
 past.  
 This said, *I am thine* — and so its ink  
 has paled  
 With lying at my heart that beat too  
 fast:  
 And this — O Love, thy words have ill  
 availed,  
 If, what this said, I dared repeat at  
 last!

---

How do I love thee? Let me count  
 the ways.  
 I love thee to the depth and breadth and  
 height  
 My soul can reach, when feeling out of  
 sight  
 For the ends of Being and Ideal Grace.  
 I love thee to the level of every day's  
 Most quiet need, by sun and candle-  
 light.  
 I love thee freely, as men strive for  
 Right;  
 I love thee purely, as they turn from  
 Praise;  
 I love thee with the passion put to use  
 In my old griefs, and with my child-  
 hood's faith;  
 I love thee with a love I seemed to  
 lose  
 With my lost saints, — I love thee with  
 the breath,  
 Smiles, tears, of all my life! — and, if  
 God choose,  
 I shall but love thee better after death.

---

FROM "CASA GUIDI WINDOWS."

THEN, gazing, I beheld the long-drawn  
 street  
 Live out, from end to end, full in the  
 sun,

With Austria's thousand; sword and  
 bayonet,  
 Horse, foot, artillery, — cannons rolling  
 on  
 Like blind slow storm-clouds gestant  
 with the heat  
 Of undeveloped lightnings, each be-  
 strode  
 By a single man, dust-white from head  
 to heel,  
 Indifferent as the dreadful thing he  
 rode,  
 Like sculptured Fate serene and ter-  
 rible.  
 As some smooth river which has over-  
 flowed,  
 Will slow and silent down its current  
 wheel  
 A loosened forest, all the pines  
 erect,  
 So swept, in mute significance of  
 storm,  
 The marshalled thousands; not an eye  
 deflects  
 To left or right, to catch a novel  
 form  
 Of Florence city adorned by architect  
 And carver, or of Beauties live and  
 warm  
 Scared at the casements, — all, straight-  
 forward eyes  
 And faces, held as steadfast as their  
 swords,  
 And cognizant of acts, not imageries.  
 The key, O Tuscans, too well fits the  
 wards!  
 Ye asked for mimes, — these bring you  
 tragedies:  
 For purple, — these shall wear it as  
 your lords.  
 Ye played like children, — die like in-  
 nocents.  
 Ye mimicked lightnings with a torch, —  
 the crack  
 Of the actual bolt, your pastime circum-  
 vents.  
 Ye called up ghosts, believing they  
 were slack  
 To follow any voice from Gilboa's  
 tents, . . .  
 Here's Samuel! — and, so, Grand-dukes  
 come back!

### A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

WHAT was he doing, the great God  
 Pan,  
 Down in the reeds by the river?  
 Spreading ruin and scattering ban,  
 Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a  
 goat,  
 And breaking the golden lilies afloat  
 With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great God Pan  
 From the deep cool bed of the river.  
 The limpid water turbidly ran,  
 And the broken lilies a-dying lay,  
 And the dragon-fly had fled away,  
 Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great God\*  
 Pan,  
 While turbidly flowed the river;  
 And hacked and hewed as a great God  
 can,  
 With his hard bleak steel at the patient  
 reed,  
 Till there was not a sign of the leaf in-  
 deed  
 To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great God Pan,  
 (How tall it stood in the river!)  
 Then drew the pith, like the heart of a  
 man,  
 Steadily from the outside ring,  
 And notched the poor dry empty thing —  
 In holes, as he sat by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great  
 God Pan,  
 (Laughed while he sat by the river,)  
 "The only way, since Gods began  
 To make sweet music, they could suc-  
 ceed."  
 Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in  
 the reed,  
 He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!  
 Piercing sweet by the river!  
 Blinding sweet, O great God Pan!  
 The sun on the hill forgot to die,

And the lilies revived, and the dragon-  
fly  
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great God Pan,  
To laugh as he sits by the river,  
Making a poet out of a man :  
The true Gods sigh for the cost and  
pain, —  
For the reed which grows never more  
again  
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

### AURORA'S HOME.

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

" I HAD a little chamber in the house,  
As green as any privet-hedge a bird  
Might choose to build in, though the  
nest itself  
Could show but dead brown sticks and  
straws; the walls  
Were green, the carpet was pure green,  
the straight  
Small bed was curtained greenly, and  
the folds  
Hung green about the window which  
let in  
The out-door world with all its greenery.  
You could not push your head out and  
escape  
A dash of dawn-dew from the honey-  
suckle,  
But so you were baptized into the grace  
And privilege of seeing. . . .  
First, the lime,  
(I had enough there, of the lime, be  
sure, —  
My morning-dream was often hummed  
away  
By the bees in it); past the lime, the  
lawn,  
Which, after sweeping broadly round  
the house,  
Went trickling through the shrubberies  
in a stream,  
Of tender turf, and wore and lost itself  
Among the acacias, over which you  
saw

The irregular line of elms by the deep  
lane  
Which stopped the grounds and  
dammed the overflow  
Of arbutus and laurel. Out of sight  
The lane was; sunk so deep, no foreign  
tramp  
Nor drover of wild ponies out of  
Wales  
Could guess if lady's hall or tenant's  
lodge  
Dispensed such odors, — though his  
stick well-crooked  
Might reach the lowest trail of blos-  
soming briar  
Which dipped upon the wall. Behind  
the elms,  
And through their tops, you saw the  
folded hills  
Striped up and down with hedges (burly  
oaks  
Projecting from the line to show them-  
selves)  
Through which my cousin Romney's  
chimney smoked  
As still as when a silent month in  
frost  
Breathes, showing where the woodlands  
hid Leigh Hall;  
While, far above, a jut of table-land,  
A promontory without water stretched, —  
You could not catch it if the days were  
thick,  
Or took it for a cloud; but, otherwise,  
The vigorous sun would catch it up at  
eve  
And use it for an anvil till he had  
filled  
The shelves of heaven with burning  
thunderbolts,  
Protesting against night and darkness :  
— then,  
When all his setting trouble was re-  
solved  
To a trance of passive glory, you might  
see  
In apparition on the golden sky  
(Alas, my Giotto's background!) the  
sheep run  
Along the fine clear outline, small as  
mice  
That run along a witch's scarlet thread.

## THE BEAUTY OF ENGLAND.

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

I LEARNT to love that England. Very  
 oft,  
 Before the day was born, or otherwise  
 Through secret windings of the after-  
 noons,  
 I threw my hunters off and plunged my-  
 self  
 Among the deep hills, as a hunted stag  
 Will take the waters, shivering with the  
 fear  
 And passion of the course. And when  
 at last  
 Escaped, so many a green slope built on  
 slope  
 Betwixt me and the evening's house be-  
 hind,  
 I dared to rest, or wander, in a rest  
 Made sweeter for the step upon the  
 grass,  
 And view the ground's most gentle dim-  
 plement,  
 (As if God's finger touched, but did not  
 press  
 In making England) such an up and  
 down  
 Of verdure, — nothing too much up or  
 down,  
 A ripple of land; such little hills, the  
 sky  
 Can stoop so tenderly and the wheat-  
 fields climb;  
 Such nooks of valleys lined with or-  
 chises,  
 Fed full of noises by invisible streams;  
 And open pastures where you scarcely  
 tell  
 White daisies from white dew, — at in-  
 tervals  
 The mythic oaks and elm-trees standing  
 out  
 Self-poised upon their prodigy of  
 shade, —  
 I thought my father's land was worthy  
 too  
 Of being my Shakespeare's.

After we walked only two,  
 If cousin Romney pleased to walk with  
 me.

We read, or talked, or quarrelled, as it  
 chanced.

We were not lovers, nor even friends  
 well-matched:

Say rather, scholars upon different  
 tracks,

And thinkers disagreed, he, overfull  
 Of what is, and I, haply, overbold  
 For what might be.

But then the thrushes sang,  
 And shook my pulses and the elms' new  
 leaves;

At which I turned, and held my finger  
 up,

And bade him mark that, howsoe'er the  
 world

Went ill, as he related, certainly  
 The thrushes still sang in it. At the  
 word

His brow would soften, — and he bore  
 with me

In melancholy patience, not unkind,  
 While breaking into voluble ecstasy  
 I flattered all the beauteous country  
 round,

As poets use, the skies, the clouds, the  
 fields,

The happy violets hiding from the  
 roads

The primroses run down to, carrying  
 gold;

The tangled hedgerows, where the cows  
 push out

Impatient horns and tolerant churning  
 mouths

'Twixt dripping ash-boughs, — hedge-  
 rows all alive

With birds and gnats and large white  
 butterflies,

Which look as if the May-flower had  
 caught life

And palpitated forth upon the wind;  
 Hills, vales, woods, netted in a silver  
 mist,

Farms, granges, doubled up among the  
 hills;

And cattle grazing in the watered  
 vales,

And cottage-chimneys smoking from  
 the woods,

And cottage-gardens smelling every-  
 where,



Confused with smell of orchards.  
 "See," I said,  
 "And see! is God not with us on the  
 earth?  
 And shall we put him down by aught  
 we do?  
 Who says there's nothing for the poor  
 and vile  
 Save poverty and wickedness? behold!"  
 And ankle-deep in English grass I  
 leaped  
 And clapped my hands, and called all  
 very fair.

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*MARIAN'S CHILD.*

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

THERE he lay upon his back,  
 The yearling creature, warm and moist  
 with life  
 To the bottom of his dimples, — to the  
 ends  
 Of the lovely tumbled curls about his  
 face;  
 For since he had been covered over-  
 much  
 To keep him from the light-glare, both  
 his cheeks  
 Were hot and scarlet as the first live  
 rose  
 The shepherd's heart-blood ebbed away  
 into  
 The faster for his love. And love was  
 here  
 As instant; in the pretty baby-mouth,  
 Shut close as if for dreaming that it  
 sucked,  
 The little naked feet, drawn up the way  
 Of nestled birdlings; everything so soft  
 And tender, — to the tiny holdfast  
 hands,  
 Which, closing on a finger into sleep,  
 Had kept the mould of 't.  
 While we stood there dumb,  
 For oh, that it should take such inno-  
 cence  
 To prove just guilt, I thought, and stood  
 there dumb, —  
 The light upon his eyelids pricked them  
 wide,

And, staring out at us with all their  
 blue,  
 As half perplexed between the angel-  
 hood  
 He had been away to visit in his sleep,  
 And our most mortal presence, gradually  
 He saw his mother's face, accepting it  
 In change for heaven itself with such a  
 smile  
 As might have well been learnt there, —  
 never moved,  
 But smiled on, in a drowse of ecstasy,  
 So happy (half with her and half with  
 heaven)  
 He could not have the trouble to be  
 stirred,  
 But smiled and lay there. Like a rose,  
 I said;  
 As red and still indeed as any rose,  
 That blows in all the silence of its leaves,  
 Content in blowing to fulfil its life.

---

*SOUNDS.*

I.

HEARKEN, harken!  
 The rapid river carrieth  
 Many noises underneath  
 The hoary ocean:  
 Teaching his solemnity  
 Sounds of inland life and glee,  
 Learnt beside the waving tree,  
 When the winds in summer prank  
 Toss the shades from bank to bank,  
 And the quick rains, in emotion  
 Which rather gladdens earth than  
 grieves,  
 Count and visibly rehearse  
 The pulse of the universe  
 Upon the summer leaves —  
 Learnt among the lilies straight,  
 When they bow them to the weight  
 Of many bees whose hidden hum  
 Seemeth from themselves to come —  
 Learnt among the grasses green,  
 Where the rustling mice are seen  
 By the gleaming, as they run,  
 Of their quick eyes in the sun;  
 And lazy sheep are browsing through,  
 With their noses trailed in dew;

And the squirrel leaps adown,  
 Holding fast the filbert brown;  
 And the lark, with more of mirth  
 In his song than suits the earth,  
 Droppeth some in soaring high,  
 To pour the rest out in the sky:  
 While the woodland doves, apart  
 In the copse's leafy heart,  
 Solitary, not ascetic,  
 Hidden and yet vocal seem  
 Joining in a lovely psalm,  
 Man's despondence Nature's calm,  
 Half mystical and half pathetic,  
 Like a sighing in a dream.  
 All these sounds the river telleth,  
 Softened to an undertone  
 Which ever and anon he swelleth  
 By a burden of his own,  
 In the ocean's ear.  
 Ay! and ocean seems to hear  
 With an inward gentle scorn,  
 Smiling to his caverns worn.

## II.

Hearken, hearken!  
 The child is shouting at his play  
 Just in the tramping funeral's way:  
 The widow moans as she turns aside  
 To shun the face of the blushing bride,  
 While, shaking the tower of the ancient  
 church,  
 The marriage-bells do swing:  
 And in the shadow of the porch  
 An idiot sits, with his lean hands full  
 Of hedgerow flowers and a poet's skull,  
 Laughing loud and gibbering,  
 Because it is so brown a thing,  
 While he sticketh the gaudy poppies red  
 In and out the senseless head  
 Where all sweet fancies grew instead.  
 And you may hear, at the self-same time,  
 Another poet who reads his rhyme,  
 Low as a brook in summer air, —  
 Save when he droppeth his voice adown,  
 To dream of the amaranthine crown  
 His mortal brow shall wear.  
 And a baby cries with a feeble sound  
 'Neath the weary weight of the life  
 new-found;  
 And an old man groans, — with his  
 testament

Only half signed, — for the life that's  
 spent:  
 And lovers twain do softly say,  
 As they sit on a grave, "for aye, for  
 aye!"  
 And foemen twain, while Earth their  
 mother  
 Looks greenly upward, curse each other.  
 A school-boy drones his task, with looks  
 Cast over the page to the elm-tree rooks:  
 A lonely student cries aloud  
*Eureka!* clapping at his shroud;  
 A beldame's age-cracked voice doth sin  
 To a little infant slumbering:  
 A maid forgotten weeps alone,  
 Muffling her sobs on the trysting stone;  
 A sick man wakes at his own mouth's  
 wail;  
 A gossip coughs in her thrice-told tale;  
 A muttering gamester shakes the dice;  
 A reaper foretells good luck from the  
 skies;  
 A monarch vows as he lifts his hand to  
 them;  
 A patriot leaving his native land to them,  
 Cries to the world against perjured state;  
 A priest disserts upon linen skirts;  
 A sinner screams for one hope more;  
 A dancer's feet do palpitate  
 A piper's music out on the floor;  
 And nigh to the awful Dead, the living  
 Low speech and stealthy steps are  
 giving,  
 Because he cannot hear;  
 And *he* who on that narrow bier  
 Has room enow, is closely wound  
 In a silence piercing more than sound.

## III.

Hearken, hearken!  
 God speaketh to thy soul;  
 Using the supreme voice which doth  
 confound  
 All life with consciousness of Deity,  
 All senses into one;  
 As the seer-saint of Patmos, loving John,  
 For whom did backward roll  
 The cloud-gate of the future, turned to  
*see*  
 The Voice which spake. It speaketh  
 now —

Through the regular breath of the calm  
creation,  
Through the moan of the creature's  
desolation  
Striking, and in its stroke, resembling  
The memory of a solemn vow,  
Which pierceth the din of a festival  
To one in the midst, — and he letteth fall  
The cup, with a sudden trembling.

## IV.

Hearken, hearken!  
God speaketh in thy soul;  
Saying, "O thou that movest  
With feeble steps across this earth of  
mine,  
To break behind the fount thy golden  
bowl,  
And spill its purple wine, —  
Look up to heaven and see how, like a  
scroll,  
My right hand hath thine immortality  
In an eternal grasping! Thou, that  
lovest  
The songful birds and grasses underfoot,  
And also what change mars and tombs  
pollute —  
*I am the end of love! — give love to me!*  
O thou that sinnest, grace doth more  
abound  
Than all thy sin! sit still beneath my  
rood,  
And count the droppings of my victim-  
blood,  
And seek none other sound!"

## V.

Hearken, hearken!  
Shall we hear the lapsing river  
And our brother's sighing ever,  
And not the voice of God?

## MOTHER AND POET.

[Turin. *After news from Gaeta*, 1861.]

DEAD! one of them shot by the sea in  
the east,  
And one of them shot in the west by  
the sea.

Dead! both my boys! When you sit  
at the feast  
And are wanting a great song for  
Italy free,  
Let none look at *me!*

Yet I was a poetess only last year,  
And good at my art, for a woman,  
men said.  
But *this* woman, *this*, who is agonized  
here,  
The east sea and west sea rhyme on  
in her head  
Forever instead.

What art can a woman be good at?  
Oh vain!  
What art *is* she good at, but hurting  
her breast  
With the milk-teeth of babes, and a  
smile at the pain?  
Ah, boys, how you hurt! you were  
strong as you pressed,  
And *I* proud, by that test.

What art's for a woman? to hold on  
her knees  
Both darlings! to feel all their arms  
round her throat  
Cling, strangle a little! to sew by de-  
grees,  
And 'broider the long clothes and  
neat little coat!  
To dream and to dote.

To teach them . . . It stings there. *I*  
made them indeed  
Speak plain the word "country." *I*  
taught them, no doubt,  
That a country's a thing men should die  
for at need.  
*I* prated of liberty, rights, and about  
The tyrant turned out.

And when their eyes flashed . . . O my  
beautiful eyes!  
I exulted! nay, let them go forth at  
the wheels  
Of the guns, and denied not. But then  
the surprise,  
When one sits quite alone! Then  
one weeps, then one kneels!  
— God! how the house feels!

At first happy news came, in gay letters  
moiled

With my kisses, of camp-life and glory  
and how

They both loved me, and soon, coming  
home to be spoiled,

In return would fan off every fly from  
my brow

With their green-laurel bough.

Then was triumph at Turin. "Ancona  
was free!"

And some one came out of the cheers  
in the street,

With a face pale as stone, to say some-  
thing to me.

— My Guido was dead! — I fell down  
at his feet,

While they cheered in the street.

I bore it — friends soothed me: my  
grief looked sublime

As the ransom of Italy. One boy re-  
mained

To be leant on and walked with, recall-  
ing the time

When the first grew immortal, while  
both of us strained

To the height he had gained.

And letters still came, — shorter, sadder,  
more strong,

Writ now but in one hand. "I was  
not to faint.

One loved me for two . . . would be  
with me ere long:

And "Viva Italia" *he* died for, our  
saint,

Who forbids our complaint.

My Nanni would add "he was safe and  
aware

Of a presence that turned off the balls  
. . . was imprest

It was Guido himself, who knew what I  
could bear.

And how 'twas impossible, quite dis-  
possessed,

To live on for the rest."

On which without pause up the tele-  
graph line

Swept smoothly the next news from  
Gaeta: — *Shot.*

Tell his mother, Ah, ah, — "his,"  
"their" mother: not "mine."

No voice says "my mother" again to  
me. What!

You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy  
with Heaven,

They drop earth's affection, conceive  
not of woe?

I think not. Themselves were too  
lately forgiven

Through that Love and Sorrow which  
reconciled so

The Above and Below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who  
look'dst through the dark

To the face of Thy mother! consider,  
I pray,

How we common mothers stand deso-  
late, mark,

Whose sons, not being Christs, die  
with eyes turned away,

And no last word to say!

Both boys dead! but that's out of na-  
ture. We all

Have been patriots, yet each house  
must always keep one

'Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a  
wall.

And, when Italy's made, for what  
end is it done

If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what  
then?

When the fair wicked queen sits no  
more at her sport

Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls  
out of men?

When your guns of Cavalli with final  
retort

Have cut the game short, —

When Venice and Rome keep their new  
jubilee,

When your flag takes all heaven for  
its white, green, and red,

When *you* have your country from  
mountain to sea,  
When King Victor has Italy's crown  
on his head,  
(And I have my dead,)

What then? Do not mock me? Ah,  
ring your bells low,  
And burn your lights faintly. *My*  
country is there,  
Above the star pricked by the last peak  
of snow.  
*My* Italy's there — with my brave  
civic Pair,  
To disfranchise despair.

Forgive me. Some women bear chil-  
dren in strength,  
And bite back the cry of their pain in  
self-scorn.  
But the birth-pangs of nations will  
wring us at length  
Into wail such as this! — and we sit  
on forlorn  
When the man-child is born.

Dead! — one of them shot by the sea in  
the west!  
And one of them shot in the east by  
the sea!  
Both! both my boys! — If in keeping  
the feast  
You want a great song for your Italy  
free,  
Let none look at *me*!

### THE SLEEP.

Of all the thoughts of God that are  
Borne inward unto souls afar,  
Along the Psalmist's music deep,  
Now tell me if that any is  
For gift or grace surpassing this —  
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

What would we give to our beloved?  
The hero's heart, to be unmoved —  
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep —  
The senate's shout to patriot's vows —  
The monarch's crown, to light the  
brows?  
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

What do we give to our beloved?  
A little faith, all undisproved —  
A little dust to overweep —  
And bitter memories, to make  
The whole earth blasted for our sake! —  
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

“Sleep soft, beloved!” we sometimes  
say,  
But have no tune to charm away  
Sad dreams that through the eyelid  
creep,  
But never doleful dream again  
Shall break the happy slumber when  
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

O earth, so full of dreary noises!  
O men, with wailing in your voices!  
O delved gold the wailers' heap!  
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!  
God makes a silence through you all,  
“And giveth His beloved sleep.”

His dew drops mutely on the hill;  
His cloud above it saileth still,  
Though on its slope men toil and  
reap.  
More softly than the dew is shed,  
Or cloud is floated overhead,  
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

Yea! men may wonder while they scan  
A living, thinking, feeling man  
In such a rest his heart to keep;  
But angels say — and through the word  
I ween their blessed smile is heard —  
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

For me, my heart that erst did go  
Most like a tired child at a show,  
That sees through tears the juggler's  
leap,  
Would now its wearied vision close —  
Would, childlike, on His love repose  
Who “giveth His beloved sleep.”

And friends! — dear friends! — when  
it shall be  
That this low breath is gone from me,  
And round my bier ye come to weep,  
Let one, most loving of you all,  
Say “Not a tear must o'er her fall” —  
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

## SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

1810-1886.

[BORN at Belfast, Ireland, in 1810; educated at the Belfast Academical Institution and at Trinity College, Dublin. Called to the Irish Bar in 1838; to the Inner Bar, 1859, and appointed Deputy Keeper of the Public Records in Ireland in 1867. Sir Samuel is the author of *Lays of the Western Gael* (1865); *Congal, a Poem in Five Books* (1872); *Poems* (1880); *Shakesperian Breviates* (1882); and of numerous contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine*, including *The Forging of the Anchor*, *Father Tom and the Pope*, *The Widow's Cloak*, and a series of Irish tales called *The Hibernian Nights Entertainments*. The honor of knighthood was conferred upon him in March, 1878, in acknowledgment of his literary and antiquarian merits.]

## THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

COME, see the Dolphin's anchor forged !  
'tis at a white heat now —

The bellows ceased, the flames decreased; though, on the forge's brow,

The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound;

And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round;

All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare,

Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle-chains — the black mould heaves below;

And red and deep, a hundred veins burst out at every throe.

It rises, roars, rends all outright — O, Vulcan, what a glow!

'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright — the high sun shines not so!

The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fearful show!

The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid row

Of smiths — that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe!

As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster slow

Sinks on the anvil — all about, the faces fiery grow:

"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out, leap out!" bang, bang! the sledges go;

Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low;

A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow;

The leathern mail rebounds the hail; the rattling cinders strew

The ground around; at every bound the sweltering fountains flow;

And, thick and loud, the swinking crowd at every stroke pant "ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters! leap out, and lay on load!

Let's forge a goodly anchor — a bower thick and broad;

For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode;

And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road —

The low reef roaring on her lea; the roll of ocean poured

From stem to stern, sea after sea; the main-mast by the board;

The bulwarks down; the rudder gone; the boats stove at the chains;

But courage still, brave mariners — the bower yet remains!

And not an inch to flinch he deigns — save when ye pitch sky high;

Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing — here am I!"

Swing in your strokes in order! let foot and hand keep time;

Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime.

But while ye swing your sledges, sing; and let the burden be,

The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen we!

Strike in, strike in! — the sparks begin to dull their rustling red;

Our hammers ring with sharper din —  
 our work will soon be sped;  
 Our anchor soon must change his bed  
 of fiery rich array  
 For a hammock at the roaring bows, or  
 an oozy couch of clay;  
 Our anchor soon must change the lay of  
 merry craftsmen here  
 For the yeo-heav-o, and the heave-  
 away, and the sighing seamen's  
 cheer —  
 When, weighing slow, at eve they go,  
 far, far from love and home;  
 And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wait  
 o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens  
 down at last;  
 A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er  
 from cat was cast.  
 O trusted and trustworthy guard! if thou  
 hadst life like me,  
 What pleasures would thy toils reward  
 beneath the deep green sea!  
 O deep sea-diver, who might then be-  
 hold such sights as thou? —  
 The hoary monster's palaces! — Me-  
 thinks what joy 'twere now  
 To go plumb-plunging down, amid the  
 assembly of the whales,  
 And feel the churned sea round me boil  
 beneath their scourging tails!  
 Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the  
 fierce sea-unicorn,  
 And send him foiled and bellowing  
 back, for all his ivory horn;  
 To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony  
 blade forlorn;  
 And for the ghastly-grinning shark, to  
 laugh his jaws to scorn;  
 To leap down on the kraken's back,  
 where 'mid Norwegian isles  
 He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden  
 shallowed miles —  
 Till, snorting like an under-sea volcano,  
 off he rolls;  
 Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far  
 astonished shoals

Of his back-browsing ocean-calves; or,  
 haply, in a cove  
 Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to  
 some Undine's love,  
 To find the long-haired mermaidens; or,  
 hard by icy lands,  
 To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon  
 cerulean sands.

O broad-armed fisher of the deep! whose  
 sports can equal thine?  
 The dolphin weighs a thousand tons,  
 that tugs thy cable line;  
 And night by night 'tis thy delight, thy  
 glory day by day,  
 Through sable sea and breaker white  
 the giant game to play.  
 But, shamer of our little sports! forgive  
 the name I gave:  
 A fisher's joy is to destroy — thine office  
 is to save.  
 O lodger in the sea-kings' halls! couldst  
 thou but understand  
 Whose be the white bones by thy side —  
 or who that dripping band,  
 Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that  
 round about thee bend,  
 With sounds like breakers in a dream  
 blessing their ancient friend —  
 Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide  
 with larger steps round thee,  
 Thine iron side would swell with pride  
 — thou'dst leap within the sea!

Give honor to their memories who left  
 the pleasant strand  
 To shed their blood so freely for the  
 love of father-land —  
 Who left their chance of quiet age and  
 grassy churchyard grave  
 So freely, for a restless bed amid the  
 tossing wave!  
 Oh, though our anchor may not be all I  
 have fondly sung,  
 Honor him for their memory whose  
 bones he goes among!

In the days o' langsyne there were  
 feasting and glee,  
 Wi' pride in ilk heart, and joy in ilk ee;  
 And the auld, 'mang the nappy, their  
 eild seem'd to tyne,  
 It was your stoup the nicht, and the  
 morn 'twas mine:  
 O! the days o' langsyne — O! the days  
 o' langsyne.

—  
*THE EXILE'S SONG.*

Oh! why left I my hame?  
 Why did I cross the deep?  
 Oh! why left I the land  
 Where my forefathers sleep?  
 I sigh for Scotia's shore,  
 And I gaze across the sea,  
 But I canna get a blink  
 O' my ain countrie!

The palm-tree waveth high,  
 And fair the myrtle springs;

And, to the Indian maid,  
 The bulbul sweetly sings.  
 But I dinna see the broom  
 Wi' its tassels on the lea,  
 Nor hear the lintie's sang  
 O' my ain countrie!  
 Oh! here no Sabbath bell  
 Awakes the Sabbath morn,  
 Nor song of reapers heard  
 Among the yellow corn:  
 For the tyrant's voice is here,  
 And the wail of slavery;  
 But the sun of freedom shines  
 In my ain countrie!

There's a hope for every woe,  
 And a balm for every pain;  
 But the first joys o' our heart  
 Come never back again.  
 There's a track upon the deep  
 And a path across the sea;  
 But the weary ne'er return  
 To their ain countrie!

—  
 HENRY ALFORD.

1810-1871.

*LADY MARY.*

I'hou wert fair, Lady Mary,  
 As the lily in the sun:  
 And fairer yet thou mightest be,  
 Thy youth was but begun:  
 Thine eye was soft and glancing,  
 Of the deep bright blue;  
 And on the heart thy gentle words  
 Fell lighter than the dew.

They found thee, Lady Mary,  
 With thy palms upon thy breast,  
 Even as thou hadst been praying,  
 At thine hour of rest:  
 The cold pale moon was shining  
 On thy cold pale cheek;  
 And the morn of the Nativity  
 Had just begun to break.

They carved thee, Lady Mary,  
 All of pure white stone,  
 With thy palms upon thy breast,  
 In the chancel all alone:

And I saw thee when the winter moon  
 Shone on thy marble cheek,  
 When the morn of the Nativity  
 Had just begun to break.

But thou kneelest, Lady Mary,  
 With thy palms upon thy breast,  
 Among the perfect spirits,  
 In the land of rest:  
 Thou art even as they took thee  
 At thine hour of prayer,  
 Save the glory that is on thee  
 From the sun that shineth there.

We shall see thee, Lady Mary,  
 On that shore unknown,  
 A pure and happy angel  
 In the presence of the throne;  
 We shall see thee when the light divine  
 Plays freshly on thy cheek,  
 And the resurrection morning  
 Hath just begun to break.



## ALFRED TENNYSON.

1809-1892

[BORN at Somersby, Lincolnshire, England, 1809, being the third of the seven sons of Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, D.D., rector of Somersby; entered Trinity College, Cambridge, about 1827, together with his two elder brothers, Frederick and Charles. A small anonymous volume of *Poems by Two Brothers* (1827) contained the earliest published verses of Charles and Alfred; in 1828 the eldest brother, Frederick, gained the medal for a Greek poem, and in 1829 Alfred obtained the Chancellor's medal for an English poem (*Timbuctoo*) of 250 lines. One of his chief competitors for this prize was his most intimate college friend, Arthur H. Hallam (d. 1833), to whose memory, in later years, the poem *In Memoriam* was dedicated. In 1830 he published a small volume of *Poems Chiefly Lyrical*; in 1832 his third volume of poems appeared, containing the *Lady of Shalott*, *Enone*, *The May Queen*, and *The Lotus Eaters*. In 1842 a new edition of his poems, in two volumes, was issued, which contained *Morte d'Arthur*, *Locksley Hall*, and other noted pieces. The *Princess* was given to the public in 1847, *In Memoriam* in 1850. In 1851 he succeeded Wordsworth as Poet Laureate. *Maud* and other poems appeared in 1855. *The Idyls of the King* was issued in 1858, and has been generally accepted as his greatest poetical effort. *The Holy Grail* and other poems, published in 1869, completed the Arthurian legend. His other principal works include *Enoch Arden* (1864), *Gareth and Lynette* (1872), *Queen Mary*, a drama (1875), *Harold* (1877). He has lived for the most part a retired life in the Isle of Wight, not much caring to cultivate society, but greatly beloved by his intimate friends. Wordsworth pronounced him to be "decidedly the first of our living poets," an opinion which has been accepted by critics and reviewers on both sides of the Atlantic. In December, 1883, Mr. Tennyson was appointed a Baron of the United Kingdom. He died at Aldworth, England, Oct. 6, 1892.]

## MARIANA.

"Mariana in the moated grange."  
*Measure for Measure.*

WITH blackest moss the flower-plots  
 Were thickly crusted, one and all:  
 The rusted nails fell from the knots  
 That held the peach to the garden-  
 wall.

The broken sheds look'd sad and  
 strange:

Unlifted was the clinking latch:  
 Weeded and worn the ancient thatch  
 Upon the lonely moated grange.

She only said, "My life is dreary,  
 He cometh not," she said;  
 She said, "I am aweary, aweary,  
 I would that I were dead!"

Her tears fell with the dews at even;  
 Her tears fell ere the dews were  
 dried;

She could not look on the sweet heaven,  
 Either at morn or eventide.

After the flitting of the bats,  
 When thickest dark did trance the  
 sky,

She drew her casement-curtain by,

And glanced athwart the glooming  
 flats.

She only said, "The night is dreary,  
 He cometh not," she said;

She said, "I am aweary, aweary,  
 I would that I were dead!"

Upon the middle of the night,  
 Waking she heard the night-fowl  
 crow:

The cock sung out an hour ere light:  
 From the dark fen the oxen's low  
 Came to her: without hope of change,  
 In sleep she seemed to walk forlorn,  
 Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed  
 morn

About the lonely moated grange.  
 She only said, "The day is dreary,  
 He cometh not," she said;  
 She said, "I am aweary, aweary,  
 I would that I were dead!"

About a stone-cast from the wall  
 A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,  
 And o'er it many, round and small,  
 The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.  
 Hard by a poplar shook away,  
 All silver-green with gnarled bark:

For leagues no other tree did mark  
The level waste, the rounding gray.

She only said, "My life is dreary,  
He cometh not," she said;  
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead!"

And ever when the moon was low,  
And the shrill winds were up and  
away,

In the white curtain, to and fro,  
She saw the gusty shadows sway.

But when the moon was very low,  
And wild winds bound within their  
cell,

The shadow of the poplar fell  
Upon her bed, across her brow.

She only said, "The night is dreary,  
He cometh not," she said;  
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead!"

All day within the dreamy house,  
The doors upon their hinges creak'd;  
The blue fly sung in the pane; the  
mouse

Behind the mouldering wainscot  
shriek'd,

Or from the crevice peered about.

Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,  
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,  
Old voices called her from without.

She only said, "My life is dreary,  
He cometh not," she said;  
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead!"

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,  
The slow clock ticking, and the sound  
Which to the wooing wind aloof  
The poplar made, did all confound  
Her sense; but most she loathed the  
hour

When the thick-moted sunbeam lay  
Athwart the chambers, and the day  
Was sloping toward his western bower.

Then said she, "I am very dreary,  
He will not come," she said;  
She wept, "I am aweary, aweary,  
O God, that I were dead!"

## THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

### PART I.

ON either side the river lie  
Long fields of barley and of rye,  
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;  
And thro' the field the road runs by  
To many-tower'd Camelot;  
And up and down the people go,  
Gazing where the lilies blow  
Round an island there below,  
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,  
Little breezes dusk and shiver  
Thro' the wave that runs forever  
By the island in the river  
Flowing down to Camelot.  
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,  
Overlook a space of flowers,  
And the silent isle imbowers  
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,  
Slide the heavy barges trail'd  
By slow horses; and unhail'd  
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd  
Skimming down to Camelot:  
But who hath seen her wave her hand?  
Or at the casement seen her stand?  
Or is she known in all the land,  
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early  
In among the bearded barley,  
Hear a song that echoes cheerly  
From the river winding clearly,  
Down to tower'd Camelot:  
And by the moon the reaper weary,  
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,  
Listening, whispers, "'Tis the fairy  
Lady of Shalott."

### PART II.

There she weaves by night and day  
A magic web with colors gay.  
She has heard a whisper say,  
A curse is on her if she stay  
To look down to Camelot.  
She knows not what the curse may be,

And so she weaveth steadily,  
And little other care hath she,  
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear  
That hangs before her all the year,  
Shadows of the world appear.  
There she sees the highway near  
Winding down to Camelot:

There the river eddy whirls,  
And there the surly village-churls,  
And the red cloaks of market girls,  
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,  
An abbot on an ambling pad,  
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,  
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,  
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;  
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue  
The knights come riding two and two:  
She hath no loyal knight and true,  
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights  
To weave the mirror's magic sights,  
For often thro' the silent nights  
A funeral, with plumes and lights,  
And music, went to Camelot:  
Or when the moon was overhead,  
Came two young lovers lately wed;  
"I am half-sick of shadows," said  
The Lady of Shalott.

## PART III.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,  
He rode between the barley-sheaves,  
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,  
And flamed upon the brazen greaves  
Of bold Sir Lancelot.  
A redcross knight forever kneeled  
To a lady in his shield,  
That sparkled on the yellow field,  
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,  
Like to some branch of stars we see  
Hung in the golden Galaxy.  
The bridle bells rang merrily  
As he rode down to Camelot:  
And from his blazon'd baldric slung  
A mighty silver bugle hung,  
And as he rode his armor rung,  
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather  
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather  
The helmet and the helmet-feather  
Burned like one burning flame together,  
As he rode down to Camelot.  
As often thro' the purple night,  
Below the starry clusters bright,  
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,  
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;  
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse  
trode:  
From underneath his helmet flow'd  
His coal-black curls as on he rode,  
As he rode down to Camelot.  
From the bank and from the river  
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,  
"Tirra lirra," by the river  
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,  
She made three paces thro' the room,  
She saw the water-lily bloom,  
She saw the helmet and the plume,  
She look'd down to Camelot.  
Out flew the web and floated wide;  
The mirror crack'd from side to side;  
"The curse is come upon me," cried  
The Lady of Shalott.

## PART IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining,  
The pale yellow woods were waning,  
The broad stream in his banks complain-  
ing,  
Heavily the low sky raining  
Over tower'd Camelot;  
Down she came and found a boat  
Beneath a willow left afloat,  
And round about the prow she wrote  
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse—  
Like some bold seer in a trance,  
Seeing all his own mischance—  
With a glassy countenance  
Did she look to Camelot.  
And at the closing of the day  
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;  
The broad stream bore her far away,  
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white  
 That loosely flew to left and right,  
 The leaves upon her falling light —  
 Thro' the noises of the night  
     She floated down to Camelot:

And as the boat-head wound along  
 The willowy hills and fields among,  
 They heard her singing her last song,  
     The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,  
 Chanted loudly, chanted lowly.  
 Till her blood was frozen slowly,  
 And her eyes were darkened wholly,  
     Turn'd to tower'd Camelot;  
 For ere she reach'd upon the tide  
 The first house by the water-side,  
 Singing in her song she died,  
     The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,  
 By garden-wall and gallery,  
 A gleaming shape she floated by,  
 A corse between the houses high,  
     Silent into Camelot.  
 Out upon the wharfs they came,  
 Knight and burgher, lord and dame,  
 And round the prow they read her name,  
     *The Lady of Shalott.*

Who is this? and what is here?  
 And in the lighted palace near  
 Died the sound of royal cheer:  
 And they cross'd themselves for fear,  
     All the knights at Camelot:  
 But Lancelot mused a little space:  
 He said, "She has a lovely face:  
 God in his mercy lend her grace,  
     The Lady of Shalott."

### THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

It is the miller's daughter,  
 And she is grown so dear, so dear,  
 That I would be the jewel  
     That trembles at her ear:  
 For hid in ringlets day and night,  
 I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle  
 About her dainty, dainty waist,  
 And her heart would beat against me,  
     In sorrow and in rest:  
 And I should know if it beat right,  
 I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,  
 And all day long to fall and rise  
 Upon her balmy bosom,  
     With her laughter or her sighs,  
 And I would lie so light, so light,  
 I scarce should be unclasp'd at night.

### THE SISTERS.

We were two daughters of one race:  
 She was the fairest in the face:  
     The wind is blowing in turret and tree.

They were together, and she fell;  
 Therefore revenge became me well.  
     O the Earl was fair to see!

She died: she went to burning flame:  
 She mix'd her ancient blood with shame.  
     The wind is howling in turret and tree.

Whole weeks and months, and early  
 and late,  
 To win his love I lay in wait:  
     O the Earl was fair to see!

I made a feast; I bade him come;  
 I won his love, I brought him home.  
     The wind is roaring in turret and tree.  
 And after supper, on a bed,  
 Upon my lap he laid his head:  
     O the Earl was fair to see!

I kiss'd his eyelids into rest:  
 His ruddy cheek upon my breast.  
     The wind is raging in turret and tree.  
 I hated him with the hate of hell,  
 But I loved his beauty passing well.  
     O the Earl was fair to see!

I rose up in the silent night:  
 I made my dagger sharp and bright.  
     The wind is raving in turret and tree.

As half-asleep his breath he drew,  
Three times I stabb'd him thro' and thro'.

O the Earl was fair to see!

I curl'd and comb'd his comely head,  
He look'd so grand when he was dead.  
The wind is blowing in turret and tree.

I wrapt his body in the sheet,  
And laid him at his mother's feet.  
O the Earl was fair to see!

### LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

LADY Clara Vere de Vere,  
Of me you shall not win renown:  
You thought to break a country heart  
For pastime, ere you went to town.  
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled  
I saw the snare, and I retired:  
The daughter of a hundred Earls,  
You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
I know you proud to bear your name.  
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,  
Too proud to care from whence I came.  
Nor would I break for your sweet sake  
A heart that dotes on truer charms.  
A simple maiden in her flower  
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
Some meeker pupil you must find,  
For were you queen of all that is,  
I could not stoop to such a mind.  
You sought to prove how I could love,  
And my disdain is my reply.  
The lion on your old stone gates  
Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
You put strange memories in my head.  
Not thrice your branching limes have blown  
Since I beheld young Laurence dead.  
Oh your sweet eyes, your low replies:

A great enchantress you may be;  
But there was that across his throat  
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
When thus he met his mother's view,  
She had the passions of her kind,  
She spake some certain truths of you.  
Indeed I heard one bitter word  
That scarce is fit for you to hear;  
Her manners had not that repose  
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
There stands a spectre in your hall:  
The guilt of blood is at your door:  
You changed a wholesome heart to gall.  
You held your course without remorse,  
To make him trust his modest worth,  
And, last, you fix'd a vacant stare,  
And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,  
From yon blue heavens above us bent  
The grand old gardener and his wife  
Smile at the claims of long descent.  
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,  
'Tis only noble to be good.  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere:  
You pine among your halls and towers:  
The languid light of your proud eyes  
Is wearied of the rolling hours.  
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,  
But sickening of a vague disease,  
You know so ill to deal with time,  
You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,  
If Time be heavy on your hands,  
Are there no beggars at your gate,  
Nor any poor about your lands?  
Oh! teach the orphan-boy to read,  
Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,  
Pray Heaven for a human heart,  
And let the foolish yeoman go.

*THE LOTOS-EATERS.*

"COURAGE!" he said, and pointed toward the land,  
 "This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."  
 In the afternoon they came unto a land,  
 In which it seemed always afternoon.  
 All round the coast the languid air did swoon,  
 Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.  
 Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;  
 And like a downward smoke, the slender stream  
 Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,  
 Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;  
 And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,  
 Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.  
 They saw the gleaming river seaward flow  
 From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops,  
 Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,  
 Stood sunset-flush'd: and, dew'd with showery drops,  
 Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.  
 The charmed sunset linger'd low adown  
 In the red West: thro' mountain clefts the dale  
 Was seen far inland, and the yellow down  
 Border'd with palm, and many a wind-ing vale  
 And meadow, set with slender galingale:  
 A land where all things always seem'd the same!  
 And round about the keel with faces pale,  
 Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,  
 The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,  
 Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave  
 To each, but whoso did receive of them,  
 And taste, to him the gushing of the wave  
 Far far away did seem to mourn and rave  
 On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,  
 His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;  
 And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,  
 And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,  
 Between the sun and moon upon the shore;  
 And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,  
 Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore  
 Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,  
 Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.  
 Then some one said, "We will return no more";  
 And all at once they sang, "Our island home  
 Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam."

*MORTE D'ARTHUR.*

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd  
 Among the mountains by the winter sea;  
 Until King Arthur's table, man by man,  
 Had fall'n in Lyonness about their Lord,  
 King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,  
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,  
 Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,  
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,  
 A broken chancel with a broken cross,

That stood on a dark strait of barren  
land.

On one side lay the Ocean, and on one  
Lay a great water, and the moon was  
full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedi-  
vere :

"The sequel of to-day unsolders all  
The goodliest fellowship of famous  
knights

Whereof this world holds record. Such  
a sleep

They sleep — the men I loved. I think  
that we

Shall never more, at any future time,  
Delight our souls with talk of knightly  
deeds,

Walking about the gardens and the  
halls

Of Camelot, as in the days that were.  
I perish by this people which I made, —  
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come  
again

To rule once more — but let what will  
be, be,

I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm  
That without help I cannot last till  
morn.

Thou therefore take my brand Excali-  
bur,

Which was my pride : for thou remem-  
berest how

In those old days, one summer noon, an  
arm

Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,  
Clothed with white samite, mystic, won-  
derful,

Holding the sword — and how I rowed  
across

And took it, and have worn it, like a  
king :

And, wheresoever I am sung or told  
In aftertime, this also shall be known :  
But now delay not : take Excalibur,  
And fling him far into the middle  
mere :

Watch what thou seest, and lightly  
bring me word."

. . . . .

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and  
ran,

And, leaping down the ridges lightly,  
plunged

Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd  
the sword,

And strongly wheel'd and threw it.  
The great brand

Made lightnings in the splendor of the  
moon,

And flashing round and round, and  
whirl'd in an arch,

Shot like a streamer of the northern  
morn,

Seen where the moving isles of winter  
shock

By night, with noises of the northern  
sea.

So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur :  
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an  
arm

Cloth'd in white samite, mystic, wonder-  
ful,

And caught him by the hilt, and bran-  
dish'd him

Three times, and drew him under in the  
mere.

And lightly went the other to the  
King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing  
thicker breath :

"Now see I by thine eyes that this is  
done.

Speak out : what is it thou hast heard,  
or seen ?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedi-  
vere :

"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest  
the gems

Should blind my purpose, for I never  
saw,

Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I  
die,

Not tho' I live three lives of mortal  
men,

So great a miracle as yonder hilt.  
Then with both hands I flung him,

wheeling him ;  
But when I look'd again, behold an  
arm,

Clothed in white samite, mystic, won-  
derful,

That caught him by the hilt, and bran-  
dish'd him

Three times, and drew him under in  
the mere."

And answer made King Arthur,  
breathing hard:

"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that  
I were gone.

Make broad thy shoulders to receive  
my weight,

And bear me to the margin; yet I  
fear

My wound hath taken cold, and I shall  
die."

So saying, from the pavement he half  
rose,

Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,  
And looking wistfully with wide blue  
eyes

As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere  
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,  
And would have spoken, but he found  
not words,

Then took with care, and kneeling on  
one knee,

O'er both his shoulders drew the lan-  
guid hands,

And rising bore him thro' the place of  
tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted  
hard,

Like one that feels a nightmare on his  
bed

When all the house is mute. So sigh'd  
the King,

Muttering and murmuring at his ear  
"Quick, quick!

I fear it is too late, and I shall die."

But the other swiftly strode from ridge  
to ridge,

Clothed with his breath, and looking,  
as he walk'd,

Larger than human on the frozen hills.  
He heard the deep behind him, and a  
cry

Before. His own thought drove him  
like a goad.

Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves  
And barren chasms, and all to left and  
right

The bare black cliff clang'd round him,  
as he based

His feet on juts of slippery crag that  
rang

Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed  
heels —

And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,  
And the long glories of the winter  
moon.

Then saw they how there hove a  
dusky barge,

Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to  
stern,

Beneath them; and descending they  
were ware

That all the decks were dense with  
stately forms

Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a  
dream — by these

Three Queens with crowns of gold —  
and from them rose

A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,  
And, as it were one voice, an agony

Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills  
All night in a waste land, where no one  
comes,

Or hath come, since the making of the  
world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me  
in the barge,"

And to the barge they came. There  
those three Queens

Put forth their hands, and took the  
King, and wept.

But she that rose the tallest of them all  
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,

And loosed the shatter'd casque, and  
chafed his hands

And call'd him by his name, complain-  
ing loud,

And dropping bitter tears against his  
brow

Striped with dark blood: for all his  
face was white

And colorless, and like the wither'd  
moon

Smote by the fresh beam of the spring-  
ing east;

And all his grieves and cuisses dash'd  
with drops

Of onset; and the light and lustrous  
curls —

That made his forehead like a rising  
sun

High from the dais-throne — were  
parch'd with dust;



Dr, clotted into points and hanging  
loose,  
Mix'd with the knightly growth that  
fringed his lips.

So like a shatter'd column lay the  
King;

Not like that Arthur who, with lance in  
rest,

From spur to plume a star of tourna-  
ment,

Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and  
charged

Before the eyes of ladies and of  
kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedi-  
vere,

"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I  
go?

Where shall I hide my forehead and  
my eyes?

For now I see the true old times are  
dead,

When every morning brought a noble  
chance,

And every chance brought out a noble  
knight.

Such times have been not since the  
light hath led

The holy Elders with the gift of  
myrrh.

But now the whole ROUND TABLE is  
dissolved

Which was an image of the mighty  
world;

And I, the last, go forth companionless,  
And the days darken round me, and the

years,  
Among new men, strange faces, other  
minds."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the  
barge;

"The old order changeth, yielding  
place to new,

And God fulfils himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt

the world.

Comfort thyself: what comfort is in  
me?

I have lived my life, and that which I  
have done

May He within himself make pure! but  
thou,

If thou shouldst never see my face  
again,

Pray for my soul. More things are  
wrought by prayer

Than this world dreams of. Where-  
fore, let thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and  
day.

For what are men better than sheep or  
goats

That nourish a blind life within the  
brain,

If, knowing God, they lift not hands of  
prayer

Both for themselves and those who call  
them friend?

For so the whole round earth is every  
way

Bound by gold chains about the feet of  
God.

But now farewell. I am going a long  
way

With these thou seest—if indeed I  
go—

(For all my mind is clouded with a  
doubt)

To the island-valley of Avilion;

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any  
snow,

Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it  
lies

Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with  
orchard-lawns

And bowery hollows crown'd with sum-  
mer sea,

Where I will heal me of my grievous  
wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar  
and sail

Moved from the brink, like some full-  
breasted swan—

That, fluting a wild carol ere her  
death,

Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes  
the flood

With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir  
Bedivere

Revolving many memories, till the hull  
Look'd one black dot against the verge

of dawn,

And on the mere the wailing died  
away.

## ST. AGNES.

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows  
 Are sparkling to the moon :  
 My breath to heaven like vapor goes :  
 May my soul follow soon !  
 The shadows of the convent-towers  
 Slant down the snowy sward,  
 Still creeping with the creeping hours  
 That lead me to my Lord :  
 Make Thou my spirit pure and clear  
 As are the frosty skies,  
 Or this first snowdrop of the year  
 That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark,  
 To yonder shining ground ;  
 As this pale taper's earthly spark,  
 To yonder argent round ;  
 So shows my soul before the Lamb,  
 My spirit before Thee ;  
 So in mine earthly house I am,  
 To that I hope to be.  
 Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far,  
 Thro' all yon starlight keen,  
 Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,  
 In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors ;  
 The flashes come and go ;  
 All heaven bursts her starry floors,  
 And strews her lights below,  
 And deepens on and up ! the gates  
 Roll back, and far within  
 For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,  
 To make me pure of sin.  
 The sabbaths of Eternity,  
 One sabbath deep and wide —  
 A light upon the shining sea —  
 The Bridegroom with his bride !

## SIR GALAHAD.

My good blade carves the casques of  
 men,  
 My tough lance thrusteth sure,  
 My strength is as the strength of ten,  
 Because my heart is pure.  
 The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,  
 The hard brands shiver on the steel,

The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,  
 The horse and rider reel :  
 They reel, they roll in clanging lists,  
 And when the tide of combat stands,  
 Perfume and flowers fall in showers,  
 That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend  
 On whom their favors fall !  
 For them I battle to the end,  
 To save from shame and thrall :  
 But all my heart is drawn above,  
 My knees are bow'd in crypt and  
 shrine :

I never felt the kiss of love,  
 Nor maiden's hand in mine.  
 More bounteous aspects on me beam,  
 Me mightier transports move and  
 thrill ;  
 So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer  
 A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,  
 A light before me swims,  
 Between dark stems the forest glows,  
 I hear a noise of hymns :  
 Then by some secret shrine I ride ;  
 I hear a voice, but none are there ;  
 The stalls are void, the doors are wide,  
 The tapers burning fair.  
 Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,  
 The silver vessels sparkle clean,  
 The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,  
 And solemn chants resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres  
 I find a magic bark ;  
 I leap on board : no helmsman steers :  
 I float till all is dark.  
 A gentle sound, an awful light !  
 Three angels bear the holy Grail :  
 With folded feet, in stoles of white,  
 On sleeping wings they sail.  
 Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God !  
 My spirit beats her mortal bars,  
 As down dark tides the glory slides,  
 And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne  
 Thro' dreaming towns I go,  
 The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,  
 The streets are dumb with snow.

The tempest crackles on the leads,  
And, ringing, spins from brand and  
mail;

But o'er the dark a glory spreads,  
And gilds the driving hail.  
I leave the plain, I climb the height;  
No branchy thicket shelter yields:  
But blessed forms in whistling storms  
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight — to me is given  
Such hope, I know not fear;  
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven  
That often meet me here.  
I muse on joy that will not cease,  
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,  
Pure lilies of eternal peace,  
Whose odors haunt my dreams;  
And, stricken by an angel's hand,  
This mortal armor that I wear,  
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,  
Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,  
And thro' the mountain-walls  
A rolling organ-harmony  
Swells up, and shakes and falls.  
Then move the trees, the copses nod,  
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:  
"O just and faithful knight of God!  
Ride on! the prize is near."  
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;  
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,  
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,  
Until I find the holy Grail.

#### *A FAREWELL.*

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,  
Thy tribute wave deliver:  
No more by thee my steps shall be,  
Forever and forever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,  
A rivulet then a river:  
Nowhere by thee my steps shall be,  
Forever and forever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,  
And here thine aspen shiver;  
And here by thee will hum the bee,  
Forever and forever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,  
A thousand moons will quiver;  
But not by thee my steps shall be,  
Forever and forever.

#### *BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.*

BREAK, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
O well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.

#### *AS THRO' THE LAND AT EVE WE WENT.*

[*The Princess*, Part I.]

As thro' the land at eve we went,  
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,  
We fell out, my wife and I,  
O we fell out I know not why,  
And kiss'd again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child  
We lost in other years,  
There above the little grave,  
O there above the little grave,  
We kiss'd again with tears.

#### *SWEET AND LOW, SWEET AND LOW.*

[*The Princess*, Part II.]

SWEET and low, sweet and low,  
Wind of the western sea,

Low, low, breathe and blow,  
 Wind of the western sea!  
 Over the rolling waters go,  
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,  
 Blow him again to me;  
 While my little one, while my pretty  
 one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
 Father will come to thee soon;  
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,  
 Father will come to thee soon:  
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,  
 Silver sails all out of the west  
 Under the silver moon:  
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty  
 one, sleep.

### THE BUGLE SONG.

[*The Princess*, Part III.]

THE splendor falls on castle walls  
 And snowy summits old in story.  
 The long light shakes across the lakes  
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes  
 flying,  
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying,  
 dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,  
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!  
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens reply-  
 ing:  
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying,  
 dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
 They faint on hill or field or river:  
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
 And grow forever and forever.  
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes  
 flying,  
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying,  
 dying, dying.

### TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

[*The Princess*, Part IV.]

"TEARS, idle tears, I know not what  
 they mean.  
 Tears from the depth of some divine  
 despair  
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
 In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,  
 And thinking of the days that are no  
 more.

"Fresh as the first beam glittering on  
 a sail,  
 That brings our friends up from the  
 under-world,  
 Sad as the last which reddens over one  
 That sinks with all we love below the  
 verge;  
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no  
 more.

"Ah, sad and strange as in dark sum-  
 mer dawns  
 The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds  
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
 The casement slowly grows a glimmer-  
 ing square;  
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no  
 more.

"Dear as remember'd kisses after  
 death,  
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy  
 feign'd  
 On lips that are for others; deep as  
 love,  
 Deep as first love, and wild with all  
 regret;  
 O Death in Life, the days that are no  
 more."

### O SWALLOW, SWALLOW, FLYING, FLYING SOUTH.

[*The Princess*, Part IV.]

"O SWALLOW, Swallow, flying, fly-  
 ing South,  
 Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded  
 eaves,  
 And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee

"O tell her, Swallow, that thou knowest each,  
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,  
And dark and true and tender is the North.

"O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow and light  
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,  
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

"O were I thou that she might take me in,  
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart  
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

"Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,  
Delaying as the tender ash delays  
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

"O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown:  
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,  
But in the North long since my nest is made.

"O tell her, brief is life, but love is long,  
And brief the sun of summer in the North,  
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

"O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,  
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,  
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee."

# HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD.

[*The Princess*, Part V.]

HOME they brought her warrior dead:  
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:  
All her maidens, watching, said,  
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,  
Call'd him worthy to be loved,  
Truest friend and noblest foe;  
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,  
Lightly to the warrior stept,  
Took the face-cloth from the face;  
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,  
Set his child upon her knee —  
Like summer tempest came her tears —  
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

## ASK ME NO MORE.

[*The Princess*, Part VI.]

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;  
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,  
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;  
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?

I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:  
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!

Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are seal'd:

I strove against the stream and all in vain:

Let the great river take me to the main:

No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;

Ask me no more.

*STRONG SON OF GOD, IMMORTAL LOVE.**[In Memoriam.]*

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,  
Whom we, that have not seen thy  
face,  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;  
Thou madest life in man and brute;  
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy  
foot  
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:  
Thou madest man, he knows not  
why;  
He thinks he was not made to die;  
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,  
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:  
Our wills are ours, we know not how;  
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;  
They have their day and cease to be:  
They are but broken lights of thee,  
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;  
For knowledge is of things we see;  
And yet we trust it comes from thee,  
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to  
more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell;  
That mind and soul, according well,  
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;  
We mock thee when we do not fear:  
But help thy foolish ones to bear;  
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me;  
What seem'd my worth since I be-  
gan;  
For merit lives from man to man,  
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,  
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.  
I trust he lives in thee, and there  
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,  
Confusions of a wasted youth;  
Forgive them where they fail in truth,  
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

*I SOMETIMES HOLD IT HALF  
A SIN.**[In Memoriam, V.]*

I SOMETIMES hold it half a sin  
To put in words the grief I feel;  
For words, like Nature, half reveal  
And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,  
A use in measured language lies;  
The sad mechanic exercise,  
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,  
Like coarsest clothes against the cold;  
But that large grief which these en-  
fold  
Is given in outline and no more.

*LO, AS A DOVE WHEN UP SHE  
SPRINGS.**[In Memoriam, XII.]*

Lo, as a dove when up she springs  
To bear thro' Heaven a tale of woe,  
Some dolorous message knit below  
The wild pulsation of her wings;

Like her I go; I cannot stay;  
I leave this mortal ark behind,  
A weight of nerves without a mind,  
And leave the cliffs, and haste away

O'er ocean-mirrors rounded large,  
And reach the glow of southern skies,  
And see the sails at distance rise,  
And linger weeping on the marge,

And saying, "Comes he thus, my friend?  
Is this the end of all my care?"  
And circle moaning in the air:  
"Is this the end? Is this the end?"

And forward dart again, and play  
About the prow, and back return  
To where the body sits, and learn,  
That I have been an hour away.

---

*THE PATH BY WHICH WE  
TWIN DID GO.*

[*In Memoriam*, XXII.]

THE path by which we twain did go,  
Which led by tracts that pleased us  
well,  
Thro' four sweet years arose and fell  
From flower to flower, from snow to  
snow:

And we with singing cheer'd the way,  
And crown'd with all the season lent,  
From April on to April went,  
And glad at heart from May to May:

But where the path we walk'd began  
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,  
As we descended, following Hope,  
There sat the Shadow fear'd of man;

Who broke our fair companionship,  
And spread his mantle dark and cold,  
And wrapt thee formless in the fold,  
And dull'd the murmur on thy lip,

And bore thee where I could not see  
Nor follow, tho' I walk in haste,  
And think that somewhere in the  
waste

The Shadow sits and waits for me.

---

*I ENVY NOT IN ANY MOODS.*

[*In Memoriam*, XXVII.]

I ENVY not in any moods  
The captive void of noble rage,  
The linnet born within the cage,  
That never knew the summer woods:

I envy not the beast that takes  
His license in the field of time,  
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,  
To whom a conscience never wakes:

Nor, what may count itself as blest,  
The heart that never plighted troth,  
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth  
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;  
I feel it, when I sorrow most;  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all.

---

*O YET WE TRUST THAT SOME  
HOW GOOD.*

[*In Memoriam*, LIII.]

O YET we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood.

That nothing walks with aimless feet;  
That not one life shall be destroy'd,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile com-  
plete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;  
That not a moth with vain desire  
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,  
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold we know not anything;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last — far off — at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?  
An infant crying in the night:  
An infant crying for the light:  
And with no language but a cry.

---

*RING OUT, WILD BELLS, TO THE  
WILD SKY.*

[*In Memoriam*, CV.]

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light:  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
 The year is going, let him go;  
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
 For those that here we see no more;  
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
 And ancient forms of party strife;  
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
 The faithless coldness of the times;  
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
 The civic slander and the spite;  
 Ring in the love of truth and right,  
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
 Ring out the darkness of the land,  
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

---

*IT IS THE DAY WHEN HE  
 WAS BORN.*

[*In Memoriam*, CVI.]

It is the day when he was born,  
 A bitter day that early sank  
 Behind a purple-frosty bank  
 Of vapor, leaving night forlorn.

The time admits not flowers or leaves  
 To deck the banquet. Fiercely flies  
 The blast of North and East, and ice  
 Makes daggers at the sharpen'd eaves,

And bristles all the brakes and thorns  
 To yon hard crescent, as she hangs  
 Above the wood which grides and  
 clangs  
 Its leafless ribs and iron horns

Together, in the drifts that pass  
 To darken on the rolling brine  
 That breaks the coast. But fetch the  
 wine,  
 Arrange the board and brim the glass;

Bring in great logs and let them lie,  
 To make a solid core of heat;  
 Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat  
 Of all things ev'n as he were by;

We keep the day. With festal cheer,  
 With books and music, surely we  
 Will drink to him whate'er he be,  
 And sing the songs he loved to hear.

---

*COME INTO THE GARDEN,  
 MAUD.*

COME into the garden, Maud,  
 For the black bat, night, has flown,  
 Come into the garden, Maud,  
 I am here at the gate alone;  
 And the woodbine spices are wafted  
 abroad,  
 And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,  
 And the planet of Love is on high,  
 Beginning to faint in the light that she  
 loves  
 On a bed of daffodil sky,  
 To faint in the light of the sun she  
 loves,  
 To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard  
 The flute, violin, bassoon;  
 All night has the casement jessamine  
 stirr'd  
 To the dancers dancing in tune;  
 Till a silence fell with the waking bird,  
 And a hush with the setting moon.



I said to the lily, "There is but one  
 With whom she has heart to be gay.  
 When will the dancers leave her alone?  
 She is weary of dance and play."  
 Now half to the setting moon are gone,  
 And half to the rising day;  
 Low on the sand and loud on the stone  
 The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night  
 goes  
 In babble and revel and wine.  
 O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,  
 For one that will never be thine?  
 But mine, but mine," so I swear to the  
 rose,  
 "For ever and ever, mine."

And the soul of the rose went into my  
 blood,  
 As the music clash'd in the hall;  
 And long by the garden lake I stood,  
 For I heard your rivulet fall  
 From the lake to the meadow and on to  
 the wood,  
 Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left  
 so sweet  
 That whenever a March-wind sighs  
 He sets the jewel-print of your feet  
 In violets blue as your eyes,  
 To the woody hollows in which we  
 meet  
 And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake  
 One long milk-bloom on the tree;  
 The white lake-blossom fell into the  
 lake,  
 As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;  
 But the rose was awake all night for  
 your sake,  
 Knowing your promise to me;  
 The lilies and roses were all awake,  
 They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of  
 girls,  
 Come hither, the dances are done,  
 In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,  
 Queen lily and rose in one;

Shine out, little head, sunning over with  
 curls,  
 To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear  
 From the passion-flower at the gate.  
 She is coming, my dove, my dear;  
 She is coming, my life, my fate;  
 The red rose cries, "She is near, she is  
 near";  
 And the white rose weeps, "She is  
 late";  
 The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear";  
 And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet;  
 Were it ever so airy a tread,  
 My heart would hear her and beat,  
 Were it earth in an earthy bed;  
 My dust would hear her and beat,  
 Had I lain for a century dead;  
 Would start and tremble under her feet,  
 And blossom in purple and red.

### THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,  
 I make a sudden sally  
 And sparkle out among the fern,  
 To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,  
 Or slip between the ridges,  
 By twenty thorns, a little town,  
 And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,  
 In little sharps and trebles.  
 I bubble into eddying bays,  
 I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret  
 By many a field and fallow,  
 And many a fairy foreland set  
 With willow-weed and mallow,

I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,  
 With here a blossom sailing,  
 And here and there a lusty trout,  
 And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake  
 Upon me, as I travel  
 With many a silver waterbreak  
 Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
 I slide by hazel covers;  
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
 Among my skimming swallows;  
 I make the netted sunbeam dance  
 Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars  
 In brambly wildernesses;  
 I linger by my shingly bars;  
 I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on forever.

---

TURN, FORTUNE, TURN THY  
 WHEEL.

[*Idyls of the King: Enid.*]

"TURN, Fortune, turn thy wheel and  
 lower the proud:  
 Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine,  
 storm, and cloud;  
 Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor  
 hate,

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with  
 smile or frown;  
 With that wild wheel we go not up or  
 down;  
 Our hoard is little, but our hearts are  
 great.

"Smile and we smile, the lords of  
 many lands:  
 Frown and we smile, the lords of our  
 own hands;  
 For man is man and master of his fate.

"Turn, turn thy wheel above the star-  
 ing crowd;  
 Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the  
 cloud;  
 Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor  
 hate."

---

IN LOVE, IF LOVE BE LOVE.

[*Idyls of the King: Vivien.*]

"In Love, if Love be Love, if Love  
 be ours,  
 Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal  
 powers:  
 Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

"It is the little rift within the lute,  
 That by and by will make the music mute,  
 And ever widening slowly silence all.

"The little rift within the lover's lute,  
 Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,  
 That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

"It is not worth the keeping: let it go:  
 But shall it? answer, darling, answer, no.  
 And trust me not at all or all in all."

---

SWEET IS TRUE LOVE.

[*Idyls of the King: Elaine.*]

"SWEET is true love, tho' given in  
 vain, in vain;  
 And sweet is death who puts an end to  
 pain:  
 I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

"Love, art thou sweet? then bitter  
death must be:

Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to  
me.

O Love, if death be sweeter, let me die.

"Sweet Love, that seems not made to  
fade away,

Sweet death, that seems to make us love-  
less clay,

I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

"I fain would follow love, if that could  
be;

I needs must follow death, who calls for  
me;

Call and I follow, I follow! let me die."

#### ARTHUR'S FAREWELL TO GUINEVERE.

[*Idyls of the King: Guinevere.*]

"YET think not that I come to urge  
thy crimes,

I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,  
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die  
To see thee, laying there thy golden  
head,

My pride in happier summers, at my  
feet.

The wrath which forced my thoughts on  
that fierce law,

The doom of treason and the flaming  
death,

(When first I learnt thee hidden here)  
is past.

The pang—which while I weigh'd thy  
heart with one

Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,  
Made my tears burn—is also past, in  
part.

And all is past, the sin is sinn'd, and I,  
Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God  
Forgives: do thou for thine own soul  
the rest.

But how to take last leave of all I loved?  
O golden hair, with which I used to  
play

Notknowing! O imperial-moulded form,  
And beauty such as woman never wore,

Until it came a kingdom's curse with  
thee—

I cannot touch thy lips, they are not  
mine,

But Lancelot's: nay, they never were  
the King's.

I cannot take thy hand; that too is flesh,  
And in the flesh thou hast sinn'd; and

mine own flesh,  
Here looking down on thine polluted,  
cries

'I loathe thee'; yet not less, O Guine-  
vere,

For I was ever virgin save for thee,  
My love thro' flesh hath wrought into

my life  
So far, that my doom is, I love thee  
still.

Let no man dream but that I love thee  
still.

Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,  
And so thou lean on our fair father

Christ,  
Hereafter in that world where all are  
pure

We two may meet before high God,  
and thou

Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine,  
and know

I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,  
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me

that,  
I charge thee, my last hope. Now must  
I hence.

Thro' the thick night I hear the trumpet  
blow:

They summon me their King to lead  
mine hosts

Far down to that great battle in the west,  
Where I must strike against my sister's

son,  
Leagued with the lords of the White  
Horse and knights

Once mine, and strike him dead, and  
meet myself

Death, or I know not what mysterious  
doom.

And thou remaining here wilt learn the  
event;

But hither shall I never come again,  
Never lie by thy side, see thee no more,

Farewell!"

### WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?

[*Sea Dreams.*]

WHAT does little birdie say  
In her nest at peep of day?  
Let me fly, says little birdie,  
Mother, let me fly away.  
Birdie, rest a little longer,  
Till the little wings are stronger.  
So she rests a little longer,  
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,  
In her bed at peep of day?  
Baby says, like little birdie,  
Let me rise and fly away.  
Baby, sleep a little longer,  
Till the little limbs are stronger.  
If she sleeps a little longer,  
Baby too shall fly away.

### THE SAILOR-BOY.

HE rose at dawn, and, fired with hope,  
Shot o'er the seething harbor-bar,  
And reach'd the ship and caught the  
rope,  
And whistled to the morning star.

And while he whistled long and loud  
He heard a fierce mermaid cry,  
"O Boy, tho' thou art young and proud,  
I see the place where thou wilt lie.

"The sands and yeasty surges mix  
In caves about the dreary bay,  
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,  
And in thy heart the scrawl shall  
play."

"Fool," he answer'd, "death is sure  
To those that stay and those that roam,  
But I will never more endure  
To sit with empty hands at home.

"My mother clings about my neck,  
My sisters crying, 'Stay, for shame';  
My father raves of death and wreck,  
They are all to blame, they are all to  
blame.

"God help me! save I take my part  
Of danger on the roaring sea,  
A devil rises in my heart,  
Far worse than any death to me."

## WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

1811-1863.

[BORN at Calcutta, India, in 1811. Son of a gentleman in the civil service of the East India Company; came to England in 1818. Educated at the Charter House School, London, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, but left without taking a degree. Travelled and studied in the continent with a view to becoming a painter. In 1838 became a correspondent of the *Times*, and adopted literature as a profession, in which he became very successful, and in popular estimation a rival of Dickens for the first place in modern English fiction. He also studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1848, but never practiced. He founded the *Cornhill Magazine*, 1859. Died at Kensington Palace Gardens, London, Dec. 24, 1863.]

### THE END OF THE PLAY.

THE play is done, — the curtain drops,  
Slow falling to the prompter's bell;  
A moment yet the actor stops,  
And looks around, to say farewell.

It is an irksome word and task;  
And, when he's laughed and said his say,  
He shows, as he removes the mask,  
A face that's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,—  
 Let's close it with a parting rhyme;  
 And pledge a hand to all young friends,  
 As flits the merry Christmas time;  
 On life's wide scene you, too, have  
     parts  
 That fate ere long shall bid you play;  
 Good night!—with honest, gentle  
     hearts  
 A kindly greeting go away!

Good night!—I'd say the griefs, the  
     joys,  
 Just hinted in this mimic page,  
 The triumphs and defeats of boys,  
 Are but repeated in our age;  
 I'd say your woes were not less keen,  
 Your hopes more vain, than those of  
     men,—  
 Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen  
 At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say we suffer and we strive  
 Not less nor more as men than  
     boys,—  
 With grizzled beards at forty-five,  
 As erst at twelve in corduroys;  
 And if, in time of sacred youth,  
 We learned at home to love and  
     pray,  
 Pray Heaven that early love and truth  
 May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,  
 I'd say how fate may change and  
     shift,—  
 The prize be sometimes with the fool,  
 The race not always to the swift:  
 The strong may yield, the good may  
     fall,  
 The great man be a vulgar clown,  
 The knave be lifted over all,  
 The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?  
 Blessèd be He who took and gave!  
 Why should your mother, Charles, not  
     mine,  
 Be weeping at her darling's grave?  
 We bow to Heaven that willed it so,  
 That darkly rules the fate of all,  
 That sends the respite or the blow,  
 That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and  
     wit,—  
 Who brought him to that mirth and  
     state?  
 His betters, see, below him sit,  
 Or hunger hopeless at the gate.  
 Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel  
 To spurn the rags of Lazarus?  
 Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,  
 Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,  
 Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely  
     killed;  
 Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance  
 And longing passion unfulfilled.  
 Amen!—whatever fate be sent,  
 Pray God the heart may kindly glow,  
 Although the head with cares be bent,  
 And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or  
     ill,  
 Let young and old accept their part,  
 And bow before the awful will,  
 And bear it with an honest heart.  
 Who misses, or who wins the prize,—  
 Go, lose or conquer as you can;  
 But if you fail, or if you rise,  
 Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!  
 (Bear kindly with my humble lays;)  
 The sacred chorus first was sung  
 Upon the first of Christmas days;  
 The shepherds heard it overhead,—  
 The joyful angels raised it then:  
 Glory to Heaven on high, it said,  
 And peace on earth to gentle men!

My song, save this, is little worth;  
 I lay the weary pen aside,  
 And wish you health and love and  
     mirth,  
 As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.  
 As fits the holy Christmas birth,  
 Be this, good friends, our carol still,—  
 Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,  
 To men of gentle will.

## THE MAHOGANY-TREE.

CHRISTMAS is here;  
Winds whistle shrill,  
Icy and chill,  
Little care we;  
Little we fear  
Weather without,  
Sheltered about  
The mahogany-tree.

Once on the boughs  
Birds of rare plume  
Sang, in its bloom;  
Night-birds are we;  
Here we carouse,  
Singing, like them,  
Perched round the stem  
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,  
Boys, as we sit, —  
Laughter and wit  
Flashing so free.  
Life is but short, —  
When we are gone,  
Let them sing on,  
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,  
Happy as this;  
Faces we miss,  
Pleasant to see.

Kind hearts and true,  
Gentle and just,  
Peace to your dust!  
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,  
Lurks at the gate:  
Let the dog wait;  
Happy we'll be!  
Drink, every one;  
Pile up the coals;  
Fill the red bowls,  
Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup. —  
Friend, art afraid?  
Spirits are laid  
In the Red Sea.  
Mantle it up;  
Empty it yet;  
Let us forget,  
Round the old tree!

Sorrows, begone!  
Life and its ills,  
Duns and their bills,  
Bid we to flee.  
Come with the dawn,  
Blue-devil sprite;  
Leave us to-night,  
Round the old tree!



## ALFRED DOMMETT.

1811-1887.

[BORN at Camberwell Grove, Surrey, May 20, 1811. Entered Cambridge in 1829, as a member of St. John's College, but after three years' residence left the university without graduating. In 1832 he published a volume of poems. Travelled in America for two years; after his return contributed some poems to *Blackwood's Magazine*. One of these, *A Christmas Hymn*, was greatly admired, and has been frequently reprinted. Went to New Zealand in 1842, where he became Colonial Secretary, Secretary for Crown Lands, and held various other important positions in the government of that colony. Returned to England in 1871. Since his return has published a volume of poems, *Flotsam and Jetsam, Rhymes, Old and New*, 1877. He also published in 1872, *Ranolf and Amohia, a South Sea Dream*.]

## A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night!  
Seven hundred years and fifty-three  
Had Rome been growing up to might,  
And now was queen of land and sea.

No sound was heard of clashing wars —  
Peace brooded o'er the hush'd  
domain:  
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars

Held undisturb'd their ancient reign,  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night!  
The senator of haughty Rome,  
Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,  
From lordly revel rolling home;  
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell  
His breast with thoughts of bound-  
less sway;  
What reck'd the Roman what befell  
A paltry province far away,  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago?

Within that province far away  
Went plodding home a weary boor;  
A streak of light before him lay,  
Fallen through a half-shut stable-  
door  
Across his path. He pass'd — for  
naught  
Told what was going on within;  
How keen the stars, his only thought —  
The air how calm, and cold, and thin,  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago!

O, strange indifference! low and high  
Drownd over common joys and  
cares;  
The earth was still — but knew not  
why  
The world was listening, unawares.  
How calm a moment may precede  
One that shall thrill the world for  
ever!  
To that still moment, none would heed,  
Man's doom was link'd no more to  
sever —  
In the solemn midnight  
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!  
A thousand bells ring out, and throw  
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite  
The darkness — charm'd and holy  
now!  
The night that erst no shame had worn,  
To it a happy name is given;  
For in that stable lay, new-born,  
The peaceful Prince of earth and  
heaven,  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago!

## ROBERT BROWNING.

1812-1889.

[ROBERT BROWNING, one of the most distinguished of modern English poets, was born in Camberwell, near London, in 1812. In 1835 he published *Paracelsus*, which was favorably received, and in 1837 produced *Strafford*, a tragedy, in which Mr. Macready the actor personated the hero. Among his other works are *Sordello*, 1840; *Pippa Passes*; *A Blot in the Scutcheon*, 1843; *King Victor and King Charles*; *Return of the Druses*; *Dramatic Lyrics*; *Men and Women*, 1855; *The Soul's Errand*, 1864; *The Ring and the Book*, 1869; *Dramatic Idylls*, 1879; *Fifine at the Fair*, 1872; *Red Cotton Nightcaps*, 1873; and *Jocoseria*, 1883. In Nov., 1846, he married Miss Elizabeth Barrett, the distinguished poet, and after his marriage he resided for some years in Italy, chiefly at Florence, making occasional visits to France and England. The second edition, enlarged, of a Bibliography of Robert Browning from 1833 to 1881, compiled by Frederick J. Furnivall, was published at London in 1882. His poetry, although difficult to be understood, has many admirers.]

### HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and  
he;  
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped  
all three;  
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the  
gate-bolts undrew;

"Speed!" echoed the wall to us gal-  
loping through;  
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank  
to rest,  
And into the midnight we galloped  
abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the  
great pace  
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never  
changing our place;  
I turned in my saddle and made its  
girths tight,  
Then shortened each stirrup, and set  
the pique right,  
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained  
slacker the bit,  
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a  
whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while  
we drew near  
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight  
dawned clear;  
At Boom, a great yellow star came out  
to see;  
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as  
could be;  
And from Mecheln church-steeple we  
heard the half chime,  
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there  
is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the  
sun,  
And against him the cattle stood black  
every one,  
To stare through the mist at us gallop-  
ing past,  
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at  
last,  
With resolute shoulders, each butting  
away  
The haze, as some bluff river headland  
its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one  
sharp ear bent back  
For my voice, and the other pricked out  
on his track;  
And one eye's black intelligence — ever  
that glance  
O'er its white edge at me, his own mas-  
ter, askance!  
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which  
aye and anon  
His fierce lips shook upwards in gallop-  
ing on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried  
Joris, "Stay spur!  
Your Ross galloped bravely, the fault's  
not in her,  
We'll remember at Aix" — for one heard  
the quick wheeze  
Of her chest, saw her stretched neck and  
staggering knees,  
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of  
the flank,  
As down on her haunches she shud-  
dered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,  
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud  
in the sky;  
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless  
laugh,  
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright  
stubble like chaff;  
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang  
white,  
And "Gallop" gasped Joris, "for Aix  
is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" and all in a  
moment his roan  
Rolled neck and crop over; lay dead as  
a stone;  
And there was my Roland to bear the  
whole weight  
Of the news which alone could save Aix  
from her fate,  
With his nostrils like pits full of blood  
to the brim,  
And with circles of red for his eye-  
socket's rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each  
holster let fall,  
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go  
belt and all,  
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted  
his ear,  
Called my Roland his pet-name, my  
horse without peer;  
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang,  
any noise, bad or good,  
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped  
and stood,



And all I remember is, friends flocking  
 round  
 As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees  
 on the ground,  
 And no voice but was praising this Ro-  
 land of mine,  
 As I poured down his throat our last  
 measure of wine,  
 Which (the burgesses voted by common  
 consent)  
 Was no more than his due who brought  
 good news from Ghent.

### LOVE AMONG THE RUINS.

WHERE the quiet-colored end of even-  
 ing smiles,  
 Miles and miles,  
 On the solitary pastures where our sheep  
 Half-asleep  
 Tinkle homeward through the twilight,  
 stray or stop  
 As they crop —  
 Was the site once of a city great and gay  
 (So they say),  
 Of our country's very capital, its prince,  
 Ages since,  
 Held his court in, gathered councils,  
 wielding far  
 Peace or war.

Now, — the country does not even boast  
 a tree,  
 As you see,  
 To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain  
 rills  
 From the hills  
 Intersect and give a name to (else they  
 run  
 Into one),  
 Where the domed and daring palace  
 shot its spires  
 Up like fires  
 O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall  
 Bounding all,  
 Made of marble, men might march on  
 nor be pressed,  
 Twelve abreast.

And such plenty and perfection, see,  
 of grass  
 Never was!  
 Such a carpet as, this summer-time,  
 o'er-spreads  
 And embeds  
 Every vestige of the city, guessed alone,  
 Stock or stone —  
 Where a multitude of men breathed joy  
 and woe  
 Long ago;  
 Lust of glory pricked their hearts up,  
 dread of shame  
 Struck them tame;  
 And that glory and that shame alike,  
 the gold  
 Bought and sold.

Now, — the single little turret that re-  
 mains  
 On the plains,  
 By the caper overrooted, by the gourd  
 Overscored,  
 While the patching houseleek's head  
 of blossom winks  
 Through the chinks —  
 Marks the basement whence a tower in  
 ancient time  
 Sprang sublime,  
 And a burning ring, all round, the  
 chariots traced  
 As they raced,  
 And the monarch and his minions and  
 his dames  
 Viewed the games.

And I know — while thus the quiet-  
 colored eve  
 Smiles to leave  
 To their folding, all our many tinkling  
 fleece  
 In such peace,  
 And the slopes and rills in undistin-  
 guished gray  
 Melt away —  
 That a girl with eager eyes and yellow  
 hair  
 Waits me there  
 In the turret whence the charioteers  
 caught soul  
 For the goal,

When the king looked, where she looks  
now, breathless, dumb  
Till I come.

But he looked upon the city, every side,  
Far and wide,  
All the mountains topped with temples,  
all the glades

Colonnades,  
All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts, —  
and then,  
All the men!

When I do come, she will speak not,  
she will stand,  
Either hand

On my shoulder, give her eyes the  
first embrace

Of my face,  
Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight  
and speech  
Each on each.

In one year they sent a million fight-  
ers forth

South and North,  
And they built their gods a brazen pil-  
lar high

As the sky,  
Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full  
force —

Gold, of course.  
O heart! O blood that freezes, blood  
that burns!

Earth's returns  
For whole centuries of folly, noise and  
sin!

Shut them in,  
With their triumphs and their glories  
and the rest!  
Love is best.

### EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead —  
Sit and watch by her side an hour,  
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;  
She plucked that piece of geranium  
flower,  
Beginning to die, too, in the glass.  
Little has yet been changed, I think —

The shutters are shut, no light may  
pass,  
Save two long rays through the hinge's  
chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!  
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my  
name —

It was not her time to love: beside,  
Her life had many a hope and aim,  
Duties enough and little cares,  
And now was quiet, now astir —  
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,  
And the sweet white brow is all of  
her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?  
What, your soul was pure and true,  
The good stars met in your horoscope,  
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew —  
And just because I was thrice as old,  
And our paths in the world diverged  
so wide,

Each was nought to each, must I be  
told?

We were fellow-mortals, nought be-  
side?

No, indeed! for God above  
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,  
And creates the love to reward the  
love, —

I claim you still, for my own love's  
sake!

Delayed it may be for more lives yet,  
Through worlds I shall traverse, not  
a few —

Much is to learn and much to forget  
Ere the time be come for taking you

But the time will come, — at last it will,  
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I  
shall say,

In the lower earth, in the years long  
still,

That body and soul so pure and gay?  
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,  
And your mouth of your own gera-  
nium's red —

And what you would do with me, in fine,  
In the new life come in the old one's  
stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since  
 then,  
 Given up myself so many times,  
 Gained me the gains of various men,  
 Ransacked the ages, spoiled the  
 climes;  
 Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full  
 scope,  
 Either I missed or itself missed me —  
 And I want and find you, Evelyn  
 Hope!  
 What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;  
 My heart seemed full as it could  
 hold —  
 There was space and to spare for the  
 frank young smile,  
 And the red young mouth, and the  
 hair's young gold.  
 So hush, — I will give you this leaf to  
 keep, —  
 See, I shut it inside the sweet cold  
 hand.  
 There, that is our secret! go to sleep;  
 You will wake, and remember, and  
 understand.

---

*THE LOST LEADER.*

JUST for a handful of silver he left us;  
 Just for a riband to stick in his coat —  
 Found the one gift of which fortune be-  
 reft us,  
 Lost all the others she lets us devote.  
 They, with the gold to give, doled him  
 out silver,  
 So much was theirs who so little  
 allow'd.  
 How all our copper had gone for his  
 service!  
 Rags — were they purple, his heart  
 had been proud!  
 We that had loved him so, follow'd him,  
 honor'd him,  
 Lived in his mild and magnificent  
 eye,  
 Learn'd his great language, caught his  
 clear accents,

Made him our pattern to live and to  
 die!  
 Shakspeare was of us, Milton was for us,  
 Burns, Shelley, were with us — they  
 watch from their graves!  
 He alone breaks from the van and the  
 freemen;  
 He alone sinks to the rear and the  
 slaves!  
 We shall march prospering — not  
 through his presence;  
 Songs may inspirit us — not from his  
 lyre;  
 Deeds will be done — while he boasts  
 his quiescence,  
 Still bidding crouch whom the rest  
 bade aspire.  
 Blot out his name, then — record one  
 lost soul more,  
 One task more declined, one more  
 footpath untrod,  
 One more triumph for devils, and sor-  
 row for angels,  
 One wrong more to man, one more  
 insult to God!  
 Life's night begins; let him never come  
 back to us!  
 There would be doubt, hesitation and  
 pain,  
 Forced praise on our part — the glim-  
 mer of twilight,  
 Never glad confident morning again!  
 Best fight on well, for we taught him —  
 strike gallantly,  
 Aim at our heart ere we pierce  
 through his own;  
 Then let him receive the new knowl-  
 edge and wait us,  
 Pardon'd in Heaven, the first by the  
 throne!

---

*SONG FROM "PIPPA PASSES."*

THE year's at the spring,  
 And day's at the morn;  
 Morning's at seven;  
 The hill-side's dew-pearled;  
 The lark's on the wing;  
 The snail's on the thorn;  
 God's in his heaven —  
 All's right with the world.

*SONG FROM "PARACELsus."*

HEAP cassia, sandal-buds, and stripes  
Of labdanum, and aloë-balls,  
Smeared with dull nard an Indian  
wipes

From out her hair: such balsam falls  
Down seaside mountain pedestals,  
From tree-tops where tired winds are  
fain,

Spent with the vast and howling main,  
To treasure half their island gain.

And strew faint sweetness from some  
old

Egyptian's fine worm-eaten shroud  
Which breaks to dust when once un-  
rolled;

Or shredded perfume, like a cloud  
From closet long to quiet vowed,  
With moth'd and dropping arras hung,  
Mouldering her lute and books among,  
As when a queen, long dead, was young.

*THE LOST MISTRESS.*

ALL's over, then: does truth sound bit-  
ter

As one at first believes?

Hark, 'tis the sparrows' good-night  
twitter

About your cottage eaves!

And the leaf-buds on the vine are woolly,  
I noticed that to-day;

One day more bursts them open fully:  
You know the red turns gray.

To-morrow we meet the same then,  
dearest?

May I take your hand in mine?

Mere friends are we,—well, friends  
the merest

Keep much that I resign.

Each glance of the eye so bright and  
black,

Though I keep with heart's en-  
deavor,—

Your voice, when you wish the snow-  
drops back,

Though it stay in my soul forever,—

Yet I will but say what mere friends say,  
Or only a thought stronger;

I will hold your hand but as long as all  
may,

Or so very little longer!

*ONE WAY OF LOVE.*

ALL June I bound the rose in sheaves.

Now, rose by rose, I strip the leaves  
And strew them where Pauline may  
pass.

She will not turn aside? Alas!

Let them lie. Suppose they die?

The chance was they might take her  
eye.

How many a month I strove to suit

These stubborn fingers to the lute!

To-day I venture all I know.

She will not hear my music? So!

Break the string; fold music's wing:

Suppose Pauline had bade me sing!

My whole life long I learned to love.

This hour my utmost art I prove

And speak my passion—heaven or  
hell?

She will not give me heaven? 'Tis  
well!

Lose who may—I still can say,

Those who win heaven, blest are they!

*IN A YEAR.*

NEVER any more,

While I live,

Need I hope to see his face

As before.

Once his love grown chill,

Mine may strive:

Bitterly we re-embrace,

Single still.

Was it something said,

Something done,

Vex'd him? was it touch of hand,

Turn of head?

Strange! that very way  
 Love begun:  
 I as little understand  
 Love's decay.

When I sewed or drew,  
 I recall  
 How he looked as if I sung,  
 — Sweetly too.  
 If I spoke a word,  
 First of all  
 Up his cheek the color sprung,  
 Then he heard.

Sitting by my side,  
 At my feet,  
 So he breathed but air I breathed,  
 Satisfied!  
 I, too, at love's brim  
 Touched the sweet:  
 I would die if death bequeathed  
 Sweet to him.

"Speak, I love thee best!"  
 He exclaimed:  
 "Let thy love my own foretell!"  
 I confessed:  
 "Clasp my heart on thine  
 Now unblamed,  
 Since upon thy soul as well  
 Hangeth mine!"

Was it wrong to own,  
 Being truth?  
 Why should all the giving prove  
 His alone?  
 I had wealth and ease,  
 Beauty, youth:  
 Since my lover gave me love,  
 I gave these.

That was all I meant,  
 — To be just,  
 And the passion I had raised,  
 To content.  
 Since he chose to change  
 Gold for dust,  
 If I gave him what he praised  
 Was it strange?

Would he loved me yet,  
 On and on,  
 While I found some way undreamed

— Paid my debt!  
 Gave more life and more,  
 Till all gone,  
 He should smile "She never seemed  
 Mine before.

"What, she felt the while,  
 Must I think?  
 Love's so different with us men!"  
 He should smile:  
 "Dying for my sake —  
 White and pink!  
 Can't we touch these bubbles then  
 But they break?"

Dear, the pang is brief,  
 Do thy part,  
 Have thy pleasure! How perplexed  
 Grows belief!  
 Well, this cold clay clod  
 Was man's heart:  
 Crumble it, and what comes next?  
 Is it God?

#### MY STAR.

ALL that I know  
 Of a certain star  
 Is, it can throw  
 (Like the angled spar)  
 Now a dart of red,  
 Now a dart of blue;  
 Till my friends have said  
 They would fain see, too,  
 My star that dartles the red and the  
 blue!  
 Then it stops like a bird; like a flower,  
 hangs furled:  
 They must solace themselves with  
 the Saturn above it.  
 What matter to me if their star is a  
 world?  
 Mine has opened its soul to me;  
 therefore I love it.

#### A FACE.

IF one could have that little head of  
 hers  
 Painted upon a background of pale  
 gold,

Such as the Tuscan's early art prefers!  
 No shade encroaching on the matchless  
     mould  
 Of those two lips, which should be  
     opening soft  
 In the pure profile; not as when she  
     laughs,  
 For that spoils all; but rather as 'if  
     aloft  
 Yon hyacinth, she loves so, leaned its  
     staff's  
 Burden of honey-colored buds, to  
     kiss  
 And capture 'twixt the lips apart for  
     this.  
 Then her lithe neck, three fingers  
     might surround.  
 How it should waver, on the pale gold  
     ground,

Up to the fruit-shaped, perfect chin it  
     lifts!  
 I know, Correggio loves to mass, in  
     rifts  
 Of heaven, his angel faces, orb on  
     orb  
 Breaking its outline, burning shades  
     absorb:  
 But these are only massed there, I  
     should think,  
 Waiting to see some wonder momentarily  
 Grow out, stand full, fade slow against  
     the sky  
 (That's the pale ground you'd see this  
     sweet face by),  
 All heaven, meanwhile, condensed into  
     one eye  
 Which fears to lose the wonder, should  
     it wink.



## CHARLES MACKAY.

1812-1889.

[BORN in Perth, Scotland, in 1812; educated in London, Brussels, and Aix la Chapelle; was employed on the staff of the *London Morning Chronicle*, 1834-43. Editor of the *Glasgow Argus*, 1844-47; was also long connected with the *London Illust. News*, and a war correspondent of the *London Times* in the United States, 1862-65. Is best known by his songs, some of which were set to music composed by himself.]

### THE LOST DAY.

FAREWELL, oh day misspent;  
 Thy fleeting hours were lent  
     In vain to my endeavor.  
     In shade and sun  
     Thy race is run  
 For ever! oh, for ever!  
 The leaf drops from the tree,  
 The sand falls in the glass,  
 And to the dread Eternity  
     The dying minutes pass.

It was not till thine end  
 I knew thou wert my friend;  
 But now, thy worth recalling,  
 My grief is strong  
 I did thee wrong,

And scorned thy treasures falling.  
 But sorrow comes too late;  
 Another day is born; —  
 Pass, minutes, pass; may better fate  
     Attend to-morrow morn.

Oh, birth! oh, death of Time!  
 Oh, mystery sublime!  
     Ever the rippling ocean  
     Brings forth the wave  
     To smile or rave,  
     And die of its own motion.  
 A little wave to strike  
 The sad responsive shore,  
 And be succeeded by its like  
     Ever and evermore.

Oh, change from same to same!  
 Oh, quenched, yet burning flame!  
 Oh, new birth, born of dying!  
 Oh, transient ray!  
 Oh, speck of day!  
 Approaching and yet flying; —  
 Pass to Eternity.  
 Thou day, that came in vain!  
 A new wave surges on the sea —  
 The world grows young again.

Come in, To-day, come in!  
 I have confessed my sin  
 To thee, young promise-bearer!  
 New Lord of Earth!  
 I hail thy birth —  
 The crown awaits the wearer.  
 Child of the ages past!  
 Sire of a mightier line!  
 On the same deeps our lot is cast!  
 The world is thine — and mine!

### SISYPHUS.

A STUDY FROM THE ANTIQUE.

EVER and evermore  
 Upon the steep life-shore  
 Of Death's dark main,  
 Bare to the bitter skies,  
 His mournful task he plies  
*In vain, in vain!*

Sometimes he looks to Heaven  
 And asks to be forgiven  
 The grievous pain.  
 The stars look sadly down,  
 The cold sun seems to frown —  
*In vain, in vain!*

But kindly mother Earth,  
 Remembering his birth,  
 Doth not disdain  
 To sympathize with him,  
 So worn of heart and limb;  
*In vain, in vain!*

Is not his fate her own?  
 The rolling toilsome stone  
 Rolled back again?  
 Are not her children's woes  
 The very same he knows? —  
*In vain, in vain!*

Do not all Earth and Sea  
 Repeat Eternally  
 Th' unvarying strain?  
 The old and sad lament  
 With human voices blent,  
*In vain, in vain!*

Through the green forest arch  
 The wild winds in their march  
 Sigh and complain;  
 The torrent on the hill  
 Moans to the midnight chill,  
*In vain, in vain!*

The hoarse monotonous waves  
 Attune from all their caves,  
 Through storm and rain,  
 The melancholy cry,  
 To listening Earth and sky,  
*In vain, in vain!*

Love mourns its early dead;  
 Hope its illusions fled,  
 Or rudely slain;  
 And Wealth and Power prolong  
 The same, th' eternal song,  
*In vain, in vain!*

Toil, Sisyphus, toil on!  
 Thou'rt many, though but one!  
 Toil heart and brain!  
 One — but the type of all  
 Rolling the dreadful ball,  
*In vain! in vain!*

### I LOVE MY LOVE.

WHAT is the meaning of the song  
 That rings so clear and loud,  
 Thou nightingale amid the copse —  
 Thou lark above the cloud?  
 What says thy song, thou joyous thrush,  
 Up in the walnut-tree?  
 "I love my Love, because I know  
 My Love loves me."

What is the meaning of thy thought,  
 O maiden fair and young?  
 There is such pleasure in thine eyes,  
 Such music on thy tongue;  
 There is such glory on thy face —

What can the meaning be?  
 "I love my Love, because I know  
 My Love loves me."

O happy words! at Beauty's feet  
 We sing them ere our prime;  
 And when the early summers pass,  
 And Care comes on with Time,  
 Still be it ours, in Care's despite,  
 To join the chorus free —  
 "I love my Love, because I know  
 My Love loves me."

#### YOUTH'S WARNING.

BEWARE, exulting youth, beware,  
 When life's young pleasures woo,  
 That ere you yield you shrive your  
 heart,  
 And keep your conscience true!  
 For sake of silver spent to-day,  
 Why pledge to-morrow's gold?  
 Or in hot blood implant Remorse,  
 To grow when blood is cold?  
*If wrong you do, if false you play,  
 In summer among the flowers,  
 You must atone, you shall repay,  
 In winter among the showers.*

To turn the balances of Heaven  
 Surpasses mortal power;

For every white there is a black,  
 For every sweet a sour.  
 For every up there is a down,  
 For every folly, shame;  
 And retribution follows guilt,  
 As burning follows flame.  
*If wrong you do, if false you play,  
 In summer among the flowers,  
 You must atone, you shall repay,  
 In winter among the showers.*

#### I LAY IN SORROW, DEEP DISTRESSED.

I LAY in sorrow, deep distressed:  
 My grief a proud man heard;  
 His looks were cold, he gave me gold,  
 But not a kindly word.  
 My sorrow passed, — I paid him back  
 The gold he gave to me;  
 Then stood erect and spoke my thanks,  
 And blessed his Charity.

I lay in want, in grief and pain:  
 A poor man passed my way;  
 He bound my head, he gave me bread,  
 He watched me night and day.  
 How shall I pay him back again,  
 For all he did to me?  
 Oh, gold is great, but greater far  
 Is heavenly Sympathy!

## AUBREY THOMAS DE VERE.

1814—

[THIRD son of Sir Aubrey De Vere of Curragh Chase, Limerick Co. Born in 1814, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, a poet and political writer; author of *May Carols*, *The Sisters*, *Irish Odes*, etc., besides numerous prose works on political subjects.]

#### EARLY FRIENDSHIP.

THE half-seen memories of childish days,  
 When pains and pleasures lightly came  
 and went;  
 The sympathies of boyhood rashly spent  
 In fearful wanderings through forbidden  
 ways;  
 The vague, but manly wish to tread the  
 maze

Of life to noble ends, — whereon intent,  
 Asking to know for what man here is  
 sent,  
 The bravest heart must often pause, and  
 gaze;  
 The firm resolve to seek the chosen end  
 Of manhood's judgment, cautious and  
 mature, —  
 Each of these viewless bonds binds  
 friend to friend



With strength no selfish purpose can  
secure :

My happy lot is this, that all attend  
That friendship which first came, and  
which shall last endure.

---

SONG.

SING the old song, amid the sounds  
dispersing

That burden treasured in your hearts  
too long ;

Sing it with voice low-breathed,  
but never name her :

She will not hear you, in her turrets  
nursing

High thoughts, — too high to mate  
with mortal song ; —

Bend o'er her, gentle Heaven, but  
do not claim her !

In twilight caves, and secret lonelinesses,  
She shades the bloom of her unearthly  
days ;

The forest winds alone approach  
to woo her.

Far off we catch the dark gleam of her  
tresses ;

And wild birds haunt the wood-walks  
where she strays,

Intelligible music warbling to her.

That spirit charged to follow and defend  
her,

He also doubtless suffers this love-  
pain ;

And she perhaps is sad, hearing his  
sighing.

And yet that face is not so sad as tender ;

Like some sweet singer's when her  
sweetest strain

From the heaved heart is gradually  
dying !

---

SAD IS OUR YOUTH, FOR IT IS  
EVER GOING.

SAD is our youth, for it is ever going,  
Crumbling away beneath our very feet ;

Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing  
In current unperceived, because so fleet ;

Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet  
in sowing, —

But tares, self-sown, have overtopped  
the wheat ;

Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in  
blowing, —

And still, O, still their dying breath is  
sweet ;

And sweet is youth, although it hath  
bereft us

Of that which made our childhood  
sweeter still ;

And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us  
A nearer good to cure an older ill ;

And sweet are all things, when we learn  
to prize them,

Not for their sake, but His who grants  
them or denies them !

---

ROBERT NICOLL.

1814-1837.

[BORN in Perthshire, Scotland, 1814. Son of parents in humble circumstances, and self-educated. At the age of twenty-one he published a small volume of poems which became exceedingly popular and passed through several editions. He afterwards obtained the position of editor on the *Leeds Times*, which, under his control, more than tripled its circulation. His health gave way, after he had been engaged in his editorial duties about a year, and he removed to Edinburgh, where he died in 1837.]

WE ARE BRETHREN A'.

A HAPPY bit hame this auld world would  
be,

If men, when they're here, could make  
shift to agree,

An' ilk said to his neighbor, in cottage  
an' ha',

"Come, gi'e me your hand—we are  
brethren a'."

I ken na why ane wi' anither should fight,  
 When to 'gree would make a'body cosie  
     an' right,  
 When man meets wi' man, 'tis the best  
     way ava,  
 To say, "Gi'e me your hand—we are  
     brethren a'."

My coat is a coarse ane, an' yours may  
     be fine,  
 And I maun drink water, while you may  
     drink wine;  
 But we baith ha'e a leal heart, unspotted  
     to shaw:  
 Sae gi'e me your hand—we are brethren  
     a'.

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithfu'  
     deride;  
 Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the  
     truth on your side;  
 Sae would I, an' nought else would I  
     value a straw;  
 Then gi'e me your hand—we are  
     brethren a'.

Ye would scorn to do fausely by woman  
     or man;  
 I haud by the right aye, as weel 'as I  
     can;

We are ane in our joys, our affections,  
     an' a';  
 Come, gi'e me your hand—we are  
     brethren a'.

Your mither has lo'ed you as mithers  
     can lo'e;  
 An' mine has done for me what mithers  
     can do;  
 We are ane high an' laigh, an' we  
     shouldna be twa:  
 Sae gi'e me your hand—we are brethren  
     a'.

We love the same simmer day, sunny  
     and fair;  
 Hame! O, how we love it, an' a' that  
     are there!  
 Frae the pure air of heaven the same  
     life we draw—  
 Come, gi'e me your hand—we are  
     brethren a'.

Frail shakin' auld age will soon come  
     o'er us baith,  
 An' creeping along at his back will be  
     death;  
 Syne into the same mither-yird we will  
     fa':  
 Come, gi'e me your hand—we are  
     brethren a'.



## THOMAS WESTWOOD.

1814-1888.

[BORN at Enfield, Middlesex, England, Nov. 26, 1814. For twenty-five years a director of a railway company in Belgium; has been a frequent contributor of verse to the *London Athenæum* and *Gentleman's Magazine*; is author of several volumes of poems: *Beads from a Rosary*, 1843; *The Burden of the Bell, and other Lyrics*, 1850; *Berries and Blossoms*, 1855; *Foxglove Bells, a Book of Sonnets*, 1856; *The Quest of the Sangreall*, 1868; also of *Bibliotheca Piscatoria*, 1861; and *The Chronicle of the Compleat Angler of Isaack Walton and Charles Cotton*, being a bibliographical record of its various phases and mutations, editions and illustrations, 1864.

### LITTLE BELL.

"He prayeth well, who loveth well  
 Both man and bird and beast."  
*The Ancient Mariner.*

PIPED the Blackbird, on the beechwood  
     spray,

"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,  
 What's your name?" quoth he.  
 "What's your name? O, stop and  
     straight unfold,  
 Pretty maid, with showery curls of gold."  
 "Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,  
Tossed aside her gleaming, golden  
locks, —

"Bonny bird!" quoth she,  
"Sing me your best song, before I go."  
"Here's the very finest song I know,  
Little Bell," said he.

And the Blackbird piped — you never  
heard  
Half so gay a song from any bird;  
Full of quips and wiles,  
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,  
All for love of that sweet face below,  
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while that bonny bird did pour  
His full heart out, freely, o'er and o'er,  
'Neath the morning skies,  
In the little childish heart below  
All the sweetness seemed to grow and  
grow,  
And shine forth in happy overflow  
From the brown, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped, and through  
the glade —  
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel-shade,  
And from out the tree  
Swung and leaped and frolicked, void  
of fear,  
While bold Blackbird piped, that all  
might hear,  
"Little Bell!" piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern:  
"Squirrel, Squirrel! to your task return!  
Bring me nuts!" quoth she.  
Up, away! the frisky Squirrel hies,  
Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes,  
And adown the tree,  
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,  
In the little lap drop, one by one —  
Hark! how Blackbird pipes, to see the  
fun!

"Happy Bell!" pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the  
glade:  
"Squirrel, Squirrel, from the nut-tree  
shade,  
Bonny Blackbird, if your're not afraid,  
Come and share with me!"

Down came Squirrel, eager for his fare,  
Down came bonny Blackbird, I declare;  
Little Bell gave each his honest share —  
Ah! the merry three!

And the while those frolic playmates twain  
Piped and frisked from bough to bough  
again,  
'Neath the morning skies,  
In the little childish heart below,  
All the sweetness seemed to grow and  
grow,  
And shine out in happy overflow,  
From her brown, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot, at close of day,  
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to  
pray.  
Very calm and clear  
Rose the praying voice, to where, unseen,  
In blue heaven, an angel-shape serene  
Paused awhile to hear.

"What good child is this," the angel said,  
"That, with happy heart, beside her bed,  
Prays so lovingly?"  
Low and soft, O, very low and soft,  
Crooned the Blackbird in the orchard  
croft,  
"Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel  
fair  
Murmured, "God doth bless with angel's  
care;  
Child, thy bed shall be  
Folded safe from harm; love, deep and  
kind,  
Shall watch round and leave good gifts  
behind,  
Little Bell, for thee."

---

UNDER MY WINDOW.

UNDER my window, under my window,  
All in the Midsummer weather,  
Three little girls with fluttering curls  
Flit to and fro together: —  
There's Bell with her bonnet of satin  
sheen,

And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,  
And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,  
Leaning stealthily over,  
Merry and clear, the voice I hear,  
Of each glad-hearted rover.  
Ah! sly little Kate, she steals my roses;  
And Maud and Bell twine wreaths and posies,  
As merry as bees in clover.

Under my window, under my window,  
In the blue Midsummer weather,

Stealing slow, on a hushed tiptoe,  
I catch them all together:—  
Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,  
And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,  
And Kate with the scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,  
And off through the orchard closes;  
While Maud she flouts, and Bell she pouts,  
They scamper and drop their posies;  
But dear little Kate takes naught amiss,  
And leaps in my arms with a loving kiss,  
And I give her all my roses.



## FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

1814-1863.

[AN English theologian and poet. Born at Durham, June 28, 1814; graduated at Oxford in 1836; became vicar of Elton in 1843; went over to the Roman Catholic Church in 1845; founded the oratory of the brotherhood of St. Philip Neri in London in 1849, and in 1854 removed with it to Brompton, where he died Sept. 26, 1863. He will be remembered as the author of some exquisitely beautiful hymns, equally admired by all communions.]

### THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

O, it is hard to work for God,  
To rise and take his part  
Upon this battle-field of earth,  
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides himself so wondrously,  
As though there were no God;  
He is least seen when all the powers  
Of ill are most abroad.

Or he deserts us at the hour  
The fight is all but lost;  
And seems to leave us to ourselves  
Just when we need him most.

Ill masters good; good seems to change  
To ill with greatest ease;  
And, worst of all, the good with good  
Is at cross-purposes.

Ah! God is other than we think;  
His ways are far above,

Far beyond reason's height, and reached  
Only by childlike love.

Workman of God! O, lose not heart,  
But learn what God is like;  
And in the darkest battle-field  
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given  
The instinct that can tell  
That God is on the field when he  
Is most invisible.

Blest, too, is he who can divine  
Where real right doth lie,  
And dares to take the side that seems  
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

For right is right, since God is God;  
And right the day must win;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin!

# PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

1816-

[BORN at Nottingham, April 22, 1816. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1840. In 1839 he published *Festus*, a poem which treats of the highest theme of philosophy and religion. He wrote other poems also, entitled *The Angel World*, 1850; *The Mystic*, 1855; *The Age, A Satire*, 1858; and *The Universal Hymn*, 1867.]

## LOVE OF GOD AND MAN.

LOVE is the happy privilege of the mind —

Love is the reason of all living things.

A Trinity there seems of principles,  
Which represent and rule created life —  
The love of self, our fellows, and our God.

In all throughout one common feeling reigns :

Each doth maintain, and is maintained by the other :

All are compatible — all needful; one  
To life, — to virtue one, — and one to bliss :

Which thus together make the power, the end,

And the perfection of created Being.

From these three principles doth every deed,

Desire, and will, and reasoning, good or bad, come;

To these they all determine — sum and scheme :

The three are one in centre and in round;  
Wrapping the world of life as do the skies  
Our world. Hail! air of love, by which we live!

How sweet, how fragrant! Spirit, though unseen —

Void of gross sign — is scarce a simple essence,

Immortal, immaterial, though it be.

One only simple essence liveth — God, —  
Creator, uncreate. The brutes beneath,  
The angels high above us, with ourselves,

Are but compounded things of mind and form.

In all things animate is therefore cored  
An elemental sameness of existence;

For God, being Love, in love created all,  
As he contains the whole and penetrates.  
Seraphs love God, and angels love the good :

We love each other; and these lower lives,

Which walk the earth in thousand diverse shapes,

According to their reason, love us too :  
The most intelligent affect us most.

Nay, man's chief wisdom's love — the love of God.

The new religion — final, perfect, pure —  
Was that of Christ and love. His great command —

His all-sufficing precept — was't not love? —

Truly to love ourselves we must love God, —

To love God we must all his creatures love, —

To love his creatures, both ourselves and Him.

Thus love is all that's wise, fair, good, and happy!

## LIKE AN ISLAND IN A RIVER.

LIKE an island in a river

Art thou, my love, to me;

And I journey by thee ever

With a gentle ecstasy.

I arise to fall before thee;

I come to kiss thy feet:

To adorn thee and adore thee, —

Mine only one, my sweet!

And thy love hath power upon me,

Like a dream upon a brain;

For the loveliness which won me,

With the love, too, doth remain.

And my life it beautifieth,  
 Though love be but a shade,  
 Known of only ere it dieth, —  
 By the darkness it hath made.

#### THE END OF LIFE.

WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts,  
 not breaths;  
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
 We should count time by heart-throbs.  
 He most lives,  
 Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts  
 the best.  
 And he whose heart beats quickest lives  
 the longest:  
 Lives in one hour more than in years do  
 some  
 Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along  
 their veins.  
 Life is but a means unto an end; that  
 end,

Beginning, mean, and end to all things,  
 — God.  
 The dead have all the glory of the world.

#### GREAT THOUGHTS.

WHO can mistake great thoughts?  
 They seize upon the mind; arrest, and  
 search,  
 And shake it; bow the tall soul as by  
 wind;  
 Rush over it like rivers over reeds,  
 Which quaver in the current; turn us  
 cold,  
 And pale, and voiceless; leaving in the  
 brain  
 A rocking and a ringing, — glorious,  
 But momentary; madness might it last,  
 And close the soul with Heaven as with  
 a seal.

## FRANCES BROWNE.

1816—

[BORN Jan. 16, 1816, at Stranolar, Donegal County, where her father was the village postmaster. She lost her sight in infancy, but learned many of the lessons of her brothers and sisters. In 1840 she published *Songs of Our Land*, followed by contributions to the *Athenaeum* and other Magazines. In 1847 she removed from Ireland to Edinburgh. In 1852 she removed to London, and has since contributed to the light literature of the day.]

#### LOSSES.

UPON the white sea-sand  
 There sat a pilgrim band,  
 Telling the losses that their lives had  
 known;  
 While evening waned away  
 From breezy cliff and bay,  
 And the strong tides went out with  
 weary moan.  
 One spake, with quivering lip,  
 Of a fair freighted ship,  
 With all his household to the deep gone  
 down;

But one had wilder woe —  
 For a fair face, long ago  
 Lost in the darker depths of a great  
 town.

There were who mourned their  
 youth  
 With a most loving ruth,  
 For its brave hopes and memories ever  
 green;  
 And one upon the west  
 Turned an eye that would not  
 rest,  
 For far-off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,  
 Some of proud honors told,  
 Some spake of friends that were their  
 trust no more;  
 And one of a green grave  
 Beside a foreign wave,  
 That made him sit so lonely on the  
 shore.

But when their tales were done,  
 There spake among them one,  
 A stranger, seeming from all sorrow  
 free:

"Sad losses have ye met,  
 But mine is heavier yet;  
 For a believing heart hath gone from  
 me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,  
 "For the living and the dead —  
 For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure  
 cross,  
 For the wrecks of land and sea;  
 But, however it came to thee,  
 Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest  
 loss."

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## ELIZA COOK.

1818-1889.

[BORN about 1818 in Southwark. At an early age she contributed to various periodicals, and in 1840 published a volume of poems, which at once attracted the attention of the public and stamped her as a writer of merit and originality. Her poems reprinted in a collected form have passed through numerous editions. In 1864 she obtained a literary pension of £100 per annum.]

### THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

I LOVE it—I love it, and who shall  
 dare  
 To chide me for loving that old arm  
 chair!  
 I've treasured it long as a sainted  
 prize —  
 I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed  
 it with sighs;  
 'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my  
 heart,  
 Not a tie will break, not a link will  
 start.  
 Would you learn the spell? a mother  
 sat there;  
 And a sacred thing is that old arm  
 chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near  
 The hallowed seat with listening ear;  
 And gentle words that mother would  
 give,  
 To fit me to die, and teach me to live.  
 She told me shame would never be-  
 tide,

With truth for my creed, and God for  
 my guide;  
 She taught me to lisp my earliest  
 prayer,  
 As I knelt beside that old arm chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,  
 When her eyes grew dim and her locks  
 were gray,  
 And I almost worshipped her when she  
 smiled  
 And turned from her Bible to bless her  
 child.  
 Years rolled on, but the last one sped —  
 My idol was shattered — my earth star  
 fled:  
 I learnt how much the heart can bear,  
 When I saw her die in that old arm  
 chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it  
 now  
 With quivering breath and throbbing  
 brow:  
 'Twas there she nursed me — 'twas there  
 she died,

And memory flows with lava tide —  
 Say it is folly, and deem me weak,  
 While the scalding tears run down my  
     cheek.  
 But I love it — I love it, and cannot  
     tear  
 My soul from my mother's old arm  
     chair.

### THE OLD WATER-MILL.

AND is this the old mill-stream that ten  
     years ago  
 Was so fast in its current, so pure in its  
     flow;  
 Whose musical waters would ripple and  
     shine  
 With the glory and dash of a miniature  
     Rhine?

Can this be its bed? — I remember it well  
 When it sparkled like silver through  
     meadow and dell;  
 When the pet-lamb reposed on its em-  
     erald side,  
 And the minnow and perch darted swift  
     through its tide.

Yes! here was the miller's house, peace-  
     ful abode!  
 Where the flower-twined porch drew all  
     eyes from the road;  
 Where roses and jasmine embower'd a  
     door  
 That never was closed to the wayworn  
     or poor.

Where the miller, God bless him! oft  
     gave us "a dance,"  
 And led off the ball with his soul in his  
     glance;  
 Who, forgetting gray hairs, was as loud  
     in his mirth  
 As the veriest youngsters that circled his  
     hearth.

Blind Ralph was the only musician we  
     had,  
 But his tunes — oh, such tunes — would  
     make any heart glad!

"The Roast Beef of Old England,"  
 and "Green grow the Rushes,"  
 Woke our eyes' brightest beams, and  
     our cheeks' warmest flushes.

No lustre resplendent its brilliancy  
     shed,  
 But the wood fire blazed high, and the  
     board was well spread;  
 Our seats were undamask'd, our partners  
     were rough,  
 Yet, yet we were happy, and that was  
     enough.

And here was the mill where we idled  
     away  
 Our holiday hours on a clear summer  
     day;  
 Where Roger, the miller's boy, loll'd  
     on a sack,  
 And chorus'd his song to the merry  
     click-clack.

But lo! what rude sacrilege here hath  
     been done!  
 The streamlet no longer purls on in the  
     sun;  
 It's course has been turn'd, and the  
     desolate edge  
 Is now mournfully cover'd with duck-  
     weed and sedge.

The mill is in ruins. No welcoming  
     sound  
 In the mastiff's gruff bark and the  
     wheels dashing round;  
 The house, too, untenanted — left to  
     decay —  
 And the miller, long dead: all I loved  
     pass'd away!

This play-place of childhood was graved  
     on my heart  
 In rare Paradise colors that now must  
     depart;  
 The old water-mill's gone, the fair vision  
     is fled,  
 And I weep o'er its wreck as I do for  
     the dead.



## EMILY BRONTË.

1819-1848.

[EMILY BRONTË was born at Hartshead-cum-Clifton, near Leeds, in 1819, and lived at the parsonage at Haworth from 1820 to her death. The monotony of this existence was broken only by a brief attempt to be a governess and by a short stay at Brussels in 1842, all exile from home being excessively painful and hurtful to her. She died of consumption at Haworth on the 19th of December, 1848. She published, in conjunction with her sisters, *Poems, by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell*, in 1846, and, alone, the novel of *Wuthering Heights* in 1847.]

## LAST LINES.

No coward soul is mine,  
No trembler in the world's storm-  
troubled sphere:

I see Heaven's glories shine,  
And faith shines equal, arming me from  
fear.

O God within my breast,  
Almighty, ever-present Deity!  
Life — that in me has rest,  
As I — undying Life — have power in  
thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds  
That move men's hearts: unutterably  
vain;

Worthless as withered weeds,  
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one  
Holding so fast by thine infinity;  
So surely anchored on  
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love  
Thy spirit animates eternal years,  
Pervades and broods above,  
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and  
rears.

Though earth and man were gone,  
And suns and universes ceased to be,  
And Thou were left alone,  
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,  
Nor atom that his might could render  
void:

Thou — THOU art Being and Breath,  
And what THOU art may never be de-  
stroyed.

## STANZAS.

OFTEN rebuked, yet always back re-  
turning

To those first feelings that were born  
with me,

And leaving busy chase of wealth and  
learning

For idle dreams of things which cannot  
be:

To-day, I will seek not the shadowy  
region;

Its unsustaining vastness waxes drear;  
And visions rising, legion after legion,

Bring the unreal world too strangely  
near.

I'll walk, but not in old heroic traces,

And not in paths of high morality,  
And not among the half-distinguished  
faces,

The clouded forms of long-past his-  
tory.

I'll walk where my own nature would  
be leading:

It vexes me to choose another guide:  
Where the gray flocks in ferny glens are  
feeding;

Where the wild wind blows on the  
mountain side.

## THE OLD STOIC.

RICHES I hold in light esteem,  
And Love I laugh to scorn;  
And lust of fame was but a dream,  
That vanished with the morn:

And if I pray, the only prayer  
That moves my lips for me  
Is, "Leave the heart that now I bear,  
And give me liberty!"

Yes, as my swift days near their goal,  
'Tis all that I implore;  
In life and death, a chainless soul,  
With courage to endure.



## ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

1819-1861.

[BORN at Liverpool, Jan. 1, 1819; passed some years of his childhood at Charlestown, in Virginia; was at school at Rugby from 1829 to 1837; was Scholar of Balliol and afterwards Fellow and Tutor of Oriel; resigned his offices in Oxford in 1848; was Principal of University Hall, London, for a short time afterwards; again went to America; returned in 1853 to take a post in the Education Office. He died at Florence, Nov. 13, 1861. His poems were chiefly written between 1840 and 1850, *The Bothie* being published in 1848, and many of the shorter poems appearing in a volume called *Ambarvalia* in the next year.]

### *QUA CURSUM VENTUS.*

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay  
With canvas drooping, side by side,  
Two towers of sail at dawn of day  
Arescarce longleagues apart desried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,  
And all the darkling hours they plied,  
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas  
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so — but why the tale reveal  
Of those, whom year by year un-  
changed,  
Brief absence joined anew to feel,  
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,  
And onward each rejoicing steered —  
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,  
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,  
Brave barks! In light, in darkness  
too,  
Through winds and tides one compass  
guides —  
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,  
Though ne'er, that earliest parting  
past,  
On your wide plain they join again,  
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,  
One purpose hold where'er they fare, —  
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!  
At last, at last, unite them there!

### *QUI LABORAT, ORAT.*

O ONLY Source of all our light and life,  
Whom as our truth, our strength, we  
see and feel,  
But whom the hours of mortal moral  
strife  
Alone aright reveal!

Mine inmost soul, before Thee inly  
brought,  
Thy presence owns ineffable, divine;  
Chastised each rebel self-encentered  
thought,  
My will adareth Thine.

With eye down-dropt, if then this  
earthly mind  
Speechless remain, or speechless e'en  
depart;  
Nor seek to see — for what of earthly  
kind  
Can see Thee as Thou art? —

If well-assured 'tis but profanely bold  
In thought's abstractest forms to seem  
to see,  
It dare not dare the dread communion  
hold  
In ways unworthy Thee,

O not unowned, thou shalt unnamed for-  
give,

In wordly walks the prayerless heart  
prepare;

And if in work its life it seem to live,  
Shalt make that work be prayer.

Nor times shall lack, when while the  
work it plies,

Unsummoned powers the blinding  
film shall part,

And scarce by happy tears made dim,  
the eyes

In recognition start.

But, as thou wilt, give or e'en forbear  
The beatific supersensual sight,

So, with Thy blessing blest, that humbler  
prayer

Approach Thee morn and night.

—  
"WITH WHOM IS NO VARIABLE-  
NESS, NEITHER SHADOW OF  
TURNING."

It fortifies my soul to know

That, though I perish, Truth is so:

That, howsoever I stray and range,

Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.

I steadier step when I recall

That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

### WHERE LIES THE LAND?

WHERE lies the land to which the ship  
would go?

Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.  
And where the land she travels from?

Away,

Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth  
face,

Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here  
to pace;

Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below  
The foaming wake far widening as we  
go.

On stormy nights when wild north-  
westers rave,

How proud a thing to fight with wind  
and wave!

The dripping sailor on the reeling mast  
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it  
past.

Where lies the land to which the ship  
would go?

Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.  
And where the land she travels from?

Away,

Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

## CHARLES KINGSLEY.

1819-1875.

[BORN at Holne Vicarage, Devonshire, in 1819, and educated, partly at Helston Grammar School, and partly at King's College, London, and at Magdalene College, Cambridge. He was Rector of Eversley in Hampshire; Professor of Modern History at his old university from 1860 to 1869; and Canon of Westminster in 1872. Chief among his thirty-five publications are *The Saint's Tragedy* (1848), *Alton Locke* and *Yeast* (1849), *Hyppatia* (1853), *The Heroes* (1856), *Andromeda* (1858), *The Water-Babies* (1863), and *Prose-Idylls* (1873). He died in 1875.]

### THE SANDS OF DEC.

"OH, Mary, go and call the cattle  
home,

And call the cattle home,

And call the cattle home,

Across the sands of Dec."

The western wind was wild and dark  
with foam,

And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the  
sand,

And o'er and o'er the sand,

And round and round the sand,  
As far as eye could see.  
The rolling mist came down and hid the  
land:  
And never home came she.

"Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating  
hair —  
A tress of golden hair,  
A drowned maiden's hair,  
Above the nets at sea?"  
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair  
Among the stakes of Dee.

They rowed her in across the rolling  
foam,  
The cruel crawling foam,  
The cruel hungry foam,  
To her grave beside the sea.  
But still the boatmen hear her call the  
cattle home,  
Across the sands of Dee.

### THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the  
west,  
Out into the west, as the sun went  
down,  
Each thought of the woman who loved  
him best,  
And the children stood watching them  
out of the town;  
For men must work, and women must  
weep,  
And there's little to earn, and many to  
keep,  
Though the harbor-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse  
tower,  
And they trimmed the lamps as the  
sun went down;

They looked at the squall, and they  
looked at the shower,  
And the night-rack came rolling up  
ragged and brown;  
But men must work, and women must  
weep,  
Though storms be sudden, and waters  
deep,  
And the harbor-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lie out in the shining  
sands,  
In the morning gleam, as the tide  
goes down,  
And the women are weeping and wring-  
ing their hands,  
For those who will never come home  
to the town.  
For men must work, and women must  
weep,  
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to  
sleep,  
And good-bye to the bar and its  
moaning.

### THE "OLD, OLD SONG."

WHEN all the world is young, lad,  
And all the trees are green;  
And every goose a swan, lad,  
And every lass a queen;  
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,  
And round the world away;  
Young blood must have its course, lad,  
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,  
And all the trees are brown;  
And all the sport is stale, lad,  
And all the wheels run down:  
Creep home, and take your place there,  
The spent and maimed among:  
God grant you find one face there  
You loved when all was young.

## GEORGE ELIOT

(MARIAN EVANS LEWES CROSS).

1819-1880.

[BORN at South Farm, Colton, Warwickshire, Nov. 22, 1819. Was the daughter of a poor curate, but was adopted by a wealthy clergyman, who gave her a careful education. She became a pupil of Herbert Spencer, and under his training acquired great breadth of mental development, learning Greek, French, and Italian, studying music and art as well as metaphysics and logic. In 1851, she went to London to join the staff of the *Westminster Review*. One of the chief writers for this quarterly was George H. Lewes, whose wife she subsequently became, and after his death (1878) she married Mr. J. N. Cross, May 6, 1880. Her death took place Dec. 22, 1880, and her biography, prepared by Mr. Cross, will, it is anticipated, be published during the year (1884). Her first novel was *Scenes of Clerical Life* (1858), and was rapidly followed by others which proved marvellously successful, and gave her an enduring position among the writers of fiction. Her poems, *The Spanish Gypsy* (1868), and *Jubal and other Poems* (1870), though containing many beautiful passages, do not, in popular estimation, rank with her prose works.]

## FROM "BROTHER AND SISTER."

His sorrow was my sorrow, and his joy  
Sent little leaps and laughs through all  
my frame;  
My doll seemed lifeless and no girlish  
toy  
Had any reason when my brother came.

I knelt with him at marbles, marked  
his fling  
Cut the ringed stem and make the  
apple drop,  
Or watched him winding close the spiral  
string  
That looped the orbits of the humming  
top.

Grasped by such fellowship my vagrant  
thought  
Ceased with dream-fruit dream-wishes  
to fulfil;  
My æry-picturing fantasy was taught  
Subjection to the harder, truer skill,

That seeks with deeds to grave a  
thought-tracked line,  
And by "What is," "What will be"  
to define.

School parted us; we never found  
again  
That childish world where our two  
spirits mingled

Like scents from varying roses that re-  
main  
One sweetness, nor can evermore be  
singled.

Yet the twin habit of that early time  
Lingered for long about the heart and  
tongue:  
We had been natives of one happy  
clime,  
And its dear accent to our utterance  
clung.

Till the dire years whose awful name is  
Change  
Had grasped our souls still yearning in  
divorce,  
And pitiless shaped them in two forms  
that range  
Two elements which sever their life's  
course.

But were another childhood-world  
my share,  
I would be born a little sister there.

## LISA'S MESSAGE TO THE KING.

[From *How Lisa Loved the King*.]

LOVE, thou didst see me, light as morn-  
ing's breath,  
Roaming a garden in a joyous error,  
Laughing at chases vain, a happy child,

Till of thy countenance the alluring  
terror  
In majesty from out the blossoms smiled,  
From out their life seeming a beauteous  
Death.

O Love, who so didst choose me for  
thine own,

Taking this little isle to thy great sway,  
See now, it is the honor of thy throne  
That what thou gavest perish not away,  
Nor leave some sweet remembrance to  
atone

By life that will be for the brief life  
gone:

Hear, ere the shroud o'er these frail  
limbs be thrown —

Since every king is vassal unto thee,  
My heart's lord needs must listen  
loyally —

O tell him I am waiting for my Death !

Tell him, for that he hath such royal  
power

'Twere hard for him to think how small  
a thing,

How slight a sign, would make a wealthy  
dower

For one like me, the bride of that pale  
king

Whose bed is mine at some swift-near-  
ing hour.

Go to my lord, and to his memory bring  
That happy birthday of my sorrowing

When his large glance made meaner  
gazers glad,

Entering the bannered lists: 'twas then  
I had

The wound that laid me in the arms of  
Death.

Tell him, O Love, I am a lowly maid,  
No more than any little knot of thyme

That he with careless foot may often  
tread;

Yet lowest fragrance oft will mount sub-  
lime

And cleave to things most high and hal-  
lowèd,

As doth the fragrance of my life's  
springtime,

My lowly love, that soaring seeks to  
climb

Within his thought, and make a gentle  
bliss,

More blissful than if mine, in being his:  
So shall I live in him and rest in Death.

## TWO LOVERS.

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring:

They leaned soft cheeks together  
there,

Mingled the dark and sunny hair,  
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.

O budding time !

O love's blest prime !

Two wedded from the portal stept:

The bells made happy carollings,  
The air was soft as fanning wings,

White petals on the pathway slept.

O pure-eyed bride !

O tender pride !

Two faces o'er a cradle bent:

Two hands above the head were  
locked;

These pressed each other while they  
rocked,

Those watched a life that love had sent.

O solemn hour !

O hidden power !

Two parents by the evening fire:

The red light fell about their knees  
On heads that rose by slow degrees

Like buds upon the lily spire.

O patient life !

O tender strife !

The two still sat together there,

The red light shone about their knees;  
But all the heads by slow degrees

Had gone and left that lonely pair.

O voyage fast !

O vanished past !

The red light shone upon the floor

And made the space between them  
wide;

They drew their chairs up side by side,  
 Their pale cheeks joined, and said,  
 "Once more!"

O memories!  
 O past that is!

*"O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR  
 INVISIBLE."*

O MAY I join the choir invisible  
 Of those immortal dead who live again  
 In minds made better by their presence:  
 live

In pulses stirred to generosity,  
 In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
 For miserable aims that end with self,  
 In thoughts sublime that pierce the  
 night like stars,  
 And with their mild persistence urge  
 man's search  
 To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:  
 To make undying music in the world,  
 Breathing as beauteous order that controls

With growing sway the growing life of  
 man.

So we inherit that sweet purity  
 For which we struggled, failed, and  
 agonized

With widening retrospect that bred  
 despair.

Rebellious flesh that would not be sub-  
 dued,

A vicious parent shaming still its child  
 Poor anxious penitence, is quick dis-  
 solved;

Its discords, quenched by meeting har-  
 monies,

Die in the large and charitable air.  
 And all our rarer, better, truer self,  
 That sobbed religiously in yearning  
 song,

That watched to ease the burden of the  
 world,

Laboriously tracing what must be,  
 And what may yet be better—saw  
 within

A worthier image for the sanctuary,  
 And shaped it forth before the multi-  
 tude

Divinely human, raising worship so  
 To higher reverence more mixed with  
 love—

That better self shall live till human  
 Time

Shall fold its eyelids, and the human  
 sky

Be gathered like a scroll within the  
 tomb

Unread for ever.

This is life to come,  
 Which martyred men have made more  
 glorious

For us who strive to follow. May I  
 reach

That purest heaven, be to other souls  
 The cup of strength in some great  
 agony,

Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure  
 love,

Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—  
 Be the sweet presence of a good dif-  
 fused,

And in diffusion ever more intense.

So shall I join the choir invisible  
 Whose music is the gladness of the  
 world.

## WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

1820—

[BORN at Greenwich in 1820. Son of a watchmaker, at which business he was put when he was 14 years old. He has taken an active part in all the agitations for popular education during the past thirty years, is the Hon. Sec. to the Greenwich branch of the National Education League, and a member of the London Council. Has published several volumes of poems, but is best known as a song-writer. Dr. Bennett is a practised political writer, and was for several years on the editorial staff of *The Weekly Dispatch*. The University of Tusculum conferred on him the degree of LL.D. in 1869. A collected edition of his poems appeared in 1862, in *Routledge's British Poets*.]

## BABY'S SHOES.

O, THOSE little, those little blue shoes!  
Those shoes that no little feet use.  
O the price were high  
That those shoes would buy,  
Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet,  
That no more their mother's eyes meet,  
That, by God's good will,  
Years since, grew still,  
And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And O, since that baby slept,  
So hushed, how the mother has kept,  
With a tearful pleasure,  
That little dear treasure,  
And o'er them thought and wept!

For they mind her forevermore  
Of a patter along the floor;  
And blue eyes she sees  
Look up from her knees,  
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,  
There babbles from chair to chair  
A little sweet face  
That's a gleam in the place,  
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then O wonder not that her heart  
From all else would rather part  
Than those tiny blue shoes  
That no little feet use,  
And whose sight makes such fond tears  
start!



## DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

1820—1882.

[BORN in Ireland about 1820; published in 1850 a volume of *Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics*, with translations from several modern languages. Issued in 1853 a translation of Calderon's dramas; in 1857 two new volumes of *Poems*; and, in 1872, *Shelby's Early Life*, from original sources. In 1871 he received a pension of £100, in recognition of literary merit. Died April 7, 1882.]

## SUMMER LONGINGS.

AH! my heart is weary waiting,  
Waiting for the May, —  
Waiting for the pleasant rambles  
Where the fragrant hawthorn-brambles,  
With the woodbine alternating,  
Scent the dewy way.  
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,  
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,  
Longing for the May, —  
Longing to escape from study  
To the young face fair and ruddy,  
And the thousand charms belonging  
To the summer's day.  
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,  
Longing for the May.



Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,  
 Sighing for the May, —  
 Sighing for their sure returning,  
 When the summer beams are burning,  
 Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying,  
 All the winter lay.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,  
 Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,  
 Throbbing for the May, —  
 Throbbing for the seaside billows,  
 Or the water-wooing willows;

Where, in laughing and in sobbing,  
 Glide the streams away.  
 Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,  
 Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,  
 Waiting for the May:  
 Spring goes by with wasted warnings, —  
 Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings, —  
 Summer comes, yet dark and dreary  
 Life still ebbs away;  
 Man is ever weary, weary,  
 Waiting for the May!

## FREDERICK LOCKER.

1821—

[BORN in 1821, son of Mr. E. H. Locker, a civil commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, and founder of the Naval Gallery there. Mr. Locker has contributed reviews to the *Times*, and verses to the *Times*, *Blackwood*, the *Cornhill*, and *Punch*, which have been collected in a volume called *London Lyrics*. His *Poems* have also been recently published in this country.]

### A HUMAN SKULL.

A HUMAN Skull! I bought it passing  
 cheap,  
 Indeed 'twas dearer to its first employer!  
 I thought mortality did well to keep  
 Some mute memento of the Old Destroyer.

Time was, some may have prized its  
 blooming skin;  
 Her lips were woo'd, perhaps, in  
 transport tender;  
 Some may have chuck'd what was a  
 dimpled chin,  
 And never had my doubt about its  
 gender.

Did she live yesterday or ages back?  
 What color were the eyes when bright  
 and waking?  
 And were your ringlets fair, or brown,  
 or black,  
 Poor little head! that long has done  
 with aching?

It may have held (to shoot some random shots)  
 Thy brains, Eliza Fry! or Baron Byron's;  
 The wits of Nelly Gwynn, or Doctor Watts —  
 Two quoted bards. Two philanthropic sirens.

But this I trust is clearly understood;  
 If man or woman, if adored or hated —  
 Whoever own'd this Skull was not so good,  
 Nor quite so bad as many may have stated.

Who love can need no special type of  
 Death;  
 Death steals his icy hand where Love  
 reposes;  
 Alas for love, alas for fleeting breath —  
*Immortelles* bloom with Beauty's  
 bridal roses.

O true-love mine, what lines of care  
are these?

The heart still lingers with its golden  
hours,

But fading tints are on the chestnut-  
trees,

And where is all that lavish wealth  
of flowers?

The end is near. Life lacks what once  
it gave,

Yet death has promises that call for  
praises;

A very worthless rogue may dig the  
grave,

But hands unseen will dress the turf  
with daisies.

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### TO MY GRANDMOTHER.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE BY MR. ROMNEY.

*Under the elm a rustic seat  
Was merriest Susan's pet retreat  
To merry make.*

THIS relative of mine,  
Was she seventy-and-nine  
When she died?

By the canvas may be seen  
How she look'd at seventeen,  
As a bride.

Beneath a summer tree,  
Her maiden reverie  
Has a charm;  
Her ringlets are in taste;  
What an arm! . . . what a waist  
For an arm!

With her bridal-wreath, bouquet,  
Lace farthingale, and gay  
*Falbala*,—

Were Romney's limning true,  
What a lucky dog were you,  
Grandpapa!

Her lips are sweet as love;  
They are parting! Do they move?  
Are they dumb?

Her eyes are blue, and beam  
Beseechingly, and seem  
To say, "Come!"

What funny fancy slips  
From atween these cherry lips?

Whisper me,  
Sweet sorceress in paint,  
What canon says I mayn't  
Marry thee?

That good-for-nothing Time  
Has a confidence sublime!

When I first  
Saw this lady, in my youth,  
Her winters had, forsooth,  
Done their worst.

Her locks, as white as snow,  
Once shamed the swarthy crow:  
By-and-by  
That fowl's avenging sprite  
Set his cruel foot for spite  
Near her eye.

Her rounded form was lean,  
And her silk was bombazine:  
Well I wot  
With her needles would she sit,  
And for hours would she knit,—  
Would she not?

Ah, perishable clay;  
Her charms had dropt away  
One by one:  
But if she heaved a sigh  
With a burden, it was, "Thy  
Will be done."

In travail, as in tears,  
With the fardel of her years  
Overprest,  
In mercy she was borne  
Where the weary and the worn  
Are at rest.

O, if you now are there,  
And sweet as once you were,  
Grandmamma,  
This nether world agrees  
'Twill all the better please  
Grandpapa.

## MATTHEW ARNOLD.

1822-1888.

[ELDEST son of the late Rev. Thos. Arnold, D.D., head-master of Rugby, born Dec. 24, 1822, at Laleham, Middlesex Co. Educated at Winchester, Rugby, and Balliol College, Oxford; graduated in 1844, and was elected a Fellow of Oriel College in 1845. Secretary to Lord Lansdowne from 1847 to 1851, when he was appointed one of the Lay Inspectors of Schools, under the Committee of Council on Education, a post which he still holds. In 1854 he published a volume of *Poems* under his own name, his previous volumes in 1848 and 1853 having been published without the name of the author. Elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford in 1857, which office he held till 1867. He has published several volumes of *Poems and Essays*, which are highly esteemed. "The strain of his mind," says an anonymous critic, "is calm and thoughtful; his style is the reverse of florid; deep culture, and a certain severity of taste have subdued every tendency to gay or passionate exuberance."]

## YOUTH'S AGITATIONS.

WHEN I shall be divorced, some ten  
years hence,

From this poor present self which I  
am now;

When youth has done its tedious vain  
expense

Of passions that for ever ebb and  
flow;

Shall I not joy youth's heats are left  
behind,

And breathe more happy in an even  
clime?—

Ah no, for then I shall begin to find  
A thousand virtues in this hated time!

Then I shall wish its agitations back,  
And all its thwarting currents of de-  
sire;

Then I shall praise the heat which then  
I lack,

And call this hurrying fever, generous  
fire;

And sigh that one thing only has been  
lent

To youth and age in common — dis-  
content.

## THE BETTER PART.

LONG fed on boundless hopes, O race of  
man,

How angrily thou spurn'st all simpler  
fare!

"Christ," some one says, "was human  
as we are;

No judge eyes us from Heaven, our sin  
to scan;

We live no more, when we have done  
our span."—

"Well, then, for Christ," thou answer-  
est, "who can care?

From sin, which Heaven records not,  
why forbear?

Live we like brutes our life without a  
plan!"

So answerest thou; but why not rather  
say:

"Hath man no second life? — *Pitch this  
one high!*

Sits there no judge in Heaven, our sin  
to see?—

*More strictly, then, the inward judge  
obey!*

Was Christ a man like us? — *Ah! let  
us try*

*If we then, too, can be such men as he!*

## FROM "THE SCHOLAR-GIPSY."

Go, for they call you, shepherd, from the  
hill;

Go, shepherd, and untie the wattled  
cotes!

No longer leave thy wistful flock  
unfed,

Nor let thy bawling fellows rack  
 their throats,  
 Nor the cropp'd grasses shoot  
 another head;  
 But when the fields are still,  
 And the tired men and dogs all gone  
 to rest,  
 And only the white sheep are some-  
 times seen  
 Cross and recross the strips of moon-  
 blanch'd green,  
 Come, shepherd, and again renew the  
 quest!

Here, where the reaper was at work of  
 late —  
 In this high field's dark corner, where  
 he leaves  
 His coat, his basket, and his earth-  
 en cruse,  
 And in the sun all morning binds the  
 sheaves,  
 Then here, at noon, comes back his  
 stores to use —  
 Here will I sit and wait,  
 While to my ear from uplands far away  
 The bleating of the folded flocks is  
 borne,  
 With distant cries of reapers in the  
 corn —  
 All the live murmur of a summer's day.

---

*FROM "THYRSIS."*

HE hearkens not! light comes, he is  
 flown!  
 What matters it? next year he will  
 return,  
 And we shall have him in the sweet  
 spring-days,  
 With whitening hedges, and uncrum-  
 pling fern,  
 And blue-bells trembling by the  
 forest-ways,  
 And scent of hay new-mown.  
 But Thyrsis never more we swains  
 shall see;  
 See him come back, and cut a  
 smoother reed,

And blow a strain the world at last  
 shall heed —  
 For Time, not Corydon, hath con-  
 quer'd thee!  
 Alack, for Corydon no rival now! —  
 But when Sicilian shepherds lost a  
 mate,  
 Some good survivor with his flute  
 would go,  
 Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate;  
 And cross the unpermitted ferry's  
 flow,  
 And relax Pluto's brow,  
 And make leap up with joy the  
 beauteous head  
 Of Proserpine, among whose crown-  
 ed hair  
 Areflowersfirstopen'd on Sicilian air,  
 And flute his friend, like Orpheus,  
 from the dead.

O easy access to the hearer's grace  
 When Dorian shepherds sang to Pros-  
 erpine!  
 For she herself had trod Sicilian  
 fields,  
 She knew the Dorian water's gush  
 divine,  
 She knew each lily white which  
 Enna yields,  
 Each rose with blushing face;  
 She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian  
 strain.  
 But ah, of our poor Thames she  
 never heard!  
 Her foot the Cumner cowslips  
 never stirr'd;  
 And we should tease her with our  
 plaint in vain!

---

*THE LAST WORD.*

CREEP into thy narrow bed,  
 Creep, and let no more be said!  
 Vain thy onset! all stands fast.  
 Thou thyself must break at last.  
 Let the long contention cease!  
 Geese are swans, and swans are geese.  
 Let them have it how they will!  
 Thou art tired; best be still.

They out-talk'd thee, hiss'd thee, tore  
thee?  
Better men fared thus before thee;  
Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,  
Hotly charged—and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!  
Let the victors, when they come,  
When the forts of folly fall,  
Find thy body by the wall!



## SYDNEY DOBELL.

1824-1874.

[SYDNEY DOBELL was born at Cranbrook in Kent in 1824, was educated at home, and for the greater part of his life was engaged in business in Gloucestershire. His first published poem, *The Roman*, inspired by his life-long enthusiasm for the Italian cause, appeared in 1850; his next, *Balder*, was finished in 1853. In 1855 he wrote in conjunction with Alexander Smith a series of sonnets, suggested by the Crimean struggle. This volume was followed by another, of descriptive and lyrical verses, on the same theme, *England in Time of War*. Subsequently his health gave way, and after living for several years, the winters of which he passed abroad, more or less in the condition of an invalid, he died at Barton End House near Nailsworth, in 1874. A complete edition of his poems was published in 1875.]

## TOMMY'S DEAD.

YOU may give over plough, boys,  
You may take the gear to the stead;  
All the sweat o' your brow, boys,  
Will never get beer and bread.  
The seed's waste, I know, boys;  
There's not a blade will grow, boys;  
'Tis cropped out, I trow, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

Send the colt to the fair, boys—  
He's going blind, as I said,  
My old eyes can't bear, boys,  
To see him in the shed;  
The cow's dry and spare, boys,  
She's neither here nor there, boys,  
I doubt she's badly bred;  
Stop the mill to-morn, boys,  
There'll be no more corn, boys,  
Neither white nor red;  
There's no sign of grass, boys,  
You may sell the goat and the ass, boys,  
The land's not what it was, boys,  
And the beasts must be fed:  
You may turn Peg away, boys,  
You may pay off old Ned,  
We've had a dull day, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

Move my chair on the floor, boys,  
Let me turn my head:  
She's standing there in the door, boys,  
Your sister Winifred!  
Take her away from me, boys,  
Your sister Winifred!  
Move me round in my place, boys,  
Let me turn my head,  
Take her away from me, boys,  
As she lay on her death-bed—  
The bones of her thin face, boys,  
As she lay on her death-bed!  
I don't know how it be, boys,  
When all's done and said,  
But I see her looking at me, boys,  
Wherever I turn my head;  
Out of the big oak-tree, boys,  
Out of the garden-bed,  
And the lily as pale as she, boys,  
And the rose that used to be red.

There's something not right, boys,  
But I think it's not in my head;  
I've kept my precious sight, boys—  
The Lord be hallowed.  
Outside and in  
The ground is cold to my tread,  
The hills are wizen and thin,

The sky is shrivelled and shred;  
 The hedges down by the loan  
 I can count them bone by bone,  
 The leaves are open and spread.  
 But I see the teeth of the land,  
 And hands like a dead man's hand,  
 And the eyes of a dead man's head.  
 There's nothing but cinders and sand,  
 The rat and the mouse have fled,  
 And the summer's empty and cold;  
 Over valley and wold,  
 Wherever I turn my head,  
 There's a mildew and a mould;  
 The sun's going out overhead,  
 And I'm very old,  
 And Tommy's dead.

What am I staying for, boys?  
 You're all born and bred —  
 'Tis fifty years and more, boys,  
 Since wife and I were wed;  
 And she's gone before, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

She was always sweet, boys,  
 Upon his curly head,  
 She knew she'd never see't, boys,  
 And she stole off to bed;  
 I've been sitting up alone, boys,  
 For he'd come home, he said,  
 But it's time I was gone, boys,  
 For Tommy's dead.

Put the shutters up, boys,  
 Bring out the beer and bread,  
 Make haste and sup, boys,  
 For my eyes are heavy as lead;  
 There's something wrong i' the cup, boys,  
 There's something ill wi' the bread;  
 I don't care to sup, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

I'm not right, I doubt, boys,  
 I've such a sleepy head;  
 I shall never more be stout, boys,  
 You may carry me to bed.  
 What are you about, boys,  
 The prayers are all said,  
 The fire's raked out, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

The stairs are too steep, boys,  
 You may carry me to the head,  
 The night's dark and deep, boys,  
 Your mother's long in bed;  
 'Tis time to go to sleep, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

I'm not used to kiss, boys;  
 You may shake my hand instead.  
 All things go amiss, boys,  
 You may lay me where she is, boys,  
 And I'll rest my old head;  
 'Tis a poor world, this, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

### HOW'S MY BOY.

"Ho, sailor of the sea!  
 How's my boy — my boy?"  
 "What's your boy's name, good wife,  
 And in what ship sail'd he?"

"My boy John —  
 He that went to sea —  
 What care I for the ship, sailor?  
 My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from sea,  
 And not know my John?  
 I might as well have ask'd some lands-  
                   man,  
 Yonder down in the town.  
 There's not an ass in all the parish  
 But know's my John.

"How's my boy — my boy?  
 And unless you let me know  
 I'll swear you are no sailor,  
 Blue jacket or no —  
 Brass buttons or no, sailor,  
 Anchor and crown or no —  
 Sure his ship was the 'Jolly Briton,' —  
 "Speak low, woman, speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor,  
 About my own boy John?  
 If I was loud as I am proud  
 I'd sing him over the town!  
 Why should I speak low, sailor?" —  
 "That good ship went down."

"How's my boy—my boy?  
 What care I for the ship, sailor—  
 I was never aboard her.  
 Be she afloat or be she aground  
 Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound  
 Her owners can afford her!  
 I say, how's my John?"—

Every man aboard her."  
 "Every man on board went down,  
 "How's my boy,—my boy?  
 What care I for the men, sailor?  
 I'm not their mother—  
 How's my boy—my boy?  
 Tell me of him and no other!  
 How's my boy—my boy?"

## MISS MENELLA BUTE SMEDLEY.

*Circa 1825—circa 1875.*

[A SISTER to F. E. Smedley. Author of *Nina*, 1861; *Twice Lost, and other Prose Tales*, 1863; *Linnet's Trial*, 1864; *A Mere Story*, 1869; *Other Folks' Lives*, 1869; *Lays and Ballads from English History*, 1858; *Poems*, 1868; *Two Dramatic Poems*, 1874. Her reputation as a poet rests chiefly upon her shorter poems.]

### THE LITTLE FAIR SOUL.

A LITTLE fair soul that knew no sin  
 Looked over the edge of Paradise,  
 And saw one striving to come in,  
 With fear and tumult in his eyes.

"Oh, brother, is it you?" he cried;  
 "Your face is like a breath from home;  
 Why do you stay so long outside?  
 I am athirst for you to come!

"Tell me first how our mother fares,  
 And has she wept too much for me?"  
 "White are her cheeks and white her  
 hairs,  
 But not from gentle tears for thee."

"Tell me, where are our sisters gone?"  
 "Alas, I left them weary and wan."  
 "And tell me, is the baby grown?"  
 "Alas! he is almost a man."

"Cannot you break the gathering days,  
 And let the light of death comethrough,  
 Ere his feet stumble in the maze  
 Crossed safely by so few, so few?

"For like a crowd upon the sea  
 That darkens till you find no shore,  
 So was the face of life to me,  
 Until I sank for evermore.

"And like an army in the snow  
 My days went by, a treacherous train,  
 Each smiling as he struck his blow,  
 Until I lay among them—slain."

"Oh, brother, there was a path so clear!"  
 "There might be, but I never sought."  
 "Oh, brother, there was a sword so  
 near!"  
 "There might be, but I never fought!"

"Yet sweep this needless gloom aside,  
 For you are come to the gate at last!"  
 Then in despair that soul replied,  
 "The gate is fast! the gate is fast!"

"I cannot move this mighty weight,  
 I cannot find this golden key;  
 But hosts of heaven around us wait,  
 And none has ever said 'no' to me.

"Sweet Saint, put by thy palm and scroll,  
 And come undo the door for me!"  
 "Rest thee still, thou little fair soul,  
 It is not mine to keep the key."

"Kind Angel, strike these doors apart!  
 The air without is dark and cold."  
 "Rest thee still, thou little pure heart,  
 Not for my word will they unfold."

Up all the shining heights he prayed  
For that poor Shadow in the cold!  
Still came the word, "Not ours to aid;  
We cannot make the doors unfold."

But that poor Shadow, still outside,  
Wrung all the sacred air with pain;

And all the souls went up and cried,  
Where never cry was heard in vain.

No eye beheld the pitying Face,  
The answer none might understand,  
But dimly through the silent space  
Was seen the stretching of a Hand.



## ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

1825-1864.

[BORN at London, Oct. 30, 1825; daughter of Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall). Her first contributions to *Household Words*, under the name "Mary Berwick," were in 1853, to which periodical she became a regular contributor. She also wrote for *Cornhill* and *Good Words*. Her *Poems, Legends, and Lyrics*, were published in two volumes, 1858 and 1860. Died at London, Feb. 2, 1864. Her works were reissued in 1865, with an introduction by Charles Dickens.]

### A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BEFORE I trust my fate to thee,  
Or place my hand in thine,  
Before I let thy future give  
Color and form to mine,  
Before I peril all for thee, question thy  
soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel  
A shadow of regret:  
Is there one link within the Past  
That holds thy spirit yet?  
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that  
which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams  
A possible future shine,  
Wherein thy life could henceforth  
breathe,  
Untouched, unshared by mine?  
If so, at any pain or cost, O, tell me be-  
fore all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel,  
Within thy inmost soul,  
That thou hast kept a portion back,  
While I have staked the whole,  
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in  
true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need  
That mine cannot fulfil?  
One chord that any other hand  
Could better wake or still?  
Speak now,—lest at some future day  
my whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid  
The demon-spirit Change,  
Shedding a passing glory still  
On all things new and strange?—  
It may not be thy fault alone,—but  
shield my heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one  
day  
And answer to my claim,  
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake—  
Not thou—had been to blame?  
Some soothe their conscience thus; but  
thou wilt surely warn and save  
me now.

Nay, answer *not*,—I dare not hear,  
The words would come too late;  
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,  
So, comfort thee, my Fate,—  
Whatever on my heart may fall—re-  
member, I *would* risk it all!



## A LOST CHORD.

SEATED one day at the organ,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,  
Or what I was dreaming then,  
But I struck one chord of music,  
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,  
Like the close of an angel's psalm,  
And it lay on my fevered spirit,  
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,  
Like love overcoming strife;

It seemed the harmonious echo  
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings  
Into one perfect peace,  
And trembled away into silence,  
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,  
That one lost chord divine,  
That came from the soul of the organ,  
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel  
Will speak in that chord again;  
It may be that only in heaven  
I shall hear that grand Amen.



## DINAH MARIA MULOCK (CRAIK).

1826-1887.

[BORN at Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, in 1826. Published her first novel, *The Ogilvies*, in 1849, followed by numerous others, among which *John Halifax, Gentleman*, 1857, is the most noted. In 1864 she obtained a literary pension of £60 a year, and in 1865 was married to Mr. George Lillie Craik, a nephew of the literary historian of the same name.]

DOUGLAS, DOUGLAS, TENDER  
AND TRUE.

COULD ye come back to me, Douglas,  
Douglas,  
In the old likeness that I knew,  
I would be so faithful, so loving, Doug-  
las,  
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,  
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels  
do; —

Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,  
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

O to call back the days that are not!  
My eyes were blinded, your words  
were few:  
Do you know the truth now up in  
heaven,  
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas;  
Not half worthy the like of you:  
Now all men beside seem to me like  
shadows —  
I love *you*, Douglas, tender and true.  
Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas,  
Douglas,  
Drop forgiveness from heaven like  
dew;  
As I lay my heart on your dead heart,  
Douglas,  
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

## PHILIP MY KING.

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round  
And top of sovereignty."

LOOK at me with thy large brown eyes,  
Philip my king,  
Round whom the enshadowing purple  
lies

Of babyhood's royal dignities:  
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand  
With love's invisible sceptre laden;  
I am thine Esther to command  
Till thou shalt find a queen-handmaiden,  
Philip my king.

O the day when thou goest a wooing,  
Philip my king!  
When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,  
And some gentle heart's bars undoing  
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and  
there  
Sittest love-glorified. Rule kindly,  
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair,  
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,  
Philip my king.

Up from thy sweet mouth — up to thy  
brow,  
Philip my king!  
The spirit that there lies sleeping now

May rise like a giant and make men  
bow  
As to one Heaven-chosen amongst his  
peers:  
My Saul, than thy brethren taller and  
fairer  
Let me behold thee in future years; —  
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,  
Philip my king.

A wreath not of gold, but palm. One  
day,  
Philip my king,  
Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way  
Thorny and cruel and cold and gray:  
Rebels within thee and foes without,  
Will snatch at thy crown. But march  
on, glorious,  
Martyr, yet monarch: till angels shout,  
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victo-  
rious,  
"Philip the king!"

## GERALD MASSEY.

1828—

[BORN at Tring, in Herefordshire, May 29, 1828. He received a scanty education at the British and National schools. At the age of fifteen he went to London, and served as an errand-boy. His first volume, *Poems and Chansons*, was published about 1846. In 1849 he published *Voices of Freedom*, and *Lyrics of Love*. *The Ballad of Babe Christabel*, and other Poems, appeared in 1855; *Craigcrook Castle and Other Poems*, in 1856; *Havelock's March and Other Poems*, in 1861. His latest work is *A Tale of Eternity and Other Poems*, 1869. In 1873 he made a lecturing tour in the United States.]

### O, LAY THY HAND IN MINE, DEAR!

O, LAY thy hand in mine, dear!  
We're growing old;  
But Time hath brought no sign, dear,  
That hearts grow cold.  
'Tis long, long since our new love  
Made life divine;  
But age enricheth true love,  
Like noble wine.  
  
And lay thy cheek to mine, dear,  
And take thy rest;  
Mine arms around thee twine, dear,  
And make thy nest.

A many cares are pressing  
On this dear head;  
But Sorrow's hands in blessing  
Are surely laid.

O, lean thy life on mine, dear!  
'Twill shelter thee.  
Thou wert a winsome vine, dear,  
On my young tree:  
And so, till boughs are leafless,  
And songbirds flown,  
We'll twine, then lay us, griefless,  
Together down.

## OUR WEE WHITE ROSE.

ALL in our marriage garden  
 Grew, smiling up to God,  
 A bonnier flower than ever  
 Suckt the green warmth of the sod;  
 O, beautiful unfathomably  
 Its little life unfurled;  
 And crown of all things was our wee  
 White Rose of all the world.

From out a balmy bosom  
 Our bud of beauty grew;  
 It fed on smiles for sunshine,  
 On tears for daintier dew:  
 Aye nestling warm and tenderly,  
 Our leaves of love were curled  
 So close and close about our wee  
 White Rose of all the world.

With mystical faint fragrance  
 Our house of life she filled;  
 Revealed each hour some fairy tower  
 Where wingèd hopes might build!  
 We saw — though none like us might  
 see —  
 Such precious promise pearled  
 Upon the petals of our wee  
 White Rose of all the world.

But evermore the halo  
 Of angel-light increased,  
 Like the mystery of moonlight  
 That folds some fairy feast.  
 Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-silently  
 Our darling bud upcurled,  
 And dropt i' the grave — God's lap —  
 our wee  
 White Rose of all the world.

Our Rose was but in blossom,  
 Our life was but in spring,  
 When down the solemn midnight  
 We heard the spirits sing,  
 "Another bud of infancy  
 With holy dews impearled!"  
 And in their hands they bore our wee  
 White Rose of all the world.

You scarce could think so small a thing  
 Could leave a loss so large;  
 Her little light such shadow fling  
 From dawn to sunset's marge.  
 In other springs our life may be  
 In bannered bloom unfurled,  
 But never, never match our wee  
 White Rose of all the world.



## WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

1828-1889.

[BORN at Ballyshannon, in the north-west part of Ireland. After contributing to the *Athenæum*, *Household Words*, and other periodicals, his first volume, *Poems*, was published in 1850; in 1854, *Day and Night Songs* appeared, and in 1855 an enlarged edition, with illustrations by D. G. Rossetti, Millais, and A. Hughes; *Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland, a Modern Poem in twelve chapters*, in 1869; *Songs, Poems, and Ballads*, 1877.]

## LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

O LOVELY Mary Donnelly, it's you I love  
 the best!  
 If fifty girls were round you, I'd hardly  
 see the rest.  
 Be what it may the time of day, the place  
 be where it will,  
 Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they  
 bloom before me still.

Her eyes like mountain water that's  
 flowing on a rock,  
 How clear they are, how dark they are!  
 and they give me many a shock.  
 Red rowans warm in sunshine, and  
 wetted with a shower,  
 Could ne'er express the charming lip  
 that has me in its power.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her  
eyebrows lifted up,  
Her chin is very neat and pert, and  
smooth like a china cup,  
Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so  
weighty and so fine;  
It's rolling down upon her neck, and  
gathered in a twine.

The dance o' last Whit-Monday night  
exceeded all before;  
No pretty girl for miles about was mis-  
sing from the floor;  
But Mary kept the belt of love, and O,  
but she was gay!  
She danced a jig, she sung a song, that  
took my heart away.

When she stood up for dancing, her  
steps were so complete  
The music nearly killed itself to listen  
to her feet;  
The fiddler moaned his blindness, he  
heard her so much praised,  
But blessed himself he wasn't deaf  
when once her voice she raised.

And evermore I'm whistling or liltin'  
what you sung,  
Your smile is always in my heart, your  
name beside my tongue;  
But you've as many sweethearts as you'd  
count on both your hands,  
And for myself there's not a thumb or  
little finger stands.

O, you're the flower o' womankind in  
country or in town;  
The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm  
cast down.  
If some great lord should come this way,  
and see your beauty bright,  
And you to be his lady, I'd own it was  
but right.

O, might we live together in a lofty  
palace hall,  
Where joyful music rises, and where  
scarlet curtains fall!  
O, might we live together in a cottage  
mean and small;  
With sods of grass the only roof, and  
mud the only wall!

O lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's  
my distress;  
It's far too beautiful to be mine, but  
I'll never wish it less.  
The proudest place would fit your face,  
and I am poor and low;  
But blessings be about you, dear, where-  
ever you may go!

### THE FAIRIES.

Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a hunting  
For fear of little men;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together;  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore  
Some make their home,—  
They live on crispy pancakes  
Of yellow tide-foam;  
Some in the reeds  
Of the black mountain-lake,  
With frogs for their watch-dogs,  
All night awake.

High on the hill-top  
The old King sits;  
He is now so old and gray  
He's nigh lost his wits.  
With a bridge of white mist  
Columbkil he crosses,  
On his stately journeys  
From Slieveleague to Rosses;  
Or going up with music  
On cold starry nights,  
To sup with the queen  
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget  
For seven years long;  
When she came down again  
Her friends were all gone.  
They took her lightly back,  
Between the night and morrow;  
They thought that she was fast asleep,  
But she was dead with sorrow.

They have kept her ever since  
 Deep within the lakes,  
 On a bed of flag-leaves,  
 Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hillside,  
 Through the mosses bare,  
 They have planted thorn-trees  
 For pleasure here and there.  
 Is any man so daring  
 To dig one up in spite,

He shall find the thornies set  
 In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,  
 Down the rushy glen,  
 We daren't go a hunting  
 For fear of little men;  
 Wee folk, good folk,  
 Trooping all together;  
 Green jacket, red cap,  
 And white owl's feather!



## DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

1828-1882.

[Son of Gabriel; born at London in 1828; educated at King's College. His love of art led him to found, in connection with Holman Hunt, Millais, and others, what is known as the "Pre-Raphaelite" school of painting; is widely known through his designs for illustrated works. His *Early Italian Poets*, a volume of translations, appeared in 1861. *Dante and his Circle*, in 1874, a revised edition of the preceding; and a volume of *Poems* in 1870. As a poet he is associated with that school of latter-day singers of which Morris and Swinburne are also notable members. Died April 9, 1882.]

### THE SEA-LIMITS.

CONSIDER the sea's listless chime:  
 Time's self it is, made audible,—  
 The murmur of the earth's own shell.  
 Secret continuance sublime  
 Is the sea's end: our sight may pass  
 No furlong further. Since time was,  
 This sound hath told the lapse of time.

No quiet, which is death's,—it hath  
 The mournfulness of ancient life,  
 Enduring always at dull strife.  
 As the world's heart of rest and wrath,  
 Its painful pulse is in the sands.  
 Last utterly, the whole sky stands,  
 Gray and not known, along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea,  
 Listen alone among the woods;  
 Those voices of twin solitudes  
 Shall have one sound alike to thee:  
 Hark where the murmurs of thronged  
 men  
 Surge and sink back and surge  
 again,—  
 Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strown beach  
 And listen at its lips: they sigh  
 The same desire and mystery,  
 The echo of the whole sea's speech.  
 And all mankind is thus at heart  
 Not anything but what thou art:  
 And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in each.

### MARY MAGDALENE

AT THE DOOR OF SIMON THE PHARISEE.

"WHY wilt thou cast the roses from  
 thine hair?  
 Nay, be thou all a rose,—wreath,  
 lips, and cheek.  
 Nay, not this house,—that banquet-  
 house we seek;  
 See how they kiss and enter; come  
 thou there.  
 This delicate day of love we two will  
 share  
 Till at our ear love's whispering night  
 shall speak.

What, sweet one, — hold'st thou still  
the foolish freak?

Nay, when I kiss thy feet they'll leave  
the stair."

"Oh loose me! See'st thou not my  
Bridegroom's face

That draws me to Him? For His  
feet my kiss,

My hair, my tears He craves to-  
day: — and oh!

What words can tell what other day and  
place

Shall see me clasp those blood-stained  
feet of His?

He needs me, calls me, loves me:  
let me go!"

### THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.

THE blessed damozel leaned out  
From the gold bar of heaven;  
Her eyes were deeper than the depth.  
Of waters stilled at even;  
She had three lilies in her hand,  
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from-clasp to hem,  
No wrought flowers did adorn,  
But a white rose of Mary's gift,  
For service neatly worn;  
Her hair that lay along her back  
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day.  
One of God's choristers;  
The wonder was not yet quite gone  
From that still look of hers;  
Albeit, to them she left, her day  
Had counted as ten years.

It was the rampart of God's house  
That she was standing on;  
By God built over the sheer depth  
The which is space begun;  
So high, that looking downward thence  
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in heaven, across the flood  
Of ether, as a bridge.  
Beneath, the tides of day and night  
With flame and darkness ridge  
The void, as low as where this earth  
Spins like a fretful midge.

Heard hardly, some of her new friends  
Amid their loving games  
Spake evermore among themselves  
Their virginal chaste names;  
And the souls mounting up to God  
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stopped  
Out of the circling charm;  
Until her bosom must have made  
The bar she leaned on warm,  
And the lilies lay as if asleep  
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of heaven she saw  
Time like a pulse shake fierce  
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still  
strove  
Within the gulf to pierce  
The path; and now she spoke as when  
The stars sang in their spheres.

"I wish that he were come to me,  
For he will come," she said.  
"Have I not prayed in heaven? — on  
earth,  
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?  
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?  
And shall I feel afraid?"

She gazed and listened, and then said,  
Less sad of speech than mild, —  
"All this is when he comes." She  
ceased.  
The light thrilled toward her, filled  
With angels in strong level flight.  
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path  
Was vague in distant spheres;  
And then she cast her arms along  
The golden barriers,  
And laid her face between her hands,  
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

## CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

1830-1894

[DAUGHTER of Gabriele Rossetti, and sister of D. G. Rossetti; born at London, Dec. 5, 1830. Author of *Goblin Market and Other Poems*, 1862; *The Prince's Progress and Other Poems*, 1866; *Commonplace and Other Short Stories in Prose*, 1870; *Sing Song, A Nursery Rhyme Book*, 1872; *Speaking Likenesses*, 1874; *Annus Domini, a Prayer for every day in the year*, 1874; *A Pageant and Other Poems*, 1881; *Called to be Saints*, 1881. Died 1894.]

## MAUDE CLARE.

OUT of the church she followed them  
With a lofty step and mien:  
His bride was like a village maid,  
Maude Clare was like a queen.

"Son Thomas," his lady mother said,  
With smiles, almost with tears:  
"May Nell and you but live as true  
As we have done for years;

"Your father thirty years ago  
Had just your tale to tell;  
But he was not so pale as you,  
Nor I so pale as Nell."

My lord was pale with inward strife,  
And Nell was pale with pride;  
My lord gazed long on pale Maude Clare  
Or ever he kissed the bride.

"Lo, I have brought my gift, my lord,  
Have brought my gift," she said:  
"To bless the hearth, to bless the board,  
To bless the marriage-bed.

"Here's my half of the golden chain  
You wore about your neck,  
That day we waded ankle-deep  
For lilies in the beck:

"Here's my half of the faded leaves  
We plucked from budding bough,  
With feet amongst the lily leaves,—  
The lilies are budding now."

He strove to match her scorn with scorn,  
He faltered in his place:

"Lady," he said,—"Maude Clare," he  
said,—  
"Maude Clare:"—and hid his face.

She turn'd to Nell: "My Lady Nell,  
I have a gift for you; \*  
Though, were it fruit, the bloom were  
gone,  
Or, were it flowers, the dew.

"Take my share of a fickle heart,  
Mine of a paltry love:  
Take it or leave it as you will,  
I wash my hands thereof."

"And what you leave," said Nell, "I'll  
take,  
And what you spurn I'll wear;  
For he's my lord for better and worse,  
And him I love, Maude Clare.

"Yea, though you're taller by the head,  
More wise, and much more fair;  
I'll love him till he loves me best,  
Me best of all, Maude Clare."

## UP-HILL.

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way?  
Yes, to the very end.  
Will the day's journey take the whole  
long day?  
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?  
A roof for when the slow dark hours  
begin.

May not the darkness hide it from my  
face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?  
Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just  
in sight?

They will not keep you standing at  
the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and  
weak?

Of labor you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who  
seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

---

SONG.

WHEN I am dead, my dearest,  
Sing no sad songs for me;

Plant thou no roses at my head,

Nor shady cypress tree:

Be the green grass above me

With showers and dewdrops wet;

And if thou wilt, remember,

And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,

I shall not feel the rain;

I shall not hear the nightingale

Sing on, as if in pain:

And dreaming through the twilight

That doth not rise nor set,

Haply I may remember,

And haply may forget.

---

## JEAN INGELOW.

1830—

[DAUGHTER of Mr. Wm. Ingelow, late of Ipswich, Suffolk; born about 1830. Her first volume of poems came out in 1863, and five years afterwards *A Story of Doom and Other Poems* appeared. Miss Ingelow's other published works have been in prose, viz.: *Studies for Stories*, 1864; *Stories told to a Child*; *Mopsa, the Fairy*, 1869; *Off the Skelligs*, 1873; *Fated to be Free*, 1875; *Sarah de Berenger*, 1880; *Don John*, 1883. Her poems have obtained a remarkable degree of popularity, both in this country and in England.]

### THE COMING IN OF THE "MERMAIDEN."

THE moon is bleached as white as wool,

And just dropping under;

Every star is gone but three,

And they hang far asunder—

There's a sea-ghost all in gray,

A tall shape of wonder!

I am not satisfied with sleep,—

The night is not ended.

But look how the sea-ghost comes,

With wan skirts extended,

Stealing up in this weird hour,

When light and dark are blended.

A vessel! To the old pier end

Her happy course she's keeping;

I heard them name her yesterday:

Some were pale with weeping;

Some with their heart-hunger sighed,

She's in—and they are sleeping.

O! now with fancied greetings blest,

They comfort their long aching:

The sea of sleep hath borne to them

What would not come with waking,

And the dreams shall most be true

In their blissful breaking.

The stars are gone, the rose-bloom  
comes—

No blush of maid is sweeter;

The red sun, half-way out of bed,

Shall be the first to greet her.

None tell the news, yet sleepers wake,

And rise, and run to meet her.



Their loss they have, they hold; from  
pain

A keener bliss they borrow.  
How natural is joy, my heart!  
How easy after sorrow!  
For once, the best is come that hope  
Promised them "to-morrow."

### LOVE'S THREAD OF GOLD.

In the night she told a story,  
In the night and all night through,  
While the moon was in her glory,  
And the branches dropped with dew.  
'Twas my life she told, and round it  
Rose the years as from a deep;  
In the world's great heart she found it,  
Cradled like a child asleep.  
In the night I saw her weaving  
By the misty moonbeam cold,  
All the west her shuttle cleaving  
With a sacred thread of gold.  
Ah! she wept me tears of sorrow,  
Lulling tears so mystic sweet;  
Then she wove my last to-morrow,  
And her web lay at my feet.  
Of my life she made the story:  
I must weep — so soon 'twas told!  
But your name did lend it glory,  
And your love its thread of gold!

### LIKE A LAVEROCK IN THE LIFT.

It's we two, it's we two, it's we two for  
aye,  
All the world and we two, and Heaven  
be our stay.  
Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny  
bride!  
All the world was Adam once, with Eve  
by his side.

What's the world, my lass, my love! —  
what can it do?  
I am thine, and thou art mine; life is  
sweet and new.  
If the world have missed the mark, let  
it stand by,  
For we two have gotten leave, and once  
more we'll try.

Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny  
bride!

It's we two, it's we two, happy side by  
side.

Take a kiss from me thy man; now the  
song begins:

"All is made afresh for us, and the  
brave heart wins."

When the darker days come, and ne  
sun will shine,

Thou shalt dry my tears, lass, and I'll  
dry thine.

It's we two, it's we two, while the  
world's away,

Sitting by the golden sheaves on our  
wedding-day.

### DOMINION.

[From *Songs with Preludes.*]

YON moored mackerel fleet  
Hangs thick as a swarm of bees,  
Or a clustering village street  
Foundationless built on the seas.

The mariners ply their craft,  
Each set in his castle frail;  
His care is all for the draught,  
And he dries the rain-beaten sail

For rain came down in the night,  
And thunder muttered full oft,  
But now the azure is bright,  
And hawks are wheeling aloft.

I take the land to my breast,  
In her coat with daisies fine;  
For me are the hills in their best,  
And all that's made is mine.

Sing high! "Though the red sun  
dip,

There yet is a day for me;  
Nor youth I count for a ship  
That long ago foundered at sea.

"Did the lost love die and depart?  
Many times since we have met;  
For I hold the years in my heart,  
And all that was — is yet.

"I grant to the king his reign;  
Let us yield him homage due;  
But over the lands there are twain,  
O king, I must rule as you.

"I grant to the wise his meed,  
But his yoke I will not brook,  
For God taught ME to read, —  
He lent me the world for a book."

### BINDING SHEAVES.

HARK! a lover binding sheaves  
To his maiden sings,  
Flutter, flutter go the leaves,  
Larks drop their wings.  
Little brooks for all their mirth  
Are not blithe as he.

"Give me what the love is worth  
That I give thee.

"Speech that cannot be forborne  
Tells the story through:  
I sowed my love in with the corn,  
And they both grew.  
Count the world full wide of girth,  
And hived honey sweet,  
But count the love of more worth  
Laid at thy feet.

"Money's worth is house and land,  
Velvet coat and vest.  
Work's worth is bread in hand,  
Ay, and sweet rest.  
Wilt thou learn what love is worth?  
Ah! she sits above,  
Sighing, 'Weigh me not with earth,  
Love's worth is love.'"

## OWEN MEREDITH

(LORD LYTTON).

1831-1891

[EDWARD ROBERT BULWER LYTTON, son of the great novelist and poet, was born Nov. 8 1831. Educated at Harrow, and afterwards at Bonn, in Germany. Entered the diplomatic service of the Crown in 1849, and has held important positions of trust at St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Vienna, and other European stations. Appointed in 1876 as the Viceroy of India, which office he resigned in 1880. His first work, *Clytemnestra, The Earl's Return, and Other Poems*, was published in 1855. *The Wanderer; a Collection of Poems in Many Lands*, appeared in 1859. This was followed in 1860 by *Lucile*, which has proved more popular than any of his works. Among his other works are *Tannhauser*, 1861; *The Ring of Amasis*, a prose romance, 1863; *Fable in Song*, 1874; and several volumes of prose writings, including a biography of his father, 1883-1884. In 1867, a collected edition of *The Poetical Works of Owen Meredith* appeared in two volumes, and were republished in the United States, where most of them had previously appeared.]

### THE HEART AND NATURE.

THE lake is calm; and, calm, the skies  
In yonder cloudless sunset glow,  
Where, o'er the woodland, homeward  
flies  
The solitary crow;

No moan the cushat makes to heave  
A leaflet round her windless nest;  
The air is silent in the eve;  
The world's at rest.

All bright below; all pure above;  
No sense of pain, no sign of wrong;  
Save in thy heart of hopeless love,  
Poor Child of Song!

Why must the soul through Nature  
rove,  
At variance with her general plan?  
A stranger to the Power, whose love  
Soothes all save Man?

Why lack the strength of meaner creatures?

The wandering sheep, the grazing kine,  
Are surer of their simpler natures  
Than I of mine.

For all their wants the poorest land  
Affords supply; they browse and breed;

I scarce divine, and ne'er have found,  
What most I need.

O God, that in this human heart  
Hath made Belief so hard to grow,  
And set the doubt, the pang, the smart  
In all we know —

Why hast thou, too, in solemn jest  
At this tormented Thinking-power,  
Inscribed, in flame on yonder West,  
In hues on every flower,

Through all the vast unthinking sphere  
Of mere material Force without,  
Rebuke so vehement and severe  
To the least doubt?

And robbed the world, and hung the night,  
With silent, stern, and solemn forms;  
And strown with sounds of awe, and might,  
The seas and storms; —

All lacking power to impart  
To man the secret he assails,  
But arm'd to crush him, if his heart  
Once doubts or fails!

To make him feel the same forlorn  
Despair, the Fiend bath felt ere now,  
In gazing at the stern sweet scorn  
On Michael's brow?

### THE CHESS-BOARD.

My little love, do you remember,  
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,  
Those evenings in the bleak December,  
Curtained warm from the snowy weather,  
When you and I played chess together,  
Checkmated by each other's eyes?

Ah! still I see your soft white hand  
Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight;  
Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand;  
The double Castles guard the wings;  
The Bishop, bent on distant things,  
Moves, sidling, through the fight.

Our fingers touch; our glances meet,  
And falter; falls your golden hair  
Against my cheek; your bosom sweet  
Is heaving. Down the field, your Queen  
Rides slow, her soldiery all between,  
And checks me unaware.

Ah me! the little battle's done:  
Disperst is all its chivalry.  
Full many a move since then have we  
'Mid life's perplexing checkers made,  
And many a game with fortune played;  
What is it we have won?  
This, this at least, — if this alone:

That never, never, nevermore,  
As in those old still nights of yore,  
(Ere we were grown so sadly wise,)  
Can you and I shut out the skies,  
Shut out the world and wintry weather,  
And, eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,  
Play chess, as then we played together.

## LEWIS MORRIS.

1833—

[BORN in Carmarthen, Wales, in 1833; graduated at Jesus College, Oxford, in 1855 as first class in classics and chancellor's prize-man; called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, 1861. Has held numerous positions of trust in Wales, where he resides. In 1871-4-5, appeared the three volumes of *Songs of Two Worlds*. In 1876-77 *The Epic of Hades*, Books I., II., and III., were published. *Gwin, a Drama in Monologue*, appeared in 1878, and in March, 1880, *The Ode of Life*. The above have hitherto appeared anonymously as the work of "A New Writer," but a new edition is announced for publication under the author's name. His latest work, *Songs Un-sung*, appeared in 1883.]

## ONE DAY.

ONE day, one day, our lives shall seem  
Thin as a brief forgotten dream:  
One day, our souls by life opprest,  
Shall ask no other boon than rest.

And shall no hope nor longing come,  
No memory of our former home,  
No yearning for the loved, the dear  
Dead lives that are no longer here?

If this be age, and age no more  
Recall the hopes, the fears of yore,  
The dear dead mother's accents mild,  
The lisping of the little child,

Come, Death, and slay us ere the blood  
Run slow, and turn our lives from good,  
For only in such memories we  
Consent to linger and to be.

## CÆLUM NON ANIMUM.

OH fair to be, oh sweet to be  
In fancy's shallop faring free,  
With silken sail and fairy mast  
To float till all the world be past.

Oh happy fortune, on and on  
To wander far till care be gone,  
Round beetling capes, to unknown  
seas,  
Seeking the fair Hesperides!

But is there any land or sea  
Where toil and trouble cease to be—  
Some dim, unfound, diviner shore,  
Where men may sin and mourn no  
more?

Ah, not the feeling, but the sky  
We change, however far we fly;  
How swift soe'er our bark may speed,  
Faster the blessed isles recede.

Nay, let us seek at home to find  
Fit harvest for the brooding mind,  
And find, since thus the world grows  
fair,  
Duty and pleasure everywhere.

Oh well-worn road, oh homely way,  
Where pace our footsteps, day by day,  
The homestead and the church which  
bound  
The tranquil seasons' circling round!

Ye hold experiences which reach  
Depths which no change of skies can  
teach,  
The saintly thought, the secret strife  
Which guide, which do perturb our  
life.

## THE HOME ALTAR.

WHY should we seek at all to gain  
By vigils, and in pain,  
By lonely life and empty heart,  
To set a soul apart  
Within a cloistered cell,  
For whom the precious, homely hearth  
would serve as well?

There, with the early breaking morn,  
Ere quite the day is born,  
The lustral waters flow serene,  
And each again grows clean;  
From sleep, as from a tomb,  
Born to another dawn of joy, and hope,  
and doom.

There through the sweet and toilsome  
day,  
To labor is to pray;  
There love with kindly beaming eyes  
Prepares the sacrifice;  
And voice and innocent smile  
Of childhood do our cheerful liturgies  
beguile.

There, at his chaste and frugal feast,  
Love sitteth as a Priest;  
And with mild eyes and mien sedate,  
His deacons stand and wait;  
And round the holy table  
Paten and chalice range in order ser-  
viceable.

And when ere night, the vespers said,  
Low lies each weary head,  
What giveth He who gives them sleep,  
But a brief death less deep?  
Or what the fair dreams given  
But ours who, daily dying, dream a hap-  
pier heaven?

Then not within a cloistered wall  
Will we expend our days;  
But dawns that break and eves that  
fall  
Shall bring their dues of praise.  
This best befits a Ruler always near,  
This duteous worship mild, and reason-  
able fear.

## WILLIAM MORRIS.

1834—

[BORN near London in 1834. Educated at Forest School, Walthamstow, at Marlborough, and at Exeter College, Oxford. Studied painting, but did not succeed in that profession. In 1858, published *The Defence of Guenevere, and Other Poems*. In 1863, with several partners, he started in London an establishment for the artistic designing and manufacturing of various articles, especially wall paper, stained glass, tiles, and household decorations. At this business he has wrought as a designer, devoting his leisure to the composition of poetry. He published in 1867 *The Life and Death of Jason*; *The Earthly Paradise*, in 3 vols., 1868-1870. His later publications are *The Æneid of Virgil done into English Verse*, 1876; *The Story of Sigurd, the Volsung*, and *The Fall of the Niblungs*, 1877. He has also aided in the work of translating several volumes from the Icelandic.]

### THE CHAPEL IN LYONESS.

SIR OZANA LE CURE HARDY. SIR  
GALAHAD. SIR BORS DE GANYS.

SIR OZANA.

ALL day long and every day,  
From Christmas-Eve to Whit-Sunday,  
Within that Chapel-aisle I lay,  
And no man came a-near.

Naked to the waist was I,  
And deep within my breast did lie,  
Though no man any blood could spy,  
The truncheon of a spear.

No meat did ever pass my lips.  
Those days — (Alas! the sunlight slips  
From off the gilded parclose, dips,  
And night comes on apace.)

My arms lay back behind my head;  
Over my raised-up knees was spread

A samite cloth of white and red;  
A rose lay on my face.

Many a time I tried to shout;  
But as in dream of battle-rout,  
My frozen speech would not well out;  
I could not even weep.

With inward sigh I see the sun  
Fade off the pillars one by one,  
My heart faints when the day is done,  
Because I cannot sleep.

Sometimes strange thoughts passthrough  
my head;

Not like a tomb is this my bed,  
Yet oft I think that I am dead;  
That round my tomb is writ,

"Ozana of the hardy heart,  
Knight of the Table Round,  
Pray for his soul, lords, of your part;  
A true knight he was found."

Ah! me, I cannot fathom it. *He sleeps.*

## SIR GALAHAD.

All day long and every day,  
Till his madness pass'd away,  
I watch'd Ozana as he lay  
Within the gilded screen.

All my singing moved him not;  
As I sung my heart grew hot,  
With the thought of Launcelot  
Far away, I ween.

So I went a little space  
From out the chapel, bathed my face  
In the stream that runs apace  
By the churchyard wall.

There I pluck'd a faint wild rose,  
Hard by where the linden grows,  
Sighing over silver rows  
Of the lilies tall.

I laid the flower across his mouth;  
The sparkling drops seem'd good for  
drouth;

He smiled, turn'd round towards the  
south,  
Held up a golden tress.

The light smote on it from the west:  
He drew the covering from his breast,  
Against his heart that hair he prest;  
Death him soon will bless.

## SIR BORS.

I enter'd by the western door;  
I saw a knight's helm lying there:  
I raised my eyes from off the floor,  
And caught the gleaming of his hair.

I stept full softly up to him;  
I laid my chin upon his head;  
I felt him smile; my eyes did swim,  
I was so glad he was not dead.

I heard Ozana murmur low,  
"There comes no sleep nor any love."  
But Galahad stoop'd and kiss'd his brow:  
He shiver'd; I saw his pale lips move.

## SIR OZANA.

There comes no sleep nor any love;  
Ah me! I shiver with delight.  
I am so weak I cannot move;  
God move me to thee, dear, to-night!  
Christ help! I have but little wit:  
My life went wrong; I see it writ,

"Ozana of the hardy heart,  
Knight of the Table Round,  
Pray for his soul, lords, on your part,  
A good knight he was found."  
Now I begin to fathom it. *He dies.*

## SIR BORS.

Galahad sits dreamily;  
What strange things may his eyes see,  
Great blue eyes fix'd full on me?  
On his soul, Lord, have mercy.

## SIR GALAHAD.

Ozana, shall I pray for thee?  
Her cheek is laid to thine;  
No long time hence, also I see  
Thy wasted fingers twine

Within the tresses of her hair  
That shineth gloriously,  
Thinly outspread in the clear air  
Against the jasper sea.

---

FROM "THE EARTHLY PARA  
DISE."

## INTRODUCTION.

Of Heaven or Hell I have no power  
to sing,  
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,  
Or make quick-coming death a little  
thing,  
Or bring again the pleasure of past years,  
Nor for my words shall ye forget your  
tears,  
Or hope again for aught that I can say,  
The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather, when away of your  
mirth,  
From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,  
And, feeling kindly unto all the earth,  
Grudge every minute as it passes by,  
Made the more mindful that the sweet  
days die —

— Remember me a little then I pray,  
The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering  
care  
That weighs us down who live and earn  
our bread,  
These idle verses have no power to bear;

So let me sing of names remembered,  
Because they, living not, can ne'er be  
dead,  
Or long time take their memory quite  
away  
From us poor singers of an empty day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my  
due time,  
Why should I strive to set the crooked  
straight?

Let it suffice me that my murmuring  
rhyme  
Beats with light wing against the ivory  
gate,

Telling a tale not too importunate  
To those who in the sleepy region stay,  
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Folk say, a wizard to a northern king  
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things  
did show,

That through one window men beheld  
the spring,  
And through another saw the summer  
glow,  
And through a third the fruited vines  
a-row,  
While still, unheard, but in its wonted  
way,  
Piped the drear wind of that December  
day.

So with this Earthly Paradise it is,  
If ye will read aright, and pardon me,  
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of  
bliss

Midmost the beating of the steely sea,  
Where tossed about all hearts of men  
must be;

Whose ravening monsters mighty men  
shall slay,  
Not the poor singer of an empty day.

## ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

1837—

[SON of the late Admiral Charles Henry Swinburne; born in London, April 5, 1837. He entered Balliol College, Oxford, in 1857, but left the University without taking a degree. He afterwards visited Florence and spent some time with Walter Savage Landor. His first production, *The Queen Mother*, and *Rosamond*, two plays, appeared in 1861. These were followed by *Atalanta in Calydon*, a Tragedy, in 1864; *Chastelard*, a Tragedy, in 1865; and *Poems and Ballads*, in 1866; published in New York under the title *Laus Veneris*. His later poetical works are *A Song of Italy*, 1867; *Siena*, a Poem, 1868; *Bothwell*, a Tragedy, 1870; *Songs before Sunrise*, 1871; *Erechtheus*, a drama on the Greek model, 1875; *Poems and Ballads*, (second series) 1878; *Studies in Song*, 1881; *Tristram of Lyonesse*, 1882; and *A Century of Roundels*, 1883.]

### FROM "ATALANTA IN CALYDON."

#### CHORUS.

WHEN the hounds of spring are on  
winter's traces,

The mother of months in meadow or  
plain

Fills the shadows and windy places

With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;  
And the brown bright nightingale  
amorous

Is half assuaged for Itylus,  
For the Thracian ships and the foreign  
faces,

The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with empty-  
ing of quivers,

Maiden most perfect, lady of light,  
With a noise of winds and many  
rivers,

With a clamor of waters, and with  
might;

Bind on thy sandals, O thou most  
fleet,

Over the splendor, and speed of thy  
feet;

For the faint east quickens, the wan  
west shivers,

Round the feet of the day and the feet  
of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we  
sing to her,

Fold our hands round her knees, and  
cling?

O that man's heart were as fire and  
could spring to her

Fire, or the strength of the streams  
that spring!

For the stars and the winds are unto her  
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;

For the risen stars and the fallen cling  
to her,

And the south west-wind and the west-  
wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,  
And all the season of snows and sins;

The days dividing lover and lover,  
The light that loses, the night that  
wins;

And time remembered is grief forgotten,  
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,

And in green underwood and cover  
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,  
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,

The faint fresh flame of the young  
year flushes

From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;  
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,

And the oat is heard above the lyre,  
And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes

The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-  
root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,  
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,

Follows with dancing and fills with de-  
light

The Mænad and the Bassarid;  
And soft as lips that laugh and hide

The laughing leaves of the trees divide,  
And screen from seeing and leave in  
sight

The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair  
Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;

The wild vine slipping down leaves bare  
Her brightbreastshortening into sighs;

The wild vine slips with the weight of  
its leaves,

But the berried ivy catches and cleaves  
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that  
scare

The wolf that follows, the fawn that  
flies.

### FROM "THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE."

PALE, beyond porch and portal,  
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands

Who gathers all things mortal  
With cold immortal hands;

Her languid lips are sweeter  
Than love's who fears to greet her

To men that mix and meet her  
From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,  
She waits for all men born;

Forgets the earth her mother,  
The life of fruits and corn;

And spring and seed and swallow  
Take wing for her and follow

Where summer song rings hollow  
And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,  
The old loves with wearier wings;

And all dead years draw thither,  
And all disastrous things;

Dead dreams of days forsaken,  
Blind buds that snows have shaken,

Wild leaves that winds have taken,  
Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,  
And joy was never sure;

To-day will die to-morrow;  
Time stoops to no man's lure;

And love, grown faint and fretful,  
With lips but half regretful,

Sighs, and with eyes forgetful  
Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,  
From hope and fear set free,

We thank with brief thanksgiving  
Whatever gods may be

That no life lives for ever;  
That dead men rise up never;

That even the weariest river  
Winds somewhere safe to sea.



Then star nor sun shall waken,  
 Nor any change of light:  
 Nor sound of waters shaken,  
 Nor any sound or sight:  
 Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,  
 Nor days nor things diurnal;  
 Only the sleep eternal  
 In an eternal night.

FROM "HERTHA."

THE tree many-rooted  
 That swells to the sky  
 With frondage red-fruited,  
 The life-tree am I;  
 In the buds of your lives is the sap of  
 my leaves: ye shall live and not  
 die.

But the Gods of your fashion  
 That take and that give,  
 In their pity and passion  
 That scourge and forgive,  
 They are worms that are bred in the  
 bark that falls off; they shall die  
 and not live.

My own blood is what stanches  
 The wounds in my bark;  
 Stars caught in my branches  
 Make day of the dark,  
 And are worshipped as suns till the sun-  
 rise shall tread out their fires as  
 a spark.

Where dead ages hide under  
 The live roots of the tree,  
 In my darkness the thunder  
 Makes utterance of me;  
 In the clash of my boughs with each  
 other ye hear the waves sound  
 of the sea.

That noise is of Time,  
 As his feathers are spread  
 And his feet set to climb  
 Through the boughs overhead,  
 And my foliage rings round him and  
 rustles, and branches are bent  
 with his tread.

The storm-winds of ages  
 Blow through me and cease,  
 The war-wind that rages,  
 The spring-wind of peace,  
 Ere the breath of them roughen my  
 tresses, ere one of my blossoms  
 increase.

All sounds of all changes,  
 All shadows and lights  
 On the world's mountain-ranges  
 And stream-riven heights,  
 Whose tongue is the wind's tongue and  
 language of storm-clouds on earth-  
 shaking nights;

All forms of all faces,  
 All works of all hands  
 In unsearchable places  
 Of time-stricken lands,  
 All death and all life, and all reigns and  
 all ruins, drop through me as  
 sands.

Though sore be my burden  
 And more than ye know,  
 And my growth have no guerdon  
 But only to grow,  
 Yet I fail not of growing for lightnings  
 above me or deathworms below.

These too have their part in me,  
 As I too in these;  
 Such fire is at heart in me,  
 Such sap is this tree's,  
 Which hath in it all sounds and all  
 secrets of infinite lands and of  
 seas.

In the spring-colored hours  
 When my mind was as May's,  
 There brake forth of me flowers  
 By centuries of days,  
 Strong blossoms with perfume of man-  
 hood, shot out from my spirit as  
 rays.

And the sound of them springing  
 And smell of their shoots  
 Were as warmth and sweet singing  
 And strength to my roots;  
 And the lives of my children made per-  
 fect with freedom of soul were  
 my fruits.

## DAVID GRAY.

1838-1861.

[BORN Jan. 29, 1838, at Duntiblae, a small village on the banks of the Luggie, about eight miles from Glasgow. Son of a weaver. Educated in part at Glasgow University, for the Christian ministry, but abandoned it for literary pursuits, and betook himself at an early age to writing verses, many of which appeared from time to time in *The Glasgow Citizen*, under the *nom de plume* of "Will Gurney." In 1860 he determined to go to London, hoping to attain literary eminence in the great metropolis, where he arrived in the month of May, without friends or means of subsistence. He attracted the favorable notice of several men of letters, who gave him some literary employment and otherwise befriended him, but soon fell ill with pulmonary disease, and was sent back to Merkland, where his parents were then living. He struggled with the disease till the third of December, 1861, when he passed away. His poems, *The Luggie*, and *Other Poems*, were published shortly after his death by Macmillan & Co., with a Memoir by James Hedderwick, and a Prefatory Notice by R. M. Milnes, M.P.]

## HOMESICK.

COME to me, O my Mother! come to me,

Thine own son slowly dying far away!  
Through the moist ways of the wide  
ocean, blown

By great invisible winds, come stately  
ships

To this calm bay for quiet anchorage;  
They come, they rest awhile, they go  
away,

But, O my Mother, never comest thou!  
The snow is round thy dwelling, the  
white snow,

That cold soft revelation pure as light,  
And the pine-spire is mystically fringed,  
Laced with incrustated silver. Here—  
ah me!—

The winter is decrepit, under-born,  
A leper with no power but his disease.  
Why am I from thee, Mother, far from  
thee?

Far from the frost enchantment, and the  
woods

Jewelled from bough to bough? O  
home, my home!

O river in the valley of my home,  
With mazy-winding motion intricate,  
Twisting thy deathless music underneath  
The polished ice-work,—must I never—  
more

Behold thee with familiar eyes, and  
watch

Thy beauty changing with the change-  
ful day,

Thy beauty constant to the constant  
change?

## DIE DOWN, O DISMAL DAY.

DIE down, O dismal day, and let me  
live;

And come, blue deeps, magnificently  
strewn

With colored clouds,—large, light, and  
fugitive,—

By upper winds through pompous mo-  
tions blown.

Now it is death in life,—a vapor dense  
Creeps round my window, till I cannot  
see

The far snow-shining mountains, and  
the glens

Shagging the mountain-tops. O God!  
make free

This barren shackled earth, so deadly  
cold,—

Breathe gently forth thy spring, till  
winter flies

In rude amazement, fearful and yet  
bold,

While she performs her customed char-  
ities;

I weigh the loaded hours till life is  
bare,—

O God, for one clear day, a snowdrop,  
and sweet air!

## HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON.

1840—

[BORN at Plymouth, Jan. 18, 1849. Educated in France, England, and Franco-Germany. Entered the Civil Service in 1856, appointed to a clerkship in the Board of Trade, where he still continues. Has contributed to most of the leading English periodicals, *Cornhill*, *Blackwood*, *Good Words*, etc. In 1873, collected his scattered Lyrics in a volume entitled *Vignettes in Rhyme*, and *Vers de Société*. It was followed by *Proverbs in Porcelain*, 1877; republished by Holt & Co. in this country in 1880. He was one of the contributors to Ward's *English Poets*, 1880, supplying the critical sketches of Prior, Praed, Gay, and Hood. He is also the author of a life of Fielding in *English Men of Letters*, edited by John Morley, and has recently edited a selection from Cowper's letters for the *Parchment Library*.]

"GOOD NIGHT, BABETTE!"

"*Si vieillesse pouvait ! —*"

SCENE. — *A small, neat Room. In a high Voltaire Chair sits a white-haired old Gentleman.*

MONSIEUR VIEUXBOIS. BABETTE.

M. VIEUXBOIS (*turning querulously*).

Day of my life! Where *can* she get?  
Babette! I say! Babette! — Babette!!

BABETTE (*entering hurriedly*).

Coming, M'sieu'! If M'sieu' speaks  
So loud he won't be well for weeks!

M. VIEUXBOIS.

Where have you been?

BABETTE.

Why, M'sieu' knows:—

April! . . . Ville-d'Avray! . . . Ma'am'selle Rose!

M. VIEUXBOIS.

Ah! I am old, — and I forget.  
Was the place growing green, Babette?

BABETTE.

But of a greenness! — yes, M'sieu'!  
And then the sky so blue! — so blue!

And when I dropped my *immortelle*,  
How the birds sang!

(*Lifting her apron to her eyes.*)

This poor Ma'am'selle!

M. VIEUXBOIS.

You're a good girl, Babette, but she,—  
She was an Angel, verily.  
Sometimes I think I see her yet  
Stand smiling by the cabinet;  
And once, I know, she peeped and  
laughed  
Betwixt the curtains . . .

Where's the draught?

(*She gives him a cup.*)

Now I shall sleep, I think, Babette;—  
Sing me your Norman *chansonnette*.

BABETTE (*sings*).

"Once at the Angelus  
(*Ere I was dead*),  
Angels all glorious  
Came to my Bed; —  
Angels in blue and white  
Crowned on the Head."

M. VIEUXBOIS (*drowsily*).

"She was an Angel" . . . "Once she  
laughed" . . .

What, was I dreaming?

Where's the draught?

BABETTE (*showing the empty cup*).

The draught, M'sieu'?

M. VIEUXBOIS.

How I forget!  
I am so old! But sing, Babette!

BABETTE (*sings*).

"One was the Friend I left  
Stark in the Snow;  
One was the Wife who died  
Long,—long ago;  
One was the Love I lost . . .  
How could she know?"

M. VIEUXBOIS (*murmuring*).

Ah, Paul! . . . old Paul! . . . Eulalie  
too!  
And Rose! . . . And O! "the sky so  
blue!"

BABETTE (*sings*).

"One had my Mother's eyes,  
Wistful and mild;  
One had my Father's face;  
One was a Child:  
All of them bent to me,—  
Bent down and smiled!"

(He is asleep!)

M. VIEUXBOIS (*almost inaudibly*).

"How I forget!"

"I am so old" . . . "Good night,  
Babette!"

### THE CHILD-MUSICIAN.

HE had played for his lordship's levee,  
He had played for her ladyship's  
whim,  
Till the poor little head was heavy,  
And the poor little brain would  
swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,  
And the large eyes strange and  
bright,  
And they said—too late—"He is  
weary!  
He shall rest, for, at least, To-night!"

But at dawn, when the birds were  
waking,  
As they watched in the silent room,  
With the sound of a strained chord  
breaking,  
A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,  
And they heard him stir in his bed:—  
"Make room for a tired little fellow,  
Kind God!—" was the last that he  
said.

## MRS. HARRIET E. HAMILTON KING.

1840—

[DAUGHTER of the late Admiral W. A. B. Hamilton, and Lady Harriet Hamilton, sister to the Duke of Abercorn. Born in 1840, and in 1863 married Mr. Henry S. King, the banker and publisher. Author of *Aspromonte*, 1869; *The Disciples*; *Book of Dreams*, 1883.]

### A DREAM MAIDEN.

MY baby is sleeping overhead,  
My husband is in the town;  
In my large white bed uncurtained,  
All alone I lay me down.

And dreamily I have said my prayers,  
And dreamily closed my eyes,

And the youth in my blood moves  
sweetly  
As my pulses fall and rise.

I lie so peaceful and lonely,  
A maiden in spirit-land,  
With the moonbeams in at the window,  
And hand laid close to hand.

I wander forth in the moonbeams,  
 All free of heart alone,  
 Neither awake or dreaming,  
 To-night it is all one.

Light of step across the carpet  
 Of the flower-entangled spring,  
 Light of spirit through the haunted  
 Wood pathways murmuring.

The earth is telling her secrets,  
 Never shy or strange to me;  
 My heart beating only silence,  
 One with her mystery.

All over the beautiful distance  
 The air is so fresh and pure,  
 The night is so cool and silvery,  
 The calm is so secure.

And afar, down into the sunrise,  
 The glittering dream-worlds shine;  
 And by this free heart triumphant  
 I pass on to make them mine.

O elfin maiden, turn homeward,  
 And dream not so cold and wild! —  
 Have I not turned a woman?  
 Have I not husband and child?

#### A HAUNTED HOUSE.

THE lawns are bright, the paths are wide,  
 The roses are bursting on every side.

All around the bowers are green,  
 And the shining laurels a folding-  
 screen.

The large fruit ripens on many a tree,  
 Purple and gold drooping heavily.

Of health and wealth a hidden spell  
 Is scattered by hands invisible.

Young, and gladsome, and free they  
 meet —  
 Voices of laughter and running feet.

Whether the seasons be dark or fair,  
 It is always summer and sunshine  
 there.

And like a fountain that springs and  
 falls,  
 There flows sweet music between the  
 walls.

Among the guests one comes and goes  
 Whom no one sees and no one knows.

A neck more stately, a face more fair  
 Than any that meet and mingle there.

There is heaped up many a gay sea-  
 stone,  
 One pearl lies among them all alone;

With a golden halo all about,  
 The full moon's face from the clouds  
 looks out;

All cold on the breast of the crimson  
 sky,  
 The star of the evening seems to lie.

Shining as pale, apart as far  
 As the pearl, or the moon, or the even-  
 ing star,

That orbèd face, with its curvings rare,  
 Floats out from its waves of dusky hair,

With its eyes of shadow, its archèd  
 eyes,  
 Whose lost looks dream upon Paradise.

One only knoweth it in the throng;  
 One knoweth too well, and knoweth  
 too long.

The others are ever unaware,  
 Though it pass and meet them in the  
 air,

With sighs like the sighs of the summer  
 night,  
 Breathing of love and lost delight.

That haunting vision of yearning pain,  
 One moment strikes and then fades  
 again.

It rises up at the music's sound,  
 And sinks before they can look around.

If they catch one sight of the crownèd  
brow,  
A sunbeam glances from bough and  
bough.

If a low voice thrills in the air along,  
It is but the dying note of the song.

Not to sadden, only to share,  
To the feast unbidden that guest comes  
there.

Lovely as lilies ungathered, and white,  
The house is filled with a dream at  
night.

From chamber to chamber, from door  
to door,  
Not a sound is heard, nor step on the  
floor;

Through the shadowy hush as white  
wings win; —  
Peace be to this house, and to all within!

The little children sleep soft and  
sweet;—  
Who stands beside them with soft white  
feet?

The soft white hands pass over their  
hair; —  
Sleep on, dear children, so safe and  
fair!

Till, where two are sleeping side by  
side,  
Doth a dream at last between them  
glide.

Of all the angels that guard the place,  
The least is not that forgotten face.



## MRS. AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

1840—

[DAUGHTER of Vice-Admiral George Davies; born at Poole, Dorsetshire, in 1840, and was married in 1863 to Mr. Thomas Webster, Fellow and Law Lecturer of Trinity College, Cambridge. Among her works are *Blanche Lisle, and Other Poems*, 1860; *Lilian Gray*, 1864; *Prometheus Bound, Dramatic Studies*, 1866; *A Woman Sold and Other Poems*, 1867; *Medea*, 1868; *The Auspicious Day*, 1872; *Yu Pe Ya's Lute*, 1874; *Disguises*, 1879; *A Book of Rhymes*, 1881; *In a Day*, 1882. Her earlier poems were produced under the *nom de plume* of "Cecil Hume." She was a contributor for some years to the *Examiner*, from which many of her articles and reviews have been collected in the volume *A Housewife's Opinions*, 1879.]

### TO ONE OF MANY.

WHAT! wilt thou throw thy stone of  
malice now,  
Thou dare to scoff at him with scorn or  
blame?

He is a thousand times more great than  
thou:

Thou, with thy narrower mind and  
lower aim,

Wilt thou chide him and not be checked  
by shame?

He hath done evil—God forbid my  
sight

Should falter where I gaze with loving  
eye,

That I should fail to know the wrong  
from right.

He hath done evil—let not any tie  
Of birth or love draw moral sense  
awry.

And though my trust in him is yet full  
strong

I may not hold him guiltless, in the  
dream

That wrong forgiven is no longer  
wrong,

And, looking on his error, fondly deem  
That he in that he erreth doth but seem.

I do not soothe me with a vain belief;  
 He hath done evil, therefore is my  
     thought  
 Of him made sadness with no common  
     grief.  
 But thou, what good or truth has in  
     thee wrought  
 That thou shouldst hold thee more than  
     him in aught?

He will redeem his nature, he is great  
 In inward purpose past thy power to  
     scan,  
 And he will bear his meed of evil fate  
 And lift him from his fall a nobler  
     man,  
 Hating his error as a great one can.

And what art thou to look on him and  
     say  
 "Ah! he has fallen whom they praised,  
     but know  
 My foot is sure"? Upon thy level  
     way  
 Are there the perils of the hills of  
     snow?  
 Yea, he has fallen, but wherefore art  
     thou low?

Speak no light word of him, for he is  
     more

Than thou canst know — and ever  
     more to me,  
 Though he has lessened the first faith I  
     bore,  
 Than thou in thy best deeds couldst  
     ever be;  
 Yea, though he fall again, not low like  
     thee.

---

SONG.

TELL thee truth, sweet; no.  
 Truth is cross and sad and cold;  
 Lies are pitiful and kind,  
 Honey-soft as Love's own tongue:  
     Let me, love, lie so.  
 Lies are like a summer wind,  
 Wooing flower-buds to unfold.  
 Lies will last while men are young.  
     Tell thee truth, love; no.

Let me, sweet, lie so.  
 Lies are Hope's light ministers,  
 Footless birds upon the wing:  
 Truth's a name for plodding care:  
     Tell thee truth, sweet; no.  
 Truth's the east-wind on the Spring —  
 'Tis the wind, not Springtime, errs.  
 Lies will last while maids are fair.  
     Let me lie, love, so.

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ROBERT WILLIAMS BUCHANAN.

1841—

[BORN August 18, 1841. Graduated from the University of Glasgow. His first work, *Under-tones*, appeared in 1860 and was followed by *Idyls and Legends of Inverburn* in 1865, and *London Poems* in 1866. His later works are *North Coast Poems*, 1867; *Napoleon Fallen, a Lyrical Drama*, 1871; *The Land of Lorne*, 1871; *The Drama of Kings*, 1871. He has also written several tragedies and dramatic pieces which have been successful. In 1874 a collected edition of his poems was published in three volumes. A new volume of his poems entitled *Ballads of Life, Love, and Humor*, and a *Selection* from his various poems were issued in 1882. Mr. Buchanan has been for many years closely connected with the *Contemporary Review*, in which publication many of his poems and essays have first appeared.]

FROM "WHITE ROSE AND RED."

DROWSIETOWN.

O so drowsy! In a daze  
 Sweating 'mid the golden haze,  
 With its smithy like an eye  
 Glaring bloodshot at the sky,

And its one white row of street,  
 Carpetted so green and sweet,  
 And the loungers smoking still  
 Over gate and window-sill;  
 Nothing coming, nothing going,  
 Locusts grating, one cock crowing,

Few things moving up or down,  
All things drowsy — Drowsietown !

Thro' the fields with sleepy gleam,  
Drowsy, drowsy steals the stream,  
Touching with its azure arms  
Upland fields and peaceful farms,  
Gliding with a twilight tide  
Where the dark elms shade its side;  
Twining, pausing sweet and bright  
Where the lilies sail so white;  
Winding in its sedgy hair  
Meadow-sweet and iris fair;  
Humming as it hies along  
Monotones of sleepy song;  
Deep and dimpled, bright nut-brown,  
Flowing into Drowsietown.

Far as eye can see, around,  
Upland fields and farms are found,  
Floating prosperous and fair  
In the mellow misty air:  
Apple-orchards, blossoms blowing  
Up above, — and clover growing  
Red and scented round the knees  
Of the old moss-silvered trees.  
Hark ! with drowsy deep refrain,  
In the distance rolls a wain;  
As its dull sound strikes the ear,  
Other kindred sounds grow clear —  
Drowsy all — the soft breeze blowing,  
Locusts grating, one cock crowing,  
Cries like voices in a dream  
Far away amid the gleam,  
Then the wagons rumbling down  
Thro' the lanes to Drowsietown.

Drowsy? Yea! — but idle? Nay!  
Slowly, surely, night and day,  
Humming low, well greased with oil,  
Turns the wheel of human toil.  
Here no grating gruesome cry  
Of spasmodic industry;  
No rude clamor, mad and mean,  
Of a horrible machine!  
Strong yet peaceful, surely roll'd,  
Winds the wheel that whirls the gold.  
Year by year the rich rare land  
Yields its stores to human hand —  
Year by year the stream makes fat  
Every field and meadow-flat —  
Year by year the orchards fair

Gather glory from the air,  
Redden, ripen, freshly fed,  
Their bright balls of golden red.  
Thus, most prosperous and strong,  
Flows the stream of life along  
Six slow days! wains come and go,  
Wheat-fields ripen, squashes grow,  
Cattle browse on hill and dale,  
Milk foams sweetly in the pail,  
Six days: on the seventh day,  
Toil's low murmur dies away —  
All is husht save drowsy din  
Of the wagons rolling in,  
Drawn amid the plenteous meads  
By small fat and sleepy steeds.  
Folk with faces fresh as fruit  
Sit therein or trudge afoot,  
Brightly drest for all to see,  
In their seventh-day finery:  
Farmers in their breeches tight,  
Snowy cuffs, and buckles bright;  
Ancient dames and matrons staid  
In their silk and flower'd brocade,  
Prim and tall, with soft brows knitted,  
Silken aprons, and hands mittied;  
Haggard women, dark of face,  
Of the old lost Indian race;  
Maidens happy-eyed and fair,  
With bright ribbons in their hair,  
Trip along, with eyes cast down,  
Thro' the streets of Drowsietown.

Drowsy in the summer day  
In the meeting-house sit they:  
'Mid the high-back'd pews they doze,  
Like bright garden-flowers in rows;  
And old Parson Pendon, big  
In his gown and silver'd wig,  
Drones above in periods fine  
Sermons like old flavor'd wine —  
Crusted well with keeping long  
In the darkness, and not strong  
O! so drowsily he drones  
In his rich and sleepy tones,  
While the great door, swinging wide,  
Shows the bright green street outside,  
And the shadows as they pass  
On the golden sunlit grass.  
Then the mellow organ blows,  
And the sleepy music flows,  
And the folks their voices raise  
In old unctuous hymns of praise,



Fit to reach some ancient god  
 Half asleep with drowsy nod.  
 Deep and lazy, clear and low,  
 Doth the oily organ grow!  
 Then with sudden golden cease  
 Comes a silence and a peace;  
 Then a murmur, all alive,  
 As of bees within a hive;  
 And they swarm with quiet feet  
 Out into the sunny street:  
 There, at hitching-post and gate  
 Do the steeds and wagons wait.  
 Drawn in groups, the gossips talk,  
 Shaking hands before they walk;  
 Maids and lovers steal away,  
 Smiling hand in hand, to stray  
 By the river, and to say  
 Drowsy love in the old way —  
 Till the sleepy sun shines down  
 On the roofs of Drowsietown.

In the great marsh, far beyond  
 Street and building, lies the Pond,

Gleaming like a silver shield  
 In the midst of wood and field;  
 There on sombre days you see  
 Anglers old in reverie,  
 Fishing feebly morn to night  
 For the pickerel so bright.  
 From the woods of beech and fir,  
 Dull blows of the woodcutter  
 Faintly sound; and haply, too,  
 Comes the cat-owl's wild "tuhoo"!  
 Drown'd by distance, dull and deep,  
 Like a dark sound heard in sleep; —  
 And a cock may answer, down  
 In the depths of Drowsietown.

Such is Drowsietown — but nay!  
*Was*, not *is*, my song should say —  
 Such *was* summer long ago  
 In this town so sleepy and slow.  
 Change has come: thro' wood and dale  
 Runs the demon of the rail,  
 And the Drowsietown of yore  
 Is not drowsy any more!

## ANDREW LANG.

1844—

[EDUCATED at Oxford University. His first work was a prose translation of the *Odyssey*, in conjunction with S. H. Butcher, Fellow of University College, Oxford, — a work that has been most favorably noticed by students of Homer. He has also made prose translations of *Theocritus*, *Bion*, and *Moschus*. His *Ballades in Blue China*, also his latest volume, *Ballades and Verses Vain*, have both been republished in this country. Among his recent works are a prose translation of the *Iliad* in connection with Ernest Myers and W. Leaf, *The Library*, in the *Art at Home* series, and a volume on mythology in preparation. He is also a contributor to the English periodicals, and several articles in Ward's *English Poets* bear his signature.]

### BALLADE OF SLEEP.

THE hours are passing slow,  
 I hear their weary tread  
 Clang from the tower, and go  
 Back to their kinsfolk dead.  
 Sleep! death's twin brother dread!  
 Why dost thou scorn me so?  
 The wind's voice overhead  
 Long wakeful here I know,  
 And music from the steep  
 Where waters fall and flow.  
 Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep?

All sounds that might bestow  
 Rest on the fever'd bed,  
 All slumb'rous sounds and low  
 Are mingled here and wed,  
 And bring no drowsihead.  
 Shy dreams flit to and fro  
 With shadowy hair dispread;  
 With wistful eyes that glow,  
 And silent robes that sweep.  
 Thou wilt not hear me; no?  
 Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep?

What cause hast thou to show  
Of sacrifice unsped?  
Of all thy slaves below  
I most have laborèd  
With service sung and said;  
Have cull'd such buds as blow,  
Soft poppies white and red,  
Where thy still gardens grow,  
And Lethe's waters weep.  
Why, then, art thou my foe?  
Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep?

ENVOY.

Prince, ere the dark be shred  
By golden shafts, ere low  
And long the shadows creep:  
Lord of the wand of lead,  
Soft-footed as the snow,  
Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep!

THE SHADES OF HELEN.

Some say that Helen never went to Troy, but abode in Egypt; for the gods, having made in her semblance a woman out of clouds and shadows, sent the same to be wife to Paris. For this shadow then the Greeks and Trojans slew each other.

WHY from the quiet hollows of the  
hills,  
And extreme meeting-place of light and  
shade,  
Wherein soft rains fell slowly, and  
became  
Clouds among sister clouds, where fair  
spent beams  
And dying glories of the sun would  
dwell.  
Why have they whom I know not, nor  
may know,  
Strange hands, unseen and ruthless,  
fashioned me,  
And borne me from the silent, shadowy  
hills,  
Hither, to noise and glow of alien life,  
To harsh and clamorous swords, and  
sound of war?  
One speaks unto me words that would  
be sweet,  
Made harsh, made keen, with love that  
knows me not,

And some strange force, within me, or  
around,  
Makes answer, kiss for kiss and sigh  
for sigh,  
And somewhere there is fever in the  
halls,  
That troubles me, for no such trouble  
came

To vex the cool, far hollows of the hills.  
The foolish folk crowd round me, and  
they cry,  
That house and wife, and lands, and all  
Troy town,  
Are little to lose; if they may hold me  
here,  
And see me flit, a pale and silent shade,  
Among the streets bereft, and helpless  
shrines.

At other hours another life seems mine,  
Where one great river runs unswollen  
of rain,  
By pyramids of unremembered kings,  
And homes of men obedient to the  
Dead.  
Their dark and quiet faces come and go,  
Around me, then again the shriek of  
arms,  
And all the turmoil of the Ilian men.  
What are they? Even shadows such as I.  
What make they? Even this — the sport  
of Gods,  
The sport of Gods, however free they  
seem.  
Ah, would the game were ended, and  
the light,  
The blinding light, and all too mighty  
suns,  
Withdrawn, and I once more with  
sister shades,  
Unloved, forgotten, mingled with the  
mist,  
Dwelt in the hollows of the shadowy  
hills.

THE ODYSSEY.

As one that for a weary space has lain  
Lulled by the song of Circe and her  
wine  
In gardens near the pale Proserpine,

Where that Æcen isle forgets the main,  
Where only the low lutes of love complain,

And only shadows of wan lovers pine,

As such an one were glad to know the brine

Salt on his lips, and the large air again —  
So gladly, from the songs of modern speech

Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free

Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,

And through the music of the languid hours,

They hear like ocean on a western beach

The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

### BALLADE TO THEOCRITUS, IN WINTER.

AH! leave the smoke, the wealth, the  
roar

Of London, leave the bustling street,  
For still, by the Sicilian shore,

The murmur of the Muse is sweet.

Still, still, the suns of summer greet

The mountain grave of Heliké,

And shepherds still their songs repeat  
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea.

What though they worship Pan no more,

That guarded once the shepherd's seat,

They chatter of their rustic lore,  
They watch the wind among the wheat.

Cicadas chirp, the young lambs bleat,  
Where whispers pine to cypress tree;

They count the waves that idly beat,  
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea!

Theocritus! thou canst restore

The pleasant years and over-fleet:

With thee we live as men of yore,

We rest where running waters meet:

And then we turn unwilling feet

And seek the world — so must it be —

We may not linger in the heat

Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea!

### ENVOY.

Master, when rain and snow and sleet  
And northern winds are wild, to thee

We come, we rest in thy retreat,  
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea!

## ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY,

1844-1881.

[BORN in London, 1844, and at the age of twenty obtained, through the aid of Lord Lytton, a place in the British Museum, where, during the remainder of his life, he was connected with the department of Natural History. In 1873 he married the elder of the Marston sisters, who joined him in writing a volume of prose tales, *Toyland*, 1875. His early books, *An Epic of Women*, 1870, and *Lays of France*, 1872, were successful. *Music and Moonlight*, 1874, was coldly received. *Songs of a Worker* appeared after his death, which took place at London in 1881.]

### SONG OF A FELLOW-WORKER.

I FOUND a fellow-worker when I  
deemed I toiled alone:

My toil was fashioning thought and  
sound, and his was hewing stone;

I worked in the palace of my brain, he  
in the common street;

And it seemed his toil was great and hard,  
while mine was great and sweet.

I said, "O fellow-worker, yea, for I am  
a worker too,  
The heart nigh fails me many a day,  
but how is it with you?  
For while I toil, great tears of joy will  
sometimes fill my eyes,  
And when I form my perfect work, it  
lives and never dies.

"I carve the marble of pure thought  
until the thought takes form,  
Until it gleams before my soul and  
makes the world grow warm;  
Until there comes the glorious voice  
and words that seem divine,  
And the music reaches all men's hearts  
and draws them into mine.

"And yet for days it seems my heart  
shall blossom never more,  
And the burden of my loneliness lies  
on me very sore:  
Therefore, O hewer of the stones that  
pave base human ways,  
How canst thou bear the years till  
death, made of such thankless  
days?"

Then he replied: "Ere sunrise, when  
the pale lips of the day  
Sent forth an earnest thrill of breath at  
warmth of the first ray,  
A great thought rose within me, how,  
while men asleep had lain,  
The thousand labors of the world had  
grown up once again.

"The sun grew on the world, and on  
my soul the thought grew too,—  
A great appalling sun, to light my soul  
the long day through.  
I felt the world's whole burden for a  
moment, then began  
With man's gigantic strength to do the  
labor of one man.

"I went forth hastily, and lo! I met a  
hundred men,  
The worker with the chisel and the  
worker with the pen,—

The restless toilers after good, who sow  
and never reap,  
And one who maketh music for their  
souls that may not sleep.

"Each passed me with a dauntless look,  
and my undaunted eyes  
Were almost softened as they passed  
with tears that strove to rise  
At sight of all those labors, and because  
that every one,  
Ay, the greatest, would be greater if  
my little were undone.

"They passed me, having faith in me,  
and in our several ways,  
Together we began to-day as on the  
other days:  
I felt their mighty hands at work, and,  
as the days wore through,  
Perhaps they felt that even I was  
helping somewhat too.

"Perhaps they felt, as with those hands  
they lifted mightily  
The burden once more laid upon the  
world so heavily,  
That while they nobly held it as each  
man can do and bear,  
It did not wholly fall my side as though  
no men were there.

"And so we toil together many a day  
from morn till night,  
I in the lower depths of life, they on  
the lovely height;  
For though the common stones are  
mine, and they have lofty cares,  
Their work begins where this leaves off,  
and mine is part of theirs.

"And 't is not wholly mine or theirs, I  
think of through the day,  
But the great, eternal thing we make  
together, I and they;  
Far in the sunset I behold a city that  
man owns,  
Made fair with all their nobler toil, built  
of my common stones.

"Then noonward, as the task grows  
light with all the labor done,  
The single thought of all the day be-  
comes a joyous one;  
For, rising in my heart at last where it  
has lain so long,  
It thrills up seeking for a voice, and  
grows almost a song.

"But when the evening comes, indeed,  
the words have taken wing,  
The thought sings in me still, but I am  
all too tired to sing:  
Therefore, O you my friend, who serve  
the world with minstrelsy,  
Among our fellow-workers' songs make  
that one song for me."



## E. LEE HAMILTON.

*STRANGLED.*

THERE is a legend in some Spanish book  
About a noisy reveller who, at night,  
Returning home with others, saw a  
light  
Shine from a window, and climbed up  
to look,  
And saw within the room, hanged to a  
hook  
His own self-strangled self, grim, rigid,  
white,  
And who, struck sober by that livid  
sight,  
Feasting his eyes, in tongue-tied horror  
shook.

Has any man a fancy to peep in  
And see, as through a window, in the  
past,  
His nobler self, self-choked with coils of  
sin,  
Or sloth or folly? Round the throat  
whipped fast  
The nooses give the face a stiffened  
grin.  
'Tis but thyself. Look well. Why  
be aghast?

*SUNKEN GOLD.*

IN dim green depths rot ingot-laden  
ships,  
While gold doubloons that from the  
drowned hand fell  
Lie nestled in the ocean-flower's bell  
With Love's gemmed rings once kissed  
by now dead lips.  
And round some wrought-gold cup the  
sea-grass whips,  
And hides lost pearls, near pearls still  
in their shell,  
Where sea-weed forests fill each  
ocean dell,  
And seek dim sunlight with their count-  
less tips.

So lie the wasted gifts, the long-lost  
hopes,  
Beneath the now hushed surface of  
myself,  
In lonelier depths than where the diver  
gropes.  
They lie deep, deep; but I at times  
behold  
In doubtful glimpses, on some reefy  
shelf,  
The gleam of irrecoverable gold.

## MRS. ALICE MEYNELL

(MISS ALICE THOMPSON).

1850—

[HER first volume, *Preludes*, was published before her marriage, which occurred in 1877, and received favorable notice by Rossetti and other competent critics. She has written comparatively little in verse, and since her marriage has almost exclusively devoted herself to the composition of prose, giving special attention to matters pertaining to art criticism.]

## A YOUNG CONVERT.

WHO knows what days I answer for  
to-day?  
Giving the bud I give the flower. I bow  
This yet unfaded and a faded brow;  
Bending these knees and feeble knees,  
I pray.  
Thoughts yet unripe in me I bend one  
way,  
Give one repose to pain I know not now,  
One heaven to joy that comes, I guess  
not how.  
Oh, rash! (I smile) as one, when Spring  
is gray,  
Who dedicates a land of hidden wheat,  
I fold to-day at altars far apart  
Hands trembling with what toils? In  
their retreat  
I sign my love to come, my folded art.  
I light the tapers at my head and feet,  
And lay the crucifix on this silent  
heart.

## SONG.

MY Fair, no beauty of thine will last,  
Save in my love's eternity.  
Thy smiles, that light thee fitfully,  
Are lost forever — their moment past —  
Except the few thou givest to me.

Thy sweet words vanish day by day,  
As all breath of mortality;  
Thy laughter, done, must cease to be,  
And all thy dear tones pass away,  
Except the few that sing to me.

Hide then within my heart, oh, hide  
All thou art loth should go from thee.  
Be kinder to thyself and me.  
My cupful from this river's tide  
Shall never reach the long sad sea.



## MISS MATHILDE BLIND.

1850—

[STEP-DAUGHTER of Karl Blind, the German author and political writer. Miss Blind is known as a skilful editor and critic of Shelley's works. In 1874 she produced a translation of Strauss's *Old Faith and the New*, and, in 1881, *The Prophecy of St. Oran, and Other Poems*. She is also the author of a *Life of George Eliot*, 1883, which has been republished in this country.]

## CHRISTMAS EVE.

ALONE — with one fair star for com-  
pany,  
The loveliest star among the hosts of  
night,  
While the gray tide ebbs with the ebb-  
ing light —

I pace along the darkening wintry sea.  
Now round the yule log and the glitter-  
ing tree  
Twinkling with festive tapers, eyes as  
bright  
Sparkle with Christmas joys and young  
delight,  
As each one gathers to his family.

But I—a waif on earth where'er I  
 roam —  
 Uprooted with life's bleeding hopes  
 and fears  
 From that one heart that was my heart's  
 sole home,  
 Feel the old pang pierce through the  
 severing years,  
 And as I think upon the years to  
 come  
 That fair star trembles through my fall-  
 ing tears.

---

THE DEAD.

THE dead abide with us! Though stark  
 and cold  
 Earth seems to grip them, they are with  
 us still:

They have forged our chains of being  
 for good or ill;  
 And their invisible hands these hands  
 yet hold.  
 Our perishable bodies are the mould  
 In which their strong imperishable  
 will —  
 Mortality's deep yearning to fulfil —  
 Hath grown incorporate through dim  
 time untold.

Vibrations infinite of life in death,  
 As a star's travelling light survives its star!  
 So may we hold our lives, that when  
 we are  
 The fate of those who then will draw  
 this breath,  
 They shall not drag us to their judg-  
 ment bar,  
 And curse the heritage which we be-  
 queath.

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EDMUND WILLIAM GOSSE.

1849-

[SON of Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S. Born in London, Sept. 21, 1849; educated in Devon-  
 shire; appointed assistant librarian at the British Museum in 1867, and received in 1875 the post  
 of translator to the Board of Trade. He spent some time in Norway, Denmark, Sweden, and Hol-  
 land, studying the literature of those countries. His poetical writings consist of *Madrigals*,  
*Songs, and Sonnets* (in conjunction with a friend), 1870; *On Viol and Flute*, 1873; *King Erik*,  
*a Tragedy*, 1876; *The Unknown Lover, a Drama*, 1878; and *New Poems*, 1879. He is also the  
 author of about thirty essays contributed to Ward's *English Poets*, 1880-81. He is now engaged  
 upon a complete edition of the works of Gray. His *Life of Gray*, in the *English Men of Letters*  
*Series*, appeared in 1882.]

LYING IN THE GRASS.

BETWEEN two golden tufts of summer  
 grass,  
 I see the world through hot air as  
 through glass,  
 And by my face sweet lights and colors  
 pass.  
 Before me, dark against the fading  
 sky,  
 I watch three mowers mowing, as I lie:  
 With brawny arms they sweep in har-  
 mony.

Brown English faces by the sun burnt  
 red,  
 Rich glowing color on bare throat and  
 head,  
 My heart would leap to watch them,  
 were I dead!  
 And in my strong young living as I lie,  
 I seem to move with them in har-  
 mony, —  
 A fourth is mowing, and that fourth  
 am I.

The music of the scythes that glide  
and leap,  
The young men whistling as their great  
arms sweep,  
And all the perfume and sweet sense of  
sleep,

The weary butterflies that droop their  
wings,  
The dreamy nightingale that hardly  
sings,  
And all the lassitude of happy things,

Is mingling with the warm and pulsing  
blood  
That gushes through my veins a lan-  
guid flood,  
And feeds my spirit as the sap a bud.

Behind the mowers, on the amber air,  
A dark-green beech wood rises, still  
and fair,  
A white path winding up it like a stair.

And see that girl, with pitcher on her  
head,  
And clean white apron on her gown of  
red,—  
Her even-song of love is but half-said :

She waits the youngest mower. Now  
he goes;  
Her cheeks are redder than a wild  
blush-rose :  
They climb up where the deepest shadows  
close.

But though they pass, and vanish, I am  
there.  
I watch his rough hands meet beneath  
her hair,  
Their broken speech sounds sweet to me  
like prayer.

Ah! now the rosy children come to  
play,  
And romp and struggle with the new-  
mown hay;  
Their clear high voices sound from far  
away.

They know so little why the world is  
sad,  
They dig themselves warm graves and  
yet are glad;  
Their muffled screams and laughter  
make me mad!

I long to go and play among them  
there;  
Unseen, like wind, to take them by the  
hair,  
And gently make their rosy cheeks  
more fair.

The happy children! full of frank sur-  
prise,  
And sudden whims and innocent ecsta-  
sies;  
What godhead sparkles from their liquid  
eyes!

No wonder round those urns of mingled  
clays  
That Tuscan potters fashioned in old  
days,  
And colored like the torrid earth ablaze,

We find the little gods and loves por-  
trayed,  
Through ancient forests wandering un-  
dismayed,  
And fluting hymns of pleasure unafraid.

They knew, as I do now, what keen  
delight,  
A strong man feels to watch the tender  
flight  
Of little children playing in his sight;

What pure sweet pleasure, and what  
sacred love,  
Comes drifting down upon us from  
above,  
In watching how their limbs and feat-  
ures move.

I do not hunger for a well-stored mind  
I only wish to live my life and find  
My heart in unison with all mankind



My life is like the single dewy star  
That trembles on the horizon's prim-  
rose-bar, —  
A microcosm where all things living are.

And if, among the noiseless grasses,  
Death  
Should come behind and take away my  
breath,  
I should not rise as one who sorroweth;

For I should pass, but all the world  
would be  
Full of desire and young delight and  
glee,  
And why should men be sad through  
loss of me?

The light is flying; in the silver-blue  
The young moon shines from her bright  
window through:  
The mowers are all gone, and I go too.

#### THE RETURN OF THE SWAL- LOWS.

"OUT in the meadows the young grass  
springs,  
Shivering with sap," said the larks,  
"and we  
Shoot into air with our strong young  
wings  
Spirally up over level and lea;  
Come, O Swallows, and fly with us  
Now that horizons are luminous!  
Evening and morning the world of  
light,  
Spreading and kindling, is infinite!"

Far away, by the sea in the south,  
The hills of olive and slopes of fern  
Whiten and glow in the sun's long  
drouth,  
Under the heavens that beam and  
burn;  
And all the swallows were gathered  
there  
Flitting about in the fragrant air,  
And heard no sound from the larks,  
but flew  
Flashing under the blinding blue.

Out of the depths of their soft rich  
throats

Languidly fluted the thrushes, and  
said:

"Musical thought in the mild air floats,  
Spring is coming and winter is dead!  
Come, O Swallows, and stir the air,  
For the buds are all bursting unaware,  
And the drooping eaves and the elm  
trees long

To hear the sound of your low sweet  
song.

Over the roofs of the white Algiers,  
Flashing shadowing the bright ba-  
zaar,

Flitted the swallows, and not one hears  
The call of the thrushes from far,  
from far;

Sighed the thrushes; then, all at once,  
Broke out singing the old sweet tones,  
Singing the bridal of sap and shoot,  
The tree's slow life between root and  
fruit.

But just when the dingles of April  
flowers

Shine with the earliest daffodils,  
When, before sunrise, the cold clear  
hours

Gleam with a promise that noon  
fulfils, —

Deep in the leafage the cuckoo cried,  
Perched on a spray by a rivulet-side,  
Swallows, O Swallows, come back  
again

To swoop and herald the April rain.

And something awoke in the slumber-  
ing heart

Of the alien birds in their African air,  
And they paused, and alighted, and  
twittered apart,

And met in the broad white dreamy  
square,

And the sad slave woman, who lifted  
up

From the fountain her broad-lipped  
earthen cup,

Said to herself, with a weary sigh,  
"To-morrow the swallows will north-  
ward fly!"

## THEOPHILE MARZIALS.

1850—

## SONG.

THERE'S one great bunch of stars in  
heaven

That shines so sturdily,  
Where good Saint Peter's sinewy hand  
Holds up the dull gold-wroughten  
key.

There's eke a little twinkling gem  
As green as beryl-blue can be,  
The lowest bead the Blessed Virgin  
Shakes a-telling her rosary.

There's one that flashes flames and fire,  
No doubt the mighty rubicel,  
That sparkles from the centre point  
I' the buckler of stout Raphael.

And also there's a little star  
So white a virgin's it must be;—  
Perhaps the lamp my love in heaven  
Hangs out to light the way for me.

## A PASTORAL.

FLOWER of the medlar,  
Crimson of the quince,  
I saw her at the blossom-time,  
And loved her ever since!

She swept the draughty pleasance,  
The blooms had left the trees,  
The whilst the birds sang canticles,  
In cheery symphonies.

Whiteness of the white rose,  
Redness of the red,  
She went to cut the blush-rose-buds  
To tie at the altar-head;  
And some she laid in her bosom,  
And some around her brows,  
And as she past, the lily-heads  
All beck'd and made their bows.

Scarlet of the poppy,  
Yellow of the corn,  
The men were at the garnering,  
A-shouting in the morn;  
I chased her to a pippin-tree,—  
The waking birds all whilst,—  
And oh! it was the sweetest kiss  
That I have ever kiss'd.

Marjorie, mint, and violets  
A-drying round us set,  
'Twas all done in the faience-room  
A-spicing marmaleet;  
On one tile was a satyr,  
On one a nymph at bay,  
Methinks the birds will scarce be  
home  
To wake our wedding-day!

## PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

1850—1887.

[BORN in London in 1850. Son of Dr. Westland Marston, poet and dramatist. When he was three years of age he received, while at play with other children, a blow in one of his eyes, which finally, in 1871, resulted in total blindness. He began to compose at an early age, and his first volume of poems, *Song Tide*, appeared in 1871, when he was only twenty-one years of age, and speedily reached a second edition. In 1873 he visited Italy. In 1874 his second volume of poems, *All in All*, appeared. Soon after, he became a contributor to Scribner's Magazine, and also wrote more or less for English periodicals. Since 1876 he has been a frequent contributor to American periodical literature both in prose and verse. His third volume, *Wind-Voices*, was published in the autumn of 1883, and has been republished in this country.]

## PURE SOULS.

PURE souls that watch above me from  
afar,

To whom as to the stars I raise my  
eyes,  
Draw me to your large skies,  
Where God and quiet are.

Love's mouth is rose-red, and his voice  
is sweet,

His feet are winged, his eyes are as  
clear fire;

But I have no desire  
To follow his winged feet.

Friendships may change, or friends may  
pass away,

And Fame's a bride that men soon  
weary of;

Since rest is not with Love,  
No joy that is may stay.

But they whose lives are pure, whose  
hearts are high—

Those shining spirits by the world  
untamed,

May, at the end, unshamed,  
Look on their days gone by.

O pure, strong souls, so star-like, calm,  
and bright,

If even I before the end might feel,  
Through quiet pulses, steal

Your pureness—with purged sight

I might Spring's gracious work behold  
once more,

Might hear, as once I heard, long,  
long ago,

Great waters ebb and flow,  
Might smell the rose of yore,

Might comprehend the winds and  
clouds again,

The saintly, peaceful moonlight hal-  
lowing all,

The scent of leaves that fall,  
The Autumn's tender pain.

Ah, this, I fear, shall never chance to  
me,

And though I cannot shape the life I  
would,

It surely still is good  
To look where such lives be.

FROM FAR.

"O LOVE, come back, across the weary  
way

Thou wentest yesterday—  
Dear Love, come back!"

"I am too far upon my way to turn:  
Be silent, hearts that yearn  
Upon my track."

"O, Love! Love! Love! sweet Love  
we are undone,  
If thou indeed be gone  
Where lost things are."

"Beyond the extremest sea's waste  
light and noise,  
As from Ghost-land, my voice  
Is borne afar."

"O, Love, what was our sin, that we  
should be  
Forsaken thus by thee?  
So hard a lot!"

"Upon your hearts my hands and lips  
were set—  
My lips of fire—and yet,  
Ye knew me not."

"Nay, surely, Love! We knew thee  
well, sweet Love!  
Did we not breathe and move  
Within thy light?"

"Ye did reject my thorns who wore my  
roses;  
Now darkness closes  
Upon your sight."

"O Love! stern Love! be not impla-  
cable.  
We loved thee, Love, so well!  
Come back to us."

"To whom, and where, and by what  
weary way  
That I went yesterday,  
Shall I come thus?"

"O weep, weep, weep! for Love, who  
tarried long  
With many a kiss and song,  
Has taken wing.

No more he lightens in our eyes like  
fire;  
He heeds not our desire,  
Or songs we sing."

### THE TEMPTRESS.

#### I.

UNTO the awful Temptress at my side,  
From whose embrace comes madness  
at the end,

I say, "I will not yield, but will de-  
fend

My weary soul till body and soul divide."

"Art thou so much in love with grief?"  
she cried,

"That thou wilt have no other love  
or friend?"

I answered her—"In guile thou  
dost transcend

All other foes who have my strength  
defied."

"Once thou didst tarry in my halls,"  
quoth she,

"And to fair chambers were thy foot-  
steps led."

"Blood-red and hot thy kisses were,"  
I said,

"Thralled was I, then, who now, at  
least, am free;

But if again those floors my feet  
should tread,

Then thou and Hell should have me  
utterly."

#### II.

Because she stands so fatally close to  
me,

Because I breathe in anguish with  
each breath,

Who may not face the awful eyes of  
Death,

Nor 'scape the pitiless eyes of Memory;  
Because my soul is deaf, nor may it  
see,

Because within my ear the Temptress  
saith,

"Am I not fair, crowned with my  
fragrant wreath?

Have I not pleasant gifts to give to  
thee?"—

Because I know the sweet mouth only  
lies,

Yet surely know that she is very fair—

I venture not to look into her eyes,  
As in a lighter mood I might have done,

Nor touch her hand, nor idle with  
her hair,

Seeing of this could come no end but  
one.

#### III.

"Look at me once again," she pleaded  
yet—

"Come thou with me, and be no  
more alone;

Why should thy heart perpetually  
make moan?"

She took my hand. Then, being so  
beset,

I spoke no word, but turned, and our  
eyes met.

My blood leaped in me, as a flame  
wind-blown.

"Call me again," she said, "thy very  
own,

And teach thy heart its sorrow to for-  
get."

I gazed, and gazing saw that she was  
fair

And full of grace; but while I looked,  
behold

Her beauty like a robe fell from her  
there,

And left her standing, wrinkled, lean,  
and old.

"Go hence," I cried, "base mother  
of sins untold,

And leave my soul its undefiled despair."

## MISS A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

1857—

[BORN at Leamington, Feb. 27, 1857; educated in Belgium, at Brussels, and in Italy, and completed with literary and classical studies at University College, London. Her first volume of poems, entitled *A Handful of Honeysuckles*, appeared in 1878: *The Crowned Hippolytus*, 1881; *The New Arcadia*, 1884. She is the author of several prose works, *Janet Fisher*, *Arden*, *Life of Emily Brontë*, and has also contributed some essays to German periodicals.]

## LE ROI EST MORT.

AND shall I weep that Love's no more,  
And magnify his reign?  
Sure never mortal man before  
Would have his grief again.  
Farewell the long-continued ache,  
The days a-dream, the nights awake,  
I will rejoice and merry make,  
And never more complain.

King Love is dead and gone for aye,  
Who ruled with might and main,  
For with a bitter word one day,  
I found my tyrant slain,  
And he in Heathenesse was bred,  
Nor ever was baptized, 'tis said,  
Nor is of any creed, and dead  
Can never rise again.

## LOVE'S EPIPHANY.

TREAD softly here — for Love has passed  
this way!  
Ay, even while I laughed to scorn His  
name  
And mocked aloud: There is no Love!  
Love came.  
The air was glorious with an added day,  
I saw the heavens opened far away,  
And forth with bright blown hair and  
eyes a-flame,  
With lyre-shaped wings, filled with the  
wind's acclaim,  
Flew Love and deigned a moment here  
to stay.

I fell upon my face and cried in fear,  
O Love! Love! Love! my King and  
God!  
But when I look'd He was no longer  
near.  
Since then, I watch beside this grass  
He trod,  
And pray all day, all night, for any pain  
Love can inflict, so He will come again.

## PARADISE FANCIES.

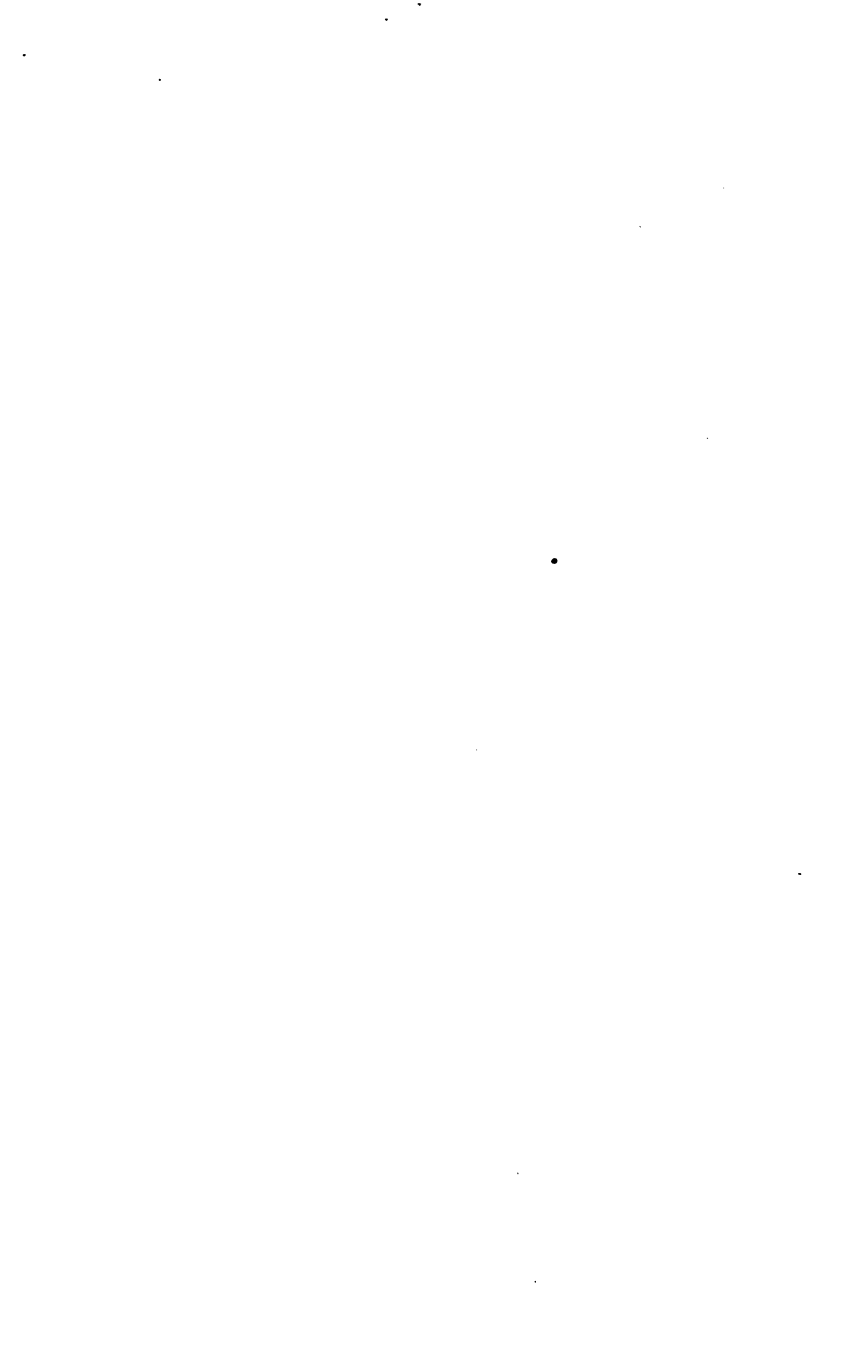
LAST night I met mine own true love  
Walking in Paradise,  
A halo shone above his hair,  
A glory in his eyes.

We sat and sang in alleys green  
And heard the angels play,  
Believe me, this was true last night,  
Though it is false to-day.

Through Paradise garden  
A minstrel strays,  
An old golden viol  
For ever he plays.

Birds fly to his head,  
Beasts lie at his feet,  
For none of God's angels  
Make music so sweet.

And here, far from Zion  
And lonely and mute,  
I listen and long  
For my heart is the lute.



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 This world is all a fleeting show  
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 Thou divinest, fairest, brightest  
 Thou fair-haired Angel of the  
 Thou hast sworn by thy God,  
 Thou ling'ring star, with less  
 Thou still unravished bride  
 Thou, to whom the world un  
 Thou wert fair, Lady Mary  
 Thou youngest virgin-daugh  
 Though the day of my dest  
 Though you be absent here  
 Three days before my Ma  
 Three fishers went sailing  
 Three Poets, in three dis  
 Three years she grew in  
 Thrice happy she that i  
 Thus far hear me, Cro  
 Thy spirit, Independe  
 Tiger, tiger, burning  
 Time rolls his ceasele  
 Tired Nature's sweet  
 'Tis but thy name th  
 'Tis midnight: on t  
 'Tis morn, and nev  
 'Tis sweet to hear  
 'Tis the last rose  
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 To be, or not to b  
 To fair Fidele's  
 To gild refined  
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 To-morrow, at  
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